MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

SEPTEMBER 2011 • #340

IVAN BRUN

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

MARIAM BASTANI

DEAD LANGUAGE-LP	SICK/TIRED / ICE AGE / HYSTERICS-live
NIGHT FEVER / HOT MESS / RAW NERVE-live	ESCROTO DE RATA-LP / BELGRADO-LP
THE STATE / NUKLEAR BLAST SUNTAN-live	KALAZAAR-side of split EP / DOPECHARGE-EP
LECHUZA / SKELETON PARTY / FOUL CRUX-live	ANXTV-EP / HANK WOOD AND THE HAMME...-EP
ZOMBIE DOGS / SHOPPERS / DSS / D.O.C-live	DEAF MUTATIONS-EP / PORKERIA-live

BRACE BELDEN

THE SHITTY LIMITS-Speculate/Accumulate-LP	DEAF MUTATIONS-Crash The Clubs-EP
HANK WOODS AND THE HAMMERHEADS-EP	THE GRUDGE-When Christine Comes Around...45
PUSSY DOGS-Ain't Nothing But A Pussy Dog-EP	THE DEADBEATS-Kill The Hippies-10"
CRAZY SPIRIT-I'm Dead-EP	GIUDA-Racey Roller-LP
THEE SPIVS-It's True/Taped Up-45	THE SLEAZE-both 45s

JUSTIN BRIGGS

DEAD LANGUAGE-LP	GAS CHAMBER-Corpse With Levity-EP
NUKKEHAMMER-EP + LP	DOPECHARGE-Kill Cops Dead-EP
DEAF MUTATIONS-Crash The Clubs-EP	NUCLEAR CULT-Better Nightmares-EP
ESCROTO DE RATA-Punk Rock Sex Basura-LP	BELGRADO-LP
DOUBLE NEGATIVE-both EPs	IDENTITY-EP / DESPERAT-EP

TIM BROOKS

POLICE BASTARD/WAR//PLAGUE-split LP	DEAF MUTATIONS-Crash The Clubs-EP
GIUDA-Racey Roller-LP	RAYOS X-Sufrimiento-EP
THE SHITTY LIMITS-Speculate/Accumulate-LP	ORIGIN OF M-LP
DOPECHARGE-Kill Cops Dead-EP	THE A HEADS-Discography-LP
NOLLKOMPETENZ-Back To Basics!-EP	RIVAL MOB-live

ROBERT COLLINS

WHITE LUNG/NÜ SENSAE-split EP / DECRANEO-EP	DESPERAT-Suicide Attack-EP
PSYCHIC LIMB-LP / DOUBLE NEGATIVE-both EPs	YDINPERHE-LP
DEAD LANGUAGE-LP	ESCROTO DE RATA-Punk Rock Sex Basura-LP
STRESSORS-live / BELGRADO-LP	STRONG AS TEN/KOENIGSTEIN YOUTH-split LP
ASSHOLE PARADE/SLIGHT SLAPPERS-split LP	NUCLEAR CULT-EP / DEAF MUTATIONS-EP

SEAN "DOUGIE" DOUGAN

GIUDA-Racey Roller-LP	MIDNITE SNAXXX-A Guy Like That/Jackie-45
SYDNEY DUCKS-Stray Dogs/He Lives For...-45	THE SHITTY LIMITS-Speculate/Accumulate-LP
DOPECHARGE-Kill Cops Dead-EP	THE YOUNGER LOVERS-Rock Flawless-LP
ARCANE RIFLES-Get Up And Off It/Along The...45	V/A-The Astounding Freak Party-10"
SEVERE SEVERE-Break Up The Dance-CD	CRAZY SPIRIT-I'm Dead-EP

LAYLA GIBBON

BELGRADO-LP	LOVE CUTS-Hi Smile Wave-EP
THE SHITTY LIMITS-Speculate/Accumulate-LP	CRAZY SPIRIT-EP / ESCROTO DE RATA-LP
WHITE LUNG/NÜ SENSAE-split / NÜ SENSAE-EP	DARK LION-For Scotty-EP / DOLLY MIXTURE-LP
DEAD LANGUAGE-LP	HYSTERICS / DISPLEASURE / ARCTIC FLOWERS /
DOUBLE NEGATIVE-both EPs / THROWING UP-45	ICEAGE / PETALS / BRILLIANT COLORS-live

DAN GOETZ

KRÖMOSOM-live	THE DEADBEATS-Kill The Hippies-10"
WARCRY-live	DISPLEASURE-live
DESPERAT-Suicide Attack-EP	OBN III'S-45 / THROWING UP-EP
DOPECHARGE-Kill Cops Dead-EP	CRAZY SPIRIT-I'm Dead-EP
WHITE LUNG/NÜ SENSAE-split EP	STOCKPILE-EP / PUSSY DOGS-EP

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ANYONE IS WELCOME TO REPRINT ANYTHING FROM MRR, BUT ONLY IF IT'S NOT-FOR-PROFIT.

TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

BOB GOLDIE

- CREAMERS-Modern Day-EP
- SYDNEY DUCKS-Stray Dogs/He Lives For...-45
- TINO VALPA-EP / NATURE BOYS-EP
- DEAF MUTATIONS-EP / BEATEN HEARTS-EP
- ARSENE OBSCENE-EP / CROISSANTS-EP
- THE DIALS/IDIOT VOX-split EP
- BAND OF BEARDS-Fuerteventura-LP
- THEE SPIVS-It's True/Taped Up-45
- NUCLEAR CULT-EP / DOPECHARGE-EP
- THE SLEAZE-Weird Truck/Splotch on...-45

KENNY KAOS

- DIRTY CUPCAKES / PRIMITIVE HEARTS-live
- THE SLEAZE-Weird Truck/Splotch on...-45
- THE DIALS/IDIOT VOX-split EP
- THE ITCHIES/THE MINISKIRTS-split EP
- THEE SPIVS-It's True/Taped Up-45
- VOYTEK-Saturday Night Again/Voytek Party-45
- MIDNITE SNAXXX-A Guy Like That/Jackie-45
- BEATEN HEARTS-EP / THE SHITTY LIMITS-LP
- DOLLY MIXTURE-Remember This-LP
- THE DEADBEATS-Kill The Hippies-10"

CAROLYN KEDDY

- THE SLEAZE-both 45s
- TY SEGALL-Goodbye Bread-CD
- BAD DADDIES-Roman Polanski-EP
- ARSENE OBSCENE-EP / MIDNITE SNAXXX-EP
- DRUGS DRAGONS-EP / CHARLES ALBRIGHT-45
- THE SHITTY LIMITS-Speculate/Accumulate-LP
- THE ITCHIES/THE MINISKIRTS-split EP
- DOLLY MIXTURE-Remember This-LP
- THE GRUDGE-When Christine Comes Around...45
- ANIMALS AND MEN-live

RAY LUJAN

- BARE MINIMUM-CD
- DIRTY TACTICS-The Divine Middle-EP
- DOLLY MIXTURE-Remember This-LP
- GAGGERS-LP / GIUDA-LP
- THE HOLY MESS-CD / POOR LILY-CD
- SEVERE SEVERE-Break Up The Dance-CD
- THE SHITTY LIMITS-Speculate/Accumulate-LP
- THEE SPIVS-It's True/Taped Up-45
- THE STALKERS-45 / STREET EATERS-LP
- PAUL COLLINS BEAT-live / FUCKED UP-live

MARISSA MAGIC

- HYSTERICS-live
- DISPLEASURE-live
- RIND-live
- THROWING UP-When I Touch You-EP
- NÜ SENSAE-Tea Swamp Rising-EP
- THE YOUNGER LOVERS-Rock Flawless-LP
- NASA SPACE UNIVERSE-Across The Wounded...-LP
- THE SHITTY LIMITS-Speculate/Accumulate-LP
- THE DEADBEATS-Kill The Hippies-10"
- DEAF MUTATIONS-Crash The Clubs-EP

FRED SCHRUNK

- THROWING UP-When I Touch You-EP
- FOREIGN OBJECTS-No Sensation-LP
- BELGRADO-LP
- THE YOUNGER LOVERS-Rock Flawless-LP
- RECKLESS-Ocean-LP
- THE DEADBEATS-Kill The Hippies-10"
- MIDNITE SNAXXX-A Guy Like That/Jackie-45
- THE A HEADS-Discography-LP
- THE SLOWMOTIONS-Operation Anagram/...-45
- RAYOS X-Sufrimiento-EP

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

On Tourcation...

ZINE TOP TEN

- *No Thanks #7*
- *Artcore #23*
- *Pod Brukiem Lezy Plaza #16*
- *Stay Cool #1*
- *Kill Someone You Hate #3*
- *Fluke #9*
- *Ripping Thrash #28*
- *Coyle Street Bender #1*
- *One Way Ticket To Cubesville #10*
- *Ack Ack Ack #3*

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A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Mauraders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion.

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob.

#221/Oct '01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, Snakepit zine, Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, Trust zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl, Vrah.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I-Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs. Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Karnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Gjant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September '05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oi!!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, Baboon of Sickness zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, Trust fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Pt 1, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (Avow zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, We're Gonna Fight zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. MRR 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie? The Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#296/January '08. Hellshock, Mario Panciera, Anathema, The System, Eddy Current, Suppression Ring, The Voids, Cinecyde, Kyklooppien Sukupuutto, Punch In The Face, BSA.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia.

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#300/May '08. NorCal Punk Special: Fix My Head, Black Rainbow, Tank Crimes, Young Offenders, Church Police, Traditional Fools, Six Weeks/Short Fast & Loud, Ecoli.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas, Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#314/July '09. Libyans, Coke Bust, Strange Boys, Turboslut, Vogue, Smart Cops, Zyanose, Dennis Dread, a History of Squatting in Italy, Tornonto Scene Report.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09 Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown, Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#317/October '09. Queer issue with Nastyfacts, Gary Floyd, Limp Wrist, Jos Seein' Red, GB Jones, Younger Lovers, Vaginal Davis, Josh Ploeg, Teu Pai Já Sabe?, Schwarzer Kanal, Bromance, Extra Tongue, and more.

#318/November '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids, Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault Fuera De Linea.

#319/December '09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Eläköön Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore.

#322/March '10. MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta.

#323/April '10. The Spits, Face the Rail, Battletorn, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paull Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

#324/May '10. Bruce Roehrs memorial, Kleenex/Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RVIVR, Iceage, Tubers, Rot Shit, Beefeater, Cairo IL.

#325/June '10. X (Australia), Daylight Robbery, Ty Segall, Morne, Nü Sensae, Pollution, Th' Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakosi, Lotus Fucker.

#326/July '10. U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bunny Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mehkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans and Calgary scene reports.

#327/August '10. Os Estudantes, The Curse, Pekinska Patka, Venereans, Thou, Italian Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#328/Mocktober '10. Deathrats, The Conversions, Agnostic Front, Puffy Areolas, Super Wild Horses, Rape Revenge, Bernays Propaganda, New York and Czech Republic Scene Reports.
Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#330/November '10. Forgetters, Acephalix, Foreign Objects, Hank IV, Pheromoans, La La Vasquez, Credentials, Bukkake Boys, Negative Lifestyle, Tyranna, Katriina Etholen, Ireland Scene Report.

#331/December '10. Kylmä Sota, Articles of Faith, Total Abuse, La Merma, Doña Maldad, Frankie Rose and the Outs, Little League, Versificator, Frankfurt Germany Scene Report, Belgium Scene Report.

#333/February '11. The Welders, Touch & Go Fanzine, Rai Ko Ris, Dolly Mixture, Hitman, Straight Arrows, Eskapo Phillippines Tour Diary, Venezuela Scene Report, Olympia Scene Report w/Weird TV, White Boss, Milk Music, HPP, Hysterics, Son Skull, Rvivr, Hail Seizures, Broken Water, Gun Outfit.

#334/March '11. 2010 Year End Top Tens, A State of Mind, Useless Children, Straight Arrows, Sober Living for the Revolution, DC Scene Report.

#335/April '11. Crazy Spirit, Siege, 1981, Mauser, Devour, Icon Gallery, Sunshine SS, Timmy's Organism, Whitney House, Attention Span, Michigan Scene Report.

#336/May '11. Kriegshög, Steve Ignorant, Teargas, Tantrum, Hygeine, Shoppers, Chris Walter, Adrenalin OD, Spastic Panthers, Hungarian Scene Report.

#337/June '11. Destroy All Movies, John Morton/ Electric Eels, White Fence, Ydinperhe, Nux Vomica, Vanya Bonecrusher, Black Feet, Uzi Rash, This is LA not L.A.: '80s Hardcore Flyers in New Orleans, Buffalo NY Scene Report.

#338/July '11. Zouo, Inservibles, Krömosom, Useless Eaters, Nightgaun, No Problem, Raw Nerves, Family Man, Lost Tribe, Gatillazo in Mexico, Czech Punk History pt 1.

#339/August '11. Head Cleaners, Midnite Snaxxx, Cokskar, Small Bones, Xcentric Noise Records, Grown Ups, Youth Avoiders, Tomek Lipinski/Brygada Kryzys, Afternoon Gentlemen, Czech Punk History pt 2.

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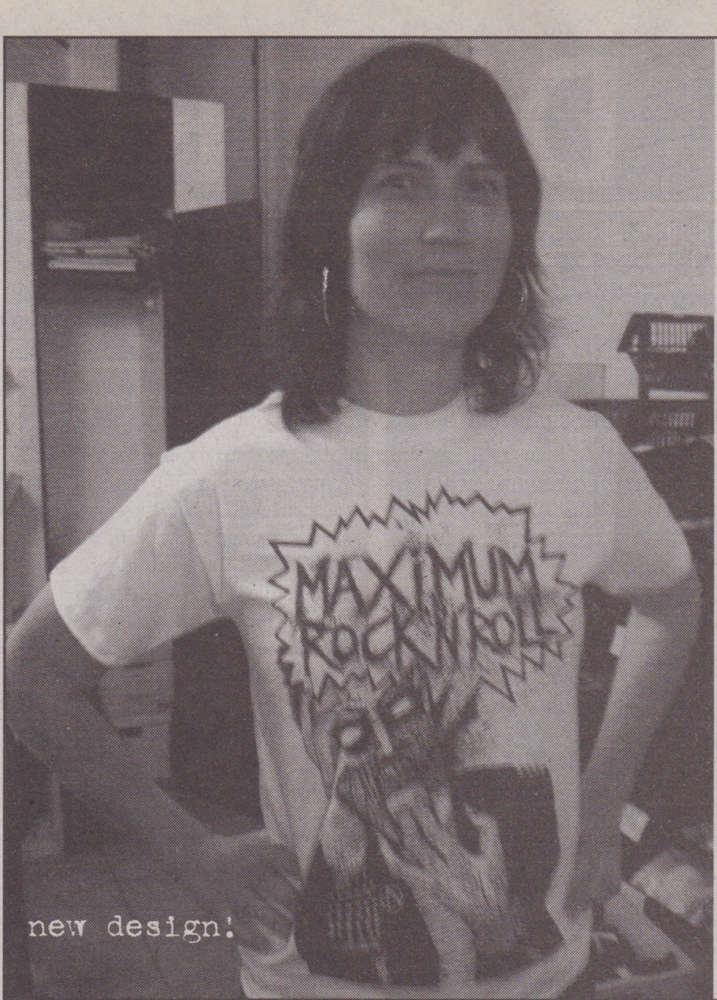

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LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

Dear MRR—

While John Hoffman's guest column in *MRR* 337 is adorable in its striving for the lowest common denominator, it is somewhat indicative of (what I perceive as) the zine's drift towards liberal-left position (being the paranoid type I am), with only some hard-left, anarchist or nihilist columnists still on board. The suggestion to "leave sense of humor at the door" is where he's going over the top, because basically the only sort of jokes that can be offensive are the ones that are not funny. Like living under capitalism while pretending it should be beautified not overthrown. Then again, I much prefer a zine co-ordinated by progressive feminists to one run by macho revolutionaries because a macho revolutionary is yet another contradiction in terms.

—Szarapow

PS Brace Belden isn't funny either.

Hi Everybody,

The car company that puts out a grindcore record and then distributes it for free is not expecting you to take them seriously, because it isn't cool to be serious. Like maybe we'll stop thinking about the catastrophic wreck of the automotive industry if it can be reconceptualized in the manner of the arts; that is, as a fundamentally useless extravagance. What have corporations ever wanted of punk except legitimization? In the words of Borgia Ginz, sordid media monopolist of Derek Jarman's *Jubilee*, "It's power, babe." He had his fingers in the punk pie, too.

But what is so offensive about Scion running a record label that puts out (nominally) punk records? Even the thorniest, most battle-hardened crust band would seem to book their tours and stream their music via Myspace, which I needn't say is owned by the abominable Rupert Murdoch. We listen to more and more music, supposedly downloaded in the spirit of a gift economy, on iPods and computers, whose mineral components buck the arms trade in war-torn countries like the Congo. But the container for these infinitely renewable resources (music, information) is so multiform, so discreet, so involving, all these attributes and more, that it simply vanishes in our hand. Apple's dominion over entertainment technology is an instance of a beneficent hegemony. If the major record label is soon to be extinct, it hardly matters, because more insidious monopolies will have arisen in place of this outmoded, boring institution.

Scion Records is willing to send you a grindcore record free of charge. This seems an unsustainable business model: as Toyota of all companies must know, the price of petroleum products is only going up. However, it works on the symbolic level because the physical copy of this record is but a congealing of the banal forces of production that enable all such cultural commodities to exist, digital or no. If it seems a cynical, absurd manipulation of an earnest band and fan base by a shrewd corporation, then we need to start thinking about real and not merely symbolic alternatives to the present order. The ultra-rarefied collector's market that is punk at present is one such merely symbolic victory over existing production, and has long since ceased to suffice.

—Cam

Hmmm. The medium is the massage? Because we drink coffee and therefore participate in capitalism we should just throw in the towel and give our culture to Toyota? My years in the cultural studies trenches are clearly failing me.

—Layla

Dear MRR,

First off I'd like to say I was pleasantly surprised to see *MRR* still going! Keep up the good work. My name is Jesse aka Gizmo, I am currently incarcerated in Cali for possession of a controlled substance for sales. I am 33, and though decisions in my life led me away from the scene and my heart is still punk rock to the core. I was a gutter kid all throughout the '90s and early '00. I grew up on DKs, Black Flag, Misfits, Germs, etc. But later came to love bands such as Chaos UK, the Casualties, Nunfuckers, Divisia, Naked Aggression, Blatz, Filth, Dystopia, GBH, etc. I could name bands all day. I was basically a drunk punk, I lived by the creed of drink, fight, fuck; but unfortunately I've spent the last thirteen years in prison and I been away far too long.

I read a letter (about writing to prisoners) in an issue of *MRR* last year and I firmly agree. Look into who you write and where they are housed at. As far as California is concerned we have a slip called a 1286 form. It states all of your crimes and housing needs. I can't speak for most states but in Cali we don't tolerate rapists, molesters, or any trash so we are separated from them in the yard. A yard with "trash" is called a "s.n.7" yard so if you see that on his papers it is no good! Be careful! I used to be just a drink asshole at shows but now I have a sixteen year old daughter and a fifteen year old son who are the next generation of the scene so, some of my past ideals are no more and I worry my kid may not know who she writes if she wrote someone in here. (Which, by the way, no sixteen year old girl should be writing any grown man who is not family! Be smart, now....)

Here's the situation. I am locked up and bored as hell. I'd love to have a penpal or two. (No dudes please!!) Just a friend to help pass the time and maybe send photos. I am an artist, I can draw pretty much anything, so if anyone or bands or even this rag would like some of my artwork, please contact me. Also, *MRR* I write poetry, lyrics, and draw real good. I would like to ask the support of your rag to maybe provide me with a subscription in exchange for art? If so, contact me and I will send samples of my work. I would send some first but I have been burned in the past. Anyways, thank you for your time and keep up the good work. I'll remain a loyal reader anytime I can my hands on an issue. Any penpals (female only!) please, if you are not 18 or older do not write me. Thank you. With respect, I part with a small poem of mine.

Death and destruction, killing and anarchy.... Your nightmares and fears have become reality...open your eyes, we're all gonna die! Bodies will burn, when will cry... babies will parish...cities will crumble...striking you down...making you humble...death everywhere...violence fills the air...we tried to warn you...you just didn't care. Now your lungs turn black from the smoke they've consumed...you realize your demise is undoubtedly soon. For your church and your country you fought with great pride ...for your god and your government, you fought and you died!

Stay strong. Stay pist! Stay punk!

Contact info:

Jesse Everette P45995

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Thanks for writing Jesse, we do run an occasional prisoner column. Anyone who is locked up is welcome to send one in, 2000 words maximum, no poetry ever, and we don't guarantee that we'll run everything we get sent. We unfortunately cannot afford to send out free issues to prisoners, but we will take stamps as payment, and Bound Together Books donate old issues of the magazine to the Prisoner Literature Project. Write them for info here:

Prisoner Literature Project
1369 Haight St
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Hey—

I was reading the demos section in the Aug 2011 issue and I noticed that in the Asadachi tape review it says they're from Halifax, NS. They are definitely from Kentucky. My band is called Silent Order and we are from Halifax and we sent in a 4-song demo tape as well. I was wondering if maybe Dan had a lot of tapes and maybe got things mixed up since they are both 4 song tapes and both pretty Japanese influenced, at least for us in the name, and definitely Asadachi in the Death Side (influence). If I'm totally insane, that's cool too—at least I got to hear Asadachi, cuz they kick. Kudos to Dan for making an accurate reference to Death Side in terms of their overall sound, as I find many reviewers are piss poor at doing. Please let me know if I am insane or not.
Cheers
—Matty

I figured out where the mixup happened: I was looking for a website for Asadachi, and the only thing that came up was a Myspace link with a Halifax show date below it on the Google search page, and without clicking through to the Myspace page because it now fucks with my browser, I incorrectly assumed that this was their locale. Sorry about this. I'll definitely be more thorough in the future, and will also write into the letters section to correct this. I also confirmed that the demo I reviewed was the Asadachi one, both because it sounds more like Death Side than the Silent Order demo I downloaded (which didn't sound familiar), and because the email matched that on Asadachi's Myspace once I actually clicked through to it.
—Dan

Hi MRR—

I'm Paolo from Anti You (Rome, Italy), long time reader etc. I just noticed a little, funny mistake you made in the #337 reviews section. Reading the review of Giuda I was surprised as hell reading that the guys had "shaken out their dreads, hung up their vests and even showered." I know these guys and they would never do such things, dressing up for a "disco edition," so I felt like "what the fuck?" Then I saw the cover of the record in the next page and started laughing out loud. They are a whole different band! The Giuda of this record are the former Taxi (Rome) guys, they've never been metal crusties like Mila and Koppa of the other Giuda! So the "change of sound" is not so surprising, since it didn't happen. Even funnier, in another review the writer suggests that Silver Cocks might be, in his opinion, former members of TAXI. Well they're not. Giuda are. So now you know: there's two Giuda in the Italian punk scene, they're way different from each other and they both kick ass.
Ciao.
—Paolo

Dear Maximum Rocknroll—

It was a great pleasure to discover your report on the Buffalo DIY Punk Scene in issue #337. Dan Carosa did a three page spread on the scene, mentioning greats like Lemuria and Failures' Union, and no less than 25 different Buffalo bands that reportedly include some of his favorites. Dan's article does a fantastic job of explaining a band's sound by linking it with other bands you might have heard and telling the reader about which bands share members.

As Dan mentions in the introduction, the Buffalo scene was overdue for a review, as it has been seven years since the last report on Buffalo. There is however one thing missing from the report. There is something many of these bands have in common: many of the bands mentioned in the report and in the Buffalo hard core punk scene are recorded and mixed by Mr. Skimask of the Electric Pumpkin Patch Studio. It is Mr. Skimask's vintage equipment and magical ears that contribute to the amazing sound of at least eight of the bands mentioned by Carosa in the Buffalo scene report. Included among Mr. Skimask's accomplishments are: the *Garth Butcher* EP by Plates, Brown Sugar's *Deportation* EP, two EPs with nearby Rochester's Rational Animals, Mayday's self titled EP, Gas Chamber's self titled LP, a Running For Cover LP, a forthcoming EP with Utah Jazz, and Fatal Figures' *Blue Zed* debut EP.

What also requires mentioning is that your magazine once again highlighted the work of Mr. Skimask and his Electric Pumpkin Patch Studio in issue #338 when you celebrated the Brown Sugar/Mayday split EP as record of the week. If you are anticipating what I am about to tell you, you're right! Both sides of that EP were recorded by the ears and equipment of Mr. Skimask.

Buffalo is a great source for the hardcore punk scene and Mr. Skimask and his studio are an integral part of that scene. Since he measures much of his success on how many of his records are mentioned on *MRR* top ten lists, I thought it was time *MRR* knew about him.

—A proud fan of Buffalo and Mr. Skimask!

Is this an advertorial? In the letters section!?

Oi Layla!

I just want to thank you for the superb work you and all the people at *MRR* have been doing all over these years—we punks, dissidents, etc are just a few but we are still here and *support* you! I would love to try to be a coordinator there but I have responsibilities here: two jobs and I must get into Nursing School soon so I can have a steady job one day instead of doings meaningless shit jobs forever plus I must move in to my girlfriend's place. I wanna know if I can get some old numbers of *MRR* and one T-shirt.
Thanx and greetings,
—Manuel

Hey Manuel
We are still looking for a new coordinator to replace me! We have had some rad applications but no one that quite fits the bill yet. Unfortunately because MRR *is a legit business we can only hire legal citizens of the US. The job is unpaid but you get to live at the MRR compound in San Francisco rent and bill free, with over thirty years of green taped punk rock records, and you get to shape the future of this magazine! We are looking for candidates who are consumed by punk rock and hardcore, who know their Subhumans (UK) from their Subhumans (Canada) and their Mellakka from their Moskwa. Someone who is organized enough to run a business, focused enough to edit every single piece of writing in this magazine, someone who is passionate about DIY and radical politics who is creative enough to direct a magazine! Email mrr@maximumrocknroll.com for more details if you are reading and think you can handle being the next coordinator of this magazine!*
—Layla
PS and as for your merch and back issue question, check out our website: www.maximumrocknroll.com where you will find all our available back issues and T Shirts.

Dear MRR—

...so this one goes to Mariam Bastani. You wrote a review of Napoleons: *First Feces* EP in the July 11 issue. Many thanks for that, though you didn't like our music at all. But any publicity is good publicity especially if you've got reviewed in a magazine like *MRR*. But I was disappointed to notice that there wasn't any contact info at all. I wrote a hand-written letter with the parcel including our MySpace address and my personal email-address. And the band's name was written wrong and so was the name of the EP...

I believe that was a human error but it kind of ruined my band's peak moment of our miserable career. You can never win. I also think that Antiseen are way better than we will ever be, but they are the hardest southern punks ever. It's an honor to be compared to them.
Yours,
—Mika Vuoto aka General Leak
myspace.com/napoleonspunk / mika@alho.net

Hey,
Thanks for the email. Omitting the "s" at the end of your name was an oversight in editing, so I do apologize for that. If the EP does not have an obvious title, the EP is always named after the first song on the A-side at MRR*. Also, the info I got was from the press sheet sent with the EP. If you included a hand-written note, I did not get it. There was no contact on the press sheet nor on the record, that is why it was listed as no contact.*

Also, what the hell... It doesn't really matter what I think as long as you guys are into what you are playing. One of the bands I was in got horrible reviews in MRR*, but it didn't matter much to me. Also, for what it's worth, if Bruce Roehrs was still around, I think he would have liked your EP.*
—Mariam

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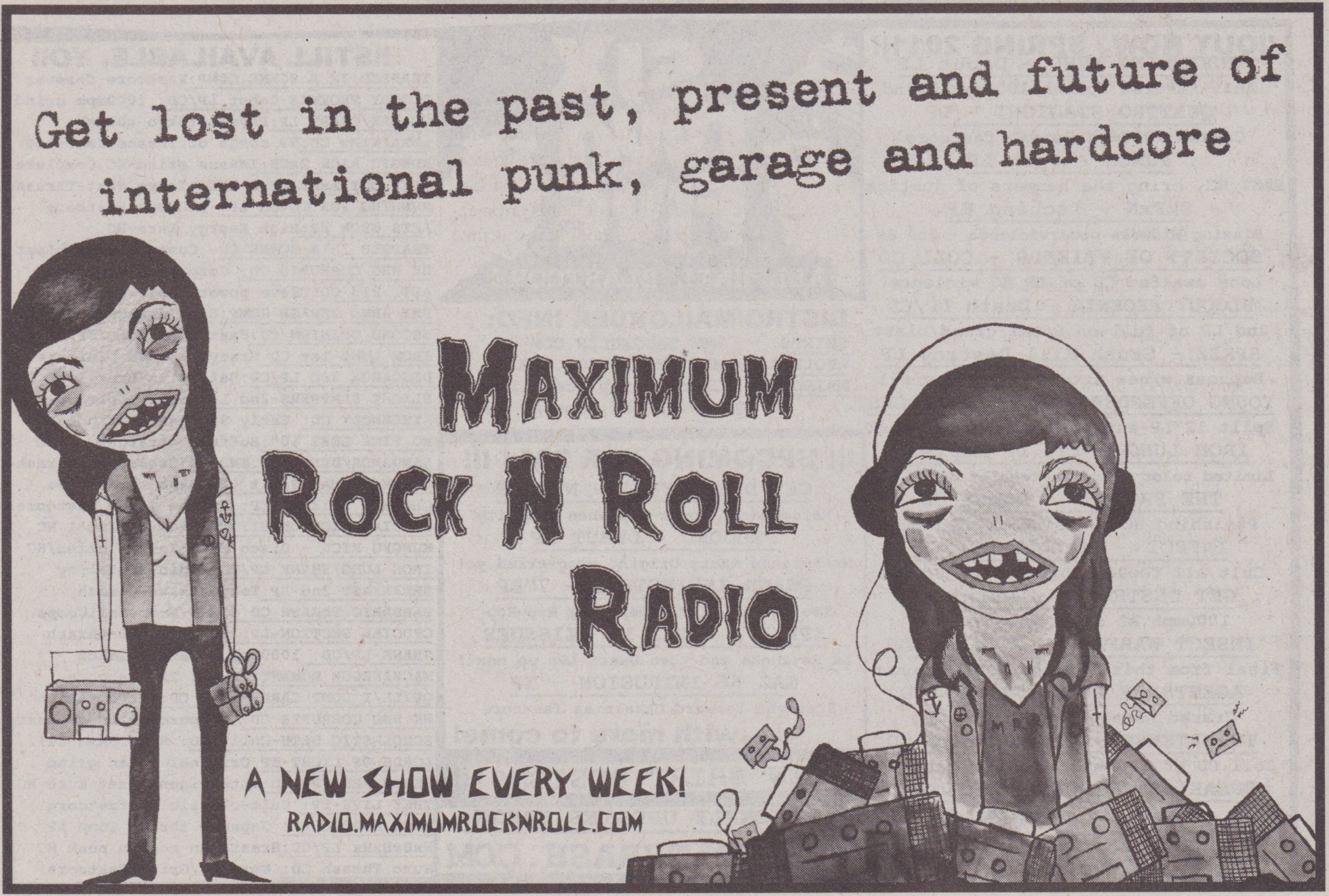
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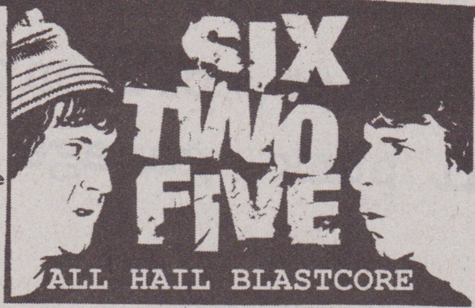

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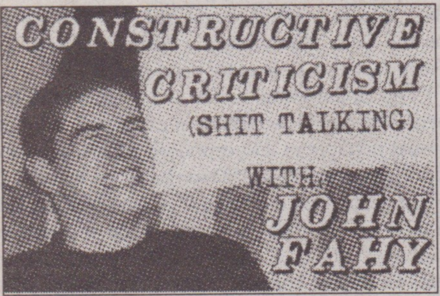


Although I touched briefly on PANZRAM's stop in Kentucky last time, I didn't get to dig deep enough. *Evil Minded* zine author Tom's band ASADACHI played a relentless, blazing set at the house we played at in Lexington. They have a demo of harsh, noisy punk featuring some guitar insanity that was a sight to behold during their live set—particularly with the use of the delay pedal which negated the need for a second guitarist to make room for scathing solo-ing. Before that, the ELSINORES instantly won me over with some garage tunes with a heavy dose of bubblegum, not to mention their killer JOY DIVISION cover. Their second demo, *No Love Lost*, is much more true to their live set and the songs have that nice, fuzzy haunt and hooks that will not be evicted from your brain after a first listen. Last Friday, they came down to us in Fort Myers and brought along VEIN CRANES, who recently released an EP on Florida's Dying Records. This EP is the next best thing to seeing them live—lots of garage psych charm in the recording over some really catchy melodies. The male/female vocals intersect in a way that makes the listen a bit creepy throughout.

That night, the ELSINORES and myself continued a discussion we started in Lexington about a phenom in Eastern Kentucky called GLOBSTERS, a one-man act who lives in a town called Hazard, which is apparently way out in the Appalachian mountains. There is a short documentary, (nine minutes long and required viewing: scummified.blogspot.com has the goods), by Appalachian Media about Adam, the man behind GLOBSTERS, called *Memories of a Lifetime: The Adam Brewer Story*, in which he talks about living in Hazard, collecting knives and making records. Before writing his own music, Adam would splice together instrumental parts of classic punk and hardcore (INFEST and BLACK FLAG, say, among others) and then record vocals over the music. This documentary is fucking awesome and completely inspiring. This guy is just apeshit about punk and is willing to play to no one and make records no one will buy. His performances in the video show him screaming his head off to a few assorted locals, with lines such as, "Pretty women, rockin and rollin, give me a beer, I'm high as a kite." Adam has a few records he put out himself that you should be able to find with a little looking, even though the pressings were small. You can also find him at myspace.com/globsters.

I always wanted to get up to Maine on a tour, since two of the two Maine bands I've ever seen have been awesome—TABOO and DYLAN BREDEAU. This year it finally happened and we got to play GRISTMILL's first show, who killed us with noisy crust that sounded like it should have come from the early '90s. Seems like they have some steam behind them and they're planning some touring and recording now so keep an eye out. The house we played at, on Coyle Street in Portland, was heavy on partying, to say the least. There was plenty of nudity and alcohol until early in the morning and it doesn't seem like this is anything new to the residents and frequent guests. For seeming such a bunch of degenerates, they put out a nice little newsletter full of cranky rants and insulting columns and comics directed at themselves and outsiders called *The Coyle Street Bender*. Maine is definitely worth it, touring bands. Check it out.

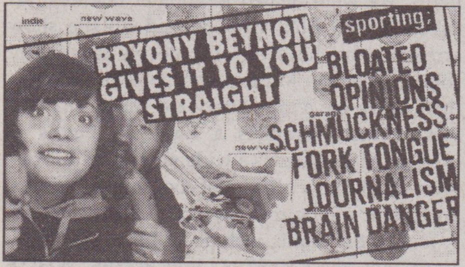
Before we got to Maine, we met up with our tour-mates ESCALATOR in Connecticut. The New Haven punks are quite droll, I've found. Sitting around with them is highly enjoyable. The pace of discussion is quite odd. Someone will offer a fact or opinion and everyone will ruminate for what seems like hours in silence before someone returns with a withering verdict on what had been said moments previous. Whatever is in the water, we played with great bands that night in the now deceased punk house/venue called The Fucking Discovery Zone. DENIHILATION feature one member of ESCALATOR and were furious, heavy and manic—their first demo is in the works right now. Seeing ESCALATOR every night was a blast—even at their worst, they still bludgeoned the audience with their blistering, schizophrenic assault. Ben's vocals clearly are painful to him to produce, but sound devastating. They get the HIS HERO IS GONE comparison quite a bit but they are much more abrupt and sneaky in their song structures. They are now recording for a split with CURMUDGEON from Boston, which will likely be released by We Rise Tapes.

CURMUDGEON have a demo loaded with blasts and headbangers out on We Rise Tapes, which we picked up when we played with them in Easthampton, Massachusetts at the Flywheel. The Flywheel was literally, formerly the town hall in Easthampton. It was one of those venues you drive up to and assume you're in the wrong place. In this really nice building with old, wood floors, we were treated to another one-man act called LIMBS BIN, who opened up the show screaming his head off over deeply unpleasant sounds. Meghan Minior, who booked our show there, gave me a tape afterward called *The Wild West*, which compiles a range of bands in Western Mass. There's a wide variety on this cassette which show off a lot of cool shit in this area, whether it's noise rock, pop punk, hardcore, etc. A few of the bands include RELICS, AMPERE, VACCINE, the CRYSTALLINE ROSES, WHITE PRESSURE, SQRM and DANGUR. Check out if copies of this are around here: galambis-records.webs.com.

D.O.C. released their split at the show we played with them in DC, and I've got to say that they are the best grindcore band going. Pick it up if you haven't—the blast fury never outlives its welcome by keeping things varied, dropping some bombed-out headbang parts and some driving, mid-paced SLAYER-beat (ACRID-beat?) evil. All three members contribute vocals to this fucking bulldozer and I can't wait to hear more recordings. Equally as devastating to bear witness to was CLOUD RAT in Michigan. This band just keeps getting better all the time. Walls should have melted at the energy expounded during their set (in the basement of Bartertown, a vegan cafe Ryan from Punks Before Profits is starting with friends. This restaurant is set up as a collective with no bosses and all tips shared among employees—pretty badass. The interior is equally mint; wall portraits of Mao, Che and Reagan cooking various dishes were done by Scott Bentz). I would imagine their drummer is going to die of exhaustion soon, so get at them while you can. They have a slew of releases coming up, all splits, I believe and the recordings are the same measure of vicious hardcore they demonstrated on their self titled last year.

In Chicago, BOILERMAN opened up and played noisy pop punk that totally ruled before RAW NERVE destroyed the basement. I'd never seen nor heard RAW NERVE before that night, but their set made me damn sure I'd pick up their LP. The record closes with some more somber, creepy tunes, which I dig, but live they were non-stop obliteration. Youth Attack should have these still; I think the record is in its third pressing as of now. BOILERMAN have really got a good thing going, not getting too sweet and keeping shit firmly footed in the punk territory by playing loud, noisy, energetic, catchy tunes. Their 7" has been out a while now, but what is next?

Finally, my friend Chris Sommer generously hooked me up with a tape from a California band called HESITATION WOUNDS. This demo goes by lightning quick, but it destroys in the few minutes it has. Just non-stop crushing, blazing hardcore with some bleak fucking lyrics. The guitars and drums are unrelenting from the outset and never let up. Everything is recorded extra distorted but not raw enough to totally be indiscernable. The tape ends with a tuneful chorus of voices singing, "against the wall" over the mess of negativity beneath, which is completely disturbing. Top notch shit, get one here: intrepiddestroyers@gmail.com
Until next time...



"Fascist aesthetics... flow from (and justify) a preoccupation with situations of control, submissive behavior, extravagant effort, and the endurance of pain; they endorse two seemingly opposite states, egomania and servitude." – Susan Sontag *Under the Sign of Saturn,* (New York, 1980)

We can start with a workable assumption that a lot of people in the world are fucking weirdos. 'Tis true. Indeed, a lot of people, weirdos included, are total scumbags. A large amount of both types have been moved towards some form of creative output. Normal, well-adjusted people make art, too, but more often that not, it's the creative output of the batshit crazy, the loners, freaks and dropouts that gains notoriety, sometimes because it's awesome, and sometimes because of the cult personality and that often what repels us can also attract us. Hey, plus more than a few punks have been gross scummy people with bad ideas and big tunes (or no tunes at all) that we somehow still can't take our eyes off.

You might have noticed there's a trend within some punk circles just now for exploration of the more, let's say extreme, with all the baggage that term has, set of aesthetics that are sometimes more than a bit... crypto-fascist. A few years ago it was Burzum and black metal, and now it's "neo-folk" (cf. Boyd Rice, Non, Tony Wakefield, Above the Ruins, whatever.) There's nothing more dangerous than a racist with a bit of charisma (and a silly hat, Boyd, I'm onto you.) Punks are absolute suckers for charisma, willing to forgive the most outrageous behaviour. Apparently, we're also way into flirting without conclusions. Come on guys, you're giving all these rubbish Goth Hitlers a major case of blue balls.

I guess the similarities to hardcore are all there, social alienation, visual metaphors, some "no-one understands me" jive, but from where I'm standing, if you're a punk then your home team is one that has certain views about the function of hate, i.e. ignorant dickbags have no truck in this house. Well then, you can't really easily take a day trip to Nazi central to tot up your edgy points, make you feel a little darker, impress your peers, get off on the apparent "complexity" of it, without expecting to be called out for it... that's if there is indeed anyone left who isn't a sophomore in this school for Terminal Dullard Shock Jockeys, scratching runes into the science benches, jerking off over the Priestess of Odin. Like, do what you want, I'm not the cops, but don't expect me not to laugh in your face.

I get that it is very easy to sink into just having a debate about semantics of what compilation was made by who, and who knew what the artwork for it would be, etc. etc. when the issue, for all its potency, will never directly affect you in the same way as if you were part of the supposed "*untermenschen.*" It stops being academic pretty much there. It's the same way I can't ever really explain with efficacy to the boys frothing on my Facebook feed over Odd Future's rape rap why I find it so gross and infuriating. (Well, actually I can, but let's stick to punk because the rap side of this coin is a slightly different argument). As a side point, I think England doesn't join the dots in the same way because we don't have the White Power contingencies that parts of America still do, and our national psyche has reconciled the untruth that racial dimensions do not enter into public life anymore, and are the preserve of a minority of nearly-dead old men. Not exactly true.

Last month, I got an email about a local goth club in London hosting a Sol Invictus and 6 comm gig (projects of Tony Wakeford, Above the Ruins etc and Patrick Leagas, both formerly of Death in June). The woman who emailed me was incandescent about this show happening, after a previous Luftwaffe (subtle) and Non (Boyd Rice) show had happened there last year. She was most worried about the Boyd Rice connection, he of, amongst many other things, the *R.A.P.E Manifesto,* where he opined "Rape is the act by which fear and pain are united in love. It is the triumph of harmony through oppression. Rape teaches balance, the natural balance of man=above /woman=below. This balance is a lesson which woman must learn, and only man can teach her."

He'd later claim it was tongue in cheek, (of course mate, and Peter Sotos is just a misunderstood genius...). So this woman was seeing if me or anyone I was linked to could organise a protest at it. I was kind of lukewarm on the whole thing because I'm bored enough of hearing about this pseudo-edgy bollocks from within punk, without having to engage the twelve goths who go to these things on a subject that I am not that well-versed in other than to say it's shit and boring. I wished her luck. Over the next few days, she must have emailed the right person or something because that shit blew up like ankles on a Boeing and before you know it, hordes of Antifa manarchists are polishing their Vegetarian boots, a lot of pale fash-pologists are responding to blog posts, the police and the council are involved, and the whole issue is getting very confused. The club hosting the event is a seemingly inoffensive place called Slimelight in Islington that usually just provides a safe haven for London's curiously persistent contingent of cybergoths. Rock Against Racism's offspring, an organisation called Love Music Hate Racism, put out this foaming-at-the-mouth press release when they caught onto the whole thing, which kind of did more harm than good because they got some bits about who was playing and who organised it totally wrong, and, I have to admit, blew the whole thing out of proportion, not by making it bigger than it was, but just changing the shape a lot, distorting it. By this I mean that their release made it sound like this was gonna be the Goth Nuremburg, a National Front Tea Party © with a little more neon plastic hair.

This is the thing, as far as I understand, the actual race hate sentiment is expressed through visual metaphors and espoused philosophy, not through whatever shitty tape loops are at hand, (I guess guitars are too "negro" or something, what did Varg Vikernes say, remind me mysterious fanboys? Pfffsh...), maybe some rune casting, epic flailing by bald fat white dudes, and thus to some degree, it is hidden in plain view. The fascism is more latent, intellectualised; it is present through imagery, references and names, rather than calls for violence and head-stomping during gigs. Whereas with the strains of racist music that our culture has already decided is rotten, (aside from those secret Rock-O-Rama record collectors, but they aren't really punks any more than your local white power Philatelist is) by which I mean Blood and Honour—their racist ideology is an overt call to action. Go and fight someone. Indirect/direct. Love Music Hate Racism tried to make one sound like the other because it sounds like more of an immediate threat. What they missed, I think, and what Ms. Sontag above so obviously seems to be saying, is that aesthetics are a massive part of fascism, completely integral to it. They *are* fascism.

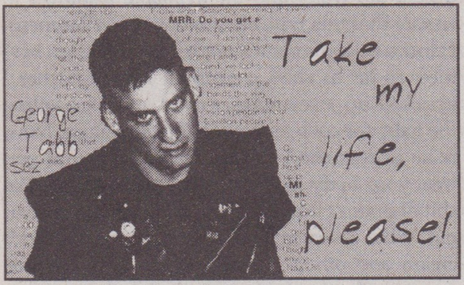
The reason why some of these people are extra dubious to me is that they have made a career (although I doubt a very successful one, what with Rice's business interests in a Tiki Bar in Boulder Colorado...) out of outwardly denying being fascists, and instead working on making the concepts behind fascism slightly less risible and unacceptable to fans of their music, bringing said ideas into the mainstream in a way, or trying to. Which is kind of even worse than being the EDL (English Defence League) member that recently suggested Britain was under attack from "Muslamic ray guns." Whether interested parties are sensible enough to avoid the fool's errand of disentangling medium and message is up to them, but punk-identifying sorts dabbling in such an esoteric pool do so at their own risk of looking like idiots. Regardless of what an interesting record *The Guilty Have No Pride* might be, a little temperance and sensitivity doesn't go amiss, because not everyone is armed with the information to read beyond whatever you're projecting. Why make it complex? Like, if you have to worry about being mistaken for a racist, is it really worth rocking a shirt with a massive Totenkopf on it? Death in June for example (who are obviously way less of a sketchy interest than Above the Ruins et al) were after all once mem-

bers of Crisis, Douglas P. is gay, and they did drop T. Wakefield when he joined the NF. All reasonable arguments, but to what degree can we/should we place things in historical context and furiously distance/disassociate? I guess it's all about finding how to strike a balance between being able to detach enough to appreciate something that you've found which might strike with you as "art," without becoming a defensive apologist pseud. The lines are not always clear.

For punks, at least, the enthusiasm seems to be primarily about the attraction of the vaguely sinister, and the quick thrill of endorsing something that other people (mum and dad punks?) disapprove of. But come on. Punk is thirty years older than the swazis and spit Bromley contingent ever thought it would be, and our systems of representation work different. More refined, I hope, maybe crystallised into something that can last longer. I guess if you do jock all this tiresome mythmaking, then at least have the ovaries/testicles to appreciate why some people totally don't. Of course no-one's ever going to agree all the time, but we can still make choices that benefit everybody, and take actions that do more than pay lip service to ideas meant to separate us from the worst excesses of the straight world, ideas that work to the common good and establish consensus, hopefully in the realm of things that don't make large swathes of people feel fucking unsafe and/or alienated.

By the way, the show did happen apparently, there was a pretty fruitful successful leafleting campaign, conversation with gig attendees, and it was all pretty respectful, apparently. You can read more about the whole debacle on this great website here if you like: www.whomakesthe nazis.com

So is disassociation dangerous, or a necessary tactic for enduring this 'orrible world? I don't know. Tell me: bryonybeynon@gmail.com Next month: Skrewdriver. (kidding. Kind of...)



My first memory of Ray was when he stood up front at a Roach Motel concert, back in the early eighties. We were playing on the University Of Florida campus, and there was this guy with long black hair, and a leather jacket with the letters "PCP" painted on the back giving me the thumbs up sign. He looked as though he didn't fit in with the other redneck trash surrounding him.

After the show I approached him and asked him where he was from. I had never seen him around Florida before. He told me he was from Virginia Beach, and was down in Gainesville checking out the scene, and hanging out with the local new wave cover band, the Irritations.

We continued to talk as I purchased a pitcher of beer and we both drank it. I was impressed at how fast he could drink.

My beer.

Ray told me that he really loved rockabilly, punk, and the substance scrawled across the back of his jacket. Angel dust.

I told him that the stuff made me have out-of-body experiences, and that although I hadn't taken it in some years, I was still having flashbacks.

"Cool," he said.

Ray remained in Gainesville for quite some time, and I always saw him at Roach Motel and the Irritations shows. At the Irritations shows, he'd always do that funny/cool rockabilly dance thing where he threw his arms around and shuffled his feet. All my friends and me thought he was cool, and when I saw Ray start wearing bandanas on his knees, elbows, and even forehead, I copied him. He was like The Fonz of Florida. Aaaaay!

Eventually Ray moved back to Virginia Beach. He called me and asked if it was OK if his friend, Carlos, could stay with my girlfriend and me for a while. I told him that I absolutely hated company, and that there was no way in hell his friend from up there could come stay at my place. The next morning Carlos showed up at my door, and I think he lived in my car for a few days before moving in with the Irritations.

A few years later, while walking down the Bowery toward CBGB's, five skinheads in white shirts, red suspenders, and big ass boots jumped on me. At first I thought they were going to kill me because, well, they were skinheads, I was a Jew, and also well, a pussy. But when they started yelling "Roach Motel" and "Georgie Boy" I knew I'd be OK. I looked at them from the ground, where they were all piling on top of me, and recognized Ray, head shaved, and looking totally tough.

"Ray?" I asked, my heart racing from the thought of being beaten to death.

"Georgie Boy!" exclaimed Ray, "what the hell are you doing up here? How are you? I miss you, man!"

That night began my second and long connection with Ray. It had turned out that Ray had moved to New York from Virginia, just as I had from Florida. He told me he had some band together called Urban Waste, and that he was having a blast. We hung out a lot after that night.

Eventually I joined a band in New York called The False Prophets, and Ray started a band called Warzone. Although both our bands were in direct opposition politically, we remained pals. I was a left-wing commie fuck, and he was a right-wing fascist putz. We both drank beer together, and went after the same girls. Punk rock.

As both our bands began to tour a lot, we sort of lost touch. I'd see Ray around with his big ass old school car, and a lot of kids. Ray was kinda like the Spencer Tracy of that movie, *Boys Town*. He'd somehow take in wayward kids, and steer them onto a better path in life.

Every time I saw him, he'd introduce me to another kid, and tell me how the kid was having family or drug problems, and that he was helping them out. And help them out, he did. Todd Youth of DGeneration and Murphy's Law, was once one of those kids. I remember meeting Todd when he was about fourteen or so, and Ray was like his big brother. They'd go everywhere together, and Todd even joined Ray's band, Warzone. Of course, now Todd is the best guitarist in the United States, and everyone knows it. And a lot of that is probably due to Ray's fatherly influence.

Ray and Warzone continued putting out records, and got pretty big. They played some large shows in the city, and got to tour the world. I think they even went to South America.

The last time I saw Ray was at a Furious George show at the now defunct Coney Island High. I saw him from the stage, leaning against the bar, smiling. After we finished our set, he gave me the thumbs up sign, and a nice smile.

About a month and a half later, Ray, or Raybeez, as he was known, died. From pneumonia. He'd just gotten done with a US tour. I know this because my band was right behind him on tour and we played the same venues.

In Tempe, Arizona, they told me that nazi skinheads were giving Warzone some shit, and Ray actually went out into the audience and kicked their asses. The guys in Arizona told me they never saw a guy run off the stage and swing at people like that. I told them they didn't know Ray. He was certainly a tough guy. But also the nicest.

And now that he's gone, I'll never forget him. From the rockabilly and rags days of Gainesville, to Warzone and his Father Flanagan days in New York, he'll always be The Fonz Of Florida to me. Aaaaay!

We are all punk rockers, and regardless of what stupid political ideas we have held or hold now, most of us are outcasts and family to one another. Let's never forget that. I really believe that the American system is set up to conquer and divide. Do we really need that?

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

www.georgetabb.com

It's an honor to write for *MRR* each and every month. Something I'll never take for granted. And it's more of an honor to know you guys have read my column, and sometimes, even write me. All we've got is each other, without our friends, we really don't have anything.

ALL FOREIGN JUNK

Winter is upon us. This will be a cold winter; the imagery of skeletal landscapes is evoked every time the heater is on. A guilty winter. Storefronts throughout Melbourne are plastered with "For Lease" signs featuring the hideous gri-

mace of real estate goons. The city looks like someone kicked half the teeth out of its mouth. There have been a couple of great records from Australia so far this year to provide winter a soundtrack. Sean Bailey's new LAKES record is called *Winters Blade*. NAKED ON THE VAGUE continues their winning streak with a couple of short players. And now, Tasmania's favourite sons.

NATIVE CATS are about to release a really, really good LP called *Process Praise*: timeless, paranoid throb and chant. The sound of winter, the sound of being under house arrest. Stark and minimal. The repetitive pulse of Julian Teakle's bass. A drum machine propels or sits in the background kicking stones around just so you know it is there. The unique voice of Peter Escott, a gentleman and a scholar, articulate poetic observations, very earnest, sincere and, geez, polite. Tasmanian brevity. Escott commands attention here more than ever before. His pronunciation is on point, each word shaped for the Australian ear, lyrics that portray a sensitive, smart young man, not a shred of cynical apology, not ashamed or guilty or afraid. Bold, and delighted in feeling bold.

I could see Escott giving his record to those who lurked the libraries of their school, and they would hear in the songs the sensitive smart young man who ate chico rolls every day and talked about the internet before anyone had heard of it. I wonder if he ever read *Mad* magazine and what science fiction he preferred, and I realise that the last person I thought this about was Gary Numan, who is a recurring reference point for Escott's stage presence, with that autistic abandon, playing for a stadium crowd in a densely packed pub, animated by the attention rather than wilting under it. Escott's lyrics make one feel ancient and yet 19 again, something that I get out of listening to BIG STAR.

Native Cats sound nothing like Gary Numan or Big Star.

The final song on this record is called "Power In." Escott is joined by Lisa Rime on this one, and they sing the song together, Escott softening his voice, gentle. A very effective song on which to finish the record, it suggests a subtle theme, builds and suddenly escalates, jerking forward maniacally, and then finally falls into pieces to close. Someone, somewhere, play this song to someone you want to emotionally confuse.

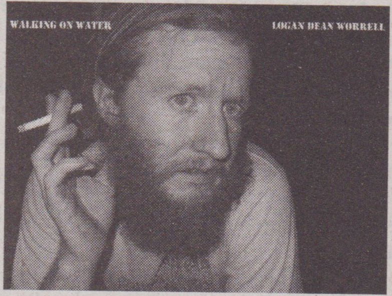
Al from THE UV RACE has just put out the new release on our Hideotic Records tape label. It's by NZ band TERROR OF THE DEEP and it's called *The Airport Underneath the Dome*. Aside from the usual litany of NZ clean flyin nuns, etc., this tape really reminds me of THE MIRRORS, an old Cleveland VELVETS-obsessed group that kicked it with ROCKET FROM THE TOMBS, the best punk band ever. That's high praise, everywhere!

TERROR OF THE DEEP has a great organ sound that sounds ancient, the vocal delivery is like Lou when Lou ain't like Bob Dylan and Jonathan R. when Jonathan 'ain't like Lou (i.e. personality in the voice), and the recording is alive. Much like what I love about the NATIVE CATS, TOTD is a timeless sounding band, when timeless means, like always, post-VU. The recording is so warm; winter just got easier. More reason to drool and slobber over the music from that little fingernail of land.

Since Wes (INSURGENTS) moved to Melbourne, he's been real busy. His fanzine *Pederast Prophet* turned into a record label and have released an INSURGENTS 7" (w/ Distort, haw haw) and the new tape from FLESH WORLD. He's also playing in THE ZINGERS, Melbourne's best punk band, and TOOTH PICK, who I've yet to hear because I don't wanna go out. The FLESH WORLD tape I mentioned briefly last month, but I've had a little more time with it since then and wanted to give it another rap for the children who strayed: this is some of the only hardcore I'm hearing at the moment that seems like there's a real weight behind the songs, *good songs*, primarily in credit to the fact that the guitarist can play, and colours over the lines, Ginn or Bubba damage. Secondary factors include the fact they are actually young, the requisite age for this kind of raw power, the fact they're a good live band, a strange presence that seems to mystify heathens, the fact the singer shouts all over the riffs and sometimes it's difficult to hear what song he's following, something that you can't really produce analytically and when it is done right, it sounds like VOID or some other powerful, hideous mess, where every band member is playing a different sounding tune in their own way. FLESH WORLD is sick hardcore.

If you want blood: DX / PO Box 239 / North Carlton / VIC / 3054 / Australia

ALL PIGS MUST DIE.



I just keep getting more and more out of touch. It seems that with every year that goes by there's some new trend or craze that everyone's just dying to be apart of. Could I really be too punk to wrap my head around such things? I haven't driven in a couple years and gas prices have gone up like a motherfucker. I didn't realize Osama got capped until like a week ago (at the time this article is being written, it's July). If it's not on TMZ or Perezhilton.com, as far as I'm concerned it just straight up didn't happen. 2011 is so confusing to me. Whatever happened to 2007 where everything just made sense?

During my long stint with pneumonia, which I'm still feeling the effects of, I ran through the entire DVD libraries of nearly everyone I know or have ever even met, much like how Sherman went through Georgia. After *The Wire* was complete and I had decided that I fucking hated Marlo, there was only one thing left to watch in the entire house. Having put it off for as long as I could and wanting desperately not to be a part of those brain dead *Twilight* fucking dickheads, finally I had to submit and I started season one of *True Blood*. Fine girls? Check. Gratuitous violence? Check. So far so good. Hold up, wait a second, living people actually fucking vampires? That's just fucking insane. You are tripping. This is just not possible. I have so many questions. One of those questions is about vampire boners. Boners are blood pumping into your dick, right? So if there isn't like real blood, then how can dead vampire blood fill up a weird grey vampire cock? Or how about this mind fucker? I once caught a lot of flak for asking my then-girlfriend to sit in a bathtub full of ice before we had sex to simulate what I thought a vampire vagina might feel like. All in the name of science, of course. Just like I expected—COLD and not very much fun. Okay, kinda fun based on the kink factor, but in practice and due to the fact that my roommates thought I was harvesting organs to sell for yet more coke money, I'm seeing now that it was kinda dark. The whole getting loaded on vampire blood really bothers me. What the fuck is it? Is it like ecstasy? Is it heroin? Is it acid? Surely it's not some kind of super drug. Those fucking hack writers over at HBO got a lot of explaining to do, because frankly, all I can think about doing now is harvesting vampire blood that I acquired from posing as a male prostitute vampire and getting high as a motherfucker.

Once or twice I might have mentioned that here in good ol' Austin Texas we have a little thing called "musicians insurance." It's great, but not the most convenient and it seems like whenever you need something done, be it dental, mental or other, you have to wait for a month and a half. Granted, we are very lucky to have such a program. I have eleven cavities. This is a terrible thing, as a grown up man living in a country, which, in the grand scheme of things has pretty decent tap water and the available resources to ensure that this type of situation never happens. Hand tattoo, momma's not tripping. Eleven cavities, as far as she's concerned I just told her I knocked up a seventeen yr old and was selling the baby for coke money. Complete failure. Now, none of this confuses me really. I get that you treat your body like shit, you are gonna feel like shit. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure that out. What blows my mind is the rising cost of ice cream and other delicious frozen treats in this country. The first logical conclusion that came to mind of course was the recession. There's no way anyone could expect to have our troops overseas dying for our freedom, putting it all out there, and expect to pay the same low price for a Blizzard with M&M's and Snickers. Everyone has to make their sacrifices and frankly I thought that destroying my teeth was mine, thus allowing the big wigs at the ice cream factories to leave the once reasonable prices where they were. Not the case. Not being one for experiments, but also not being one to let not being one for things get them down, I decided to get all Bill Nye on that motherfucker. I picked a delicious eatery to get a milkshake-like creation from. When I got to America's Drive In and ordered my Sonic Blast

with Snickers crushins, at first glance everything seemed to be going just fine. The check came, and to my motherfucking surprise the shit was like $4.60!?!?!?! Are you fucking tripping? For some fucking ice cream! Not to mention it only had like four pieces of Snickers. The next night I tried the same thing at Cold Stone Creamery. That's right, folks, they fucked me again. Being a simple man whose only real pleasure in life is sweets, the stark realization that I would from now on be paying way beyond a reasonable price for ice cream was just a kick in the dick.

Black Metal is the straight up worst music on the entire planet. I've tried and tried, oh lord, how I have tried, but just can't wrap my head around it. I love shitty music, don't get me wrong. Yet for some strange reason, I just can't get behind it. I love Kiss, ain't trying to hate on the makeup thing, however if I came into *MRR* HQ wearing a XL Marilyn Manson T and fucking face paint I would never hear the end of it. How the fuck is that fair? Timmy and Charlie (roommates) love that shit, and to be honest, are usually nice enough not to force me into listening to it with them. So in an attempt to see their side of things, I rented a black metal documentary called *Until the Light Takes Us*, or whatever the fuck Dungeons and Dragons bullshit it's called. Now I'm more confused then I was when I started that fucking movie. Snow? Make Up? Burning churches? That's some fucking Columbine shit right there. Somebody go give one of these losers a fucking hug or something. Jesus Christ. How is this any different then Slipknot? They wear costumes, right? Just maybe not the same ones, I don't fucking know. Imagine all black metalheads sitting in their parents basements, lying on a futon mat on the floor surrounded by used jizz encrusted tissues. That's reality and if they were honest about this then I'd feel that shit out of it. Perhaps a better look at black metal would be if someone followed Fenriz around for a day while he did household chores wearing corpse paint and eight inch spiked gauntlets. Now that's class. Send bullshit to ldworrell@gmail.com

BRACE BELDEN is THE LAST PUNK

Listen up, you freaks, in case you haven't noticed, *punk* isn't just a style of music or a bracelet on some pasty white wrist on Kings Road in the late seventies, it's a movement, man, a real movement, say it out loud, really push your lips out for the word, *movement*. You know, a culture, with (loud, abrasive, generally terrible) music and (poorly-made, tasteless, aesthetically offensive) art. It's also got, horror of horrors, *literature*. I know, I know, the concept of "Punk Literature" is about as enticing as worm soup, but bear with me—there's some good ones. If you're looking at a *Maximum Rocknroll* you likely have poor taste in reading materials, but I'll wager there's a couple of third-graders who haven't burnt out on the old printed word out amongst the mongoloid masses. With that in mind, I hereby generously and large-heartedly offer a list of Essential Punk Literature for your perusing pleasures.

"Punk History" seems like a class they'd teach at some bizarre college like Evergreen or some unaccredited Profane Existence night school, but there's in fact a whole, albeit mostly boring, unreadable and in fact unbearable, subgenre of literature dedicated to the topic. Sure, most of the writing stinks, and unless you're interested in what the bass player of the Skeptix thought of Maggie Thatcher's "bum", most of them are worthless. The best of the bunch is *Please Kill Me,* by the "original Punk" (I'd put the little "TM" trademark logo here, but I don't know how), Legs McNeil. In it, you can learn of everything from Nico's venereal diseases and their legacies, to the sordid death of Johnny Thunders. It seems to be the first of the glut/avalanche of these so-called "oral history" books, and I assume everyone in the world has read it, along with the Darby Crash/LA Scene book *Lexicon Devil* by Brendan Mullen and Don Bolles (a brief aside, if I may: Once, a particularly empty-headed punkette grinned a dumb grin and told me that was the only book she had ever read. I'm still reeling). Mullen's other book, *We Got the Neutron Bomb*, details the LA punk scene, though it uses some of the same material as the Crash book, and frankly looks like shit and seems more self-indulgent than anything.

Babylon's Burning, penned by Dylanologist (!) Clinton Heylin, is a fairly detailed overview of the whole of punk (though hardcore doesn't seem to have much of a presence). It also misguidedly covers "grunge", but thankfully not until the very end. Of all the books mentioned, this particular one was the most detailed and thoroughly researched, so maybe Heylins years of sniffing Bob Dylan's rotten old dungarees actually did some good. Anyways it's clinical but decent, though why anyone would want to read thousands of pages on people who sniffed bonding agents eludes me, but hey, I mostly just read the Bible nowadays anyways. *Punk '77*, by James Stark, covers San Francisco punk in decent detail, though it's mostly just worth it for the fantastic pictures of Crime, The Sleepers, Avengers, etc. No doubt every punk worth their salt has read *American Hardcore* by Steven Blush, so why the hell should I waste words on it? It's fine. Obviously, there's more to the genre than the few books I've mentioned, but these are the more popular, famous ones, which I suppose makes them the best.

What happens when some leather-clad lad gets it into his glue-addled brain that he can, should, and will write a book? Well, that's where you get Punk Writing, which is almost without exception terrible. Of course people buy it, myself including, but it's very rarely passable even as doggerel. At least these books are sometimes decent if you come across one of them while, say, taking a shit on tour in some filthy bathroom in Waukeegan. *I, Shithead* by Joey Shithead of boring Canadian band D.O.A. is one such book—a passable bathroom reader detailing Shitheads life in punk and his trials and tribulations on the road. There's a mention of a Troggs/Viletones show in Toronto, which as worth all the other mostly useless passages. Remember *Dharma Punx* by Noah Levine? Right after reading that piece of trash (I was twelve, it was a gift, don't ask) I went out and joined the nearest Ashram or Kibbutz or wherever, then cut off my dick and fed it to my stepmother (My last decent Freudian act before a life of solitude and enlightenment). What vomit. Christ, this is too much, I can't take writing about these fucks anymore, I got a bad taste in my mouth and my knees ache, fuck them. Mike Hudson writes mystery novels. If they're better than Richard Stark, fax me a heads-up.

In a category all their own is the Rock Writers who flipped when punk hit, who had actually been screaming for it for years until it did. Lester Bangs, a legitimately great writer regardless of music or punk or any of that trash, wrote some great stuff about Punk, and captured some of the zeitgeist of the era in his cough-medicine screeds. He has two collections of his work readily available. Richard Meltzer, of pre-Samoans band VOM fame, was and is a writer of the same school who took things (at least rock-crit wise) to a bit wilder fringes, though this cost him a bit of readability. Check out his collection *A Whore, Just Like the Rest*. A caveat—those two are great, yeah, and I mentioned them, yeah, but lots, and I mean lots, of assholes revere, worship, rip-off, and suck-cock at the altar of these guys. You'll be glad you read them, sure, but do yourself a favor and don't try to cash any checks in their names afterward. There were of course other established rock writers who focused almost exclusively on punk, such as Nick Kent and Gary Bushell, but Bangs and Meltzer capture some of the zeitgeist, at least to me, in a way that the others, by fault of either prose or posture, could not.

Hardbound omnibus collections of long-defunct punk zines seem to be dropping from fucking esoterically-named publishing houses like spit from a bridge. I am not a millionaire, I get 'em at Christmas (never mind the hooked read them once, and forget them soon after. There's a decent book collection of the old UK punk zine *Sniffin Glue* out (first issue has a Blue Oyster Cult discography!), but my copy fell apart within a week. Crummy British binding. I haven't looked at in ages, but there's lots of juicy gossip from a thousand years ago about bands like the London SS and the Adverts. It's also funny, which is the single (and really, only) important trait of any good punk zine. There's two Bomp books, the first of which is worth a thumb-through, though many of the articles aren't presented in the original forms, and the whole thing is fraught with re-print typos, though I dare say most were likely present in the original. Decent memorabilia is scattered throughout. The second collects more material (most of which is actually sort of boring), though it leans heavily on the earlier issues. Anyways they're OK, and they're only ten bucks at Half-

Price Books. Tesco Vee's magazine *Tough & Go* was recently given the hardbound treatment, too. It's much better than listening to the Meatmen, which means nothing as the Meatmen were and are fucking garbage horseshit, and his bizzaro-opinions on what's decent and what's trash are worth reading if you have the time. *Search and Destroy*, an old San Francisco zine, has had collections out for years, though I'm not sure they're easy to get. At any rate, I don't have em, hell, I don't even have the *Touch & Go* one, but I've been to enough peoples houses that do, you know. That's journalistic integrity. I do, however, own the Schism book, which is fine if you like that sort of thing, and decent if you don't. I happen to be a practicing Krishna who once played bass in a Youth Defence League reunion gig, so I shit out a solid gold egg when I read through this for the first time. Anyways it's fine. (By the way, has anyone in recent times actually stopped to think about how bizarre claiming "straight edge" is in 2011? I'm not talking about sobriety, which is fine I suppose {though how the sober-minded deal with the awful, oppressive and absolutely insane world surrounding them is mystifying to me}, but about pledging allegiance to a small group of peoples pretty much inside-joke from 1982? It's sort of herd-like and ultimately very creepy, reeks faintly of cults, and seems to be a tremendous waste of time and energy). Anyways, I'm sure there's a lot more books of these ilk lying around the bottom-shelves of the music section at some soon-to-be-closed major book retailer, but I haven't read anything but back issues of *Oui* and Rod Stewart fan-fiction for the past three years, so hell if I know what else is out there.

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After a few days mulling over the above and generally growing more and more despondent about "punk" writing and literature in general, and throwing up a lot, I wrote this instead of finishing the article.

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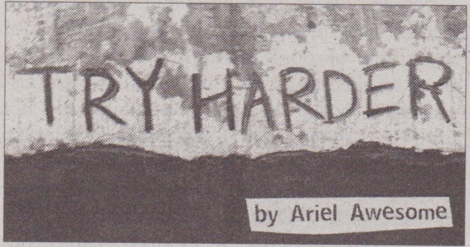
Alright, that's it for me, I'm through. History lessons are for children and Hebrews. Re-reading all these old punk books, and thumbing through the 10-pound zine-omnibuses, my curiosity has given way to a sort of simmering, brooding anger. I understand, hell, I'm told over and over and with great conviction, that punk is no longer worth two shits, that the Golden Age of Leather and Studs is long over and we're swimming in the murky pool of recycled riffs and ideas, yes, I understand. I know that you old punks were beat like dogs while walking to the store to purchase a case of Coca Cola, that you couldn't play most clubs or cities, that punks were like lepers and the internet was some far-off science-fiction fantasy, oh yes, please, I know all this, you pricks. I know it and I hate it, because of course you're right, of course punk is awful now and serves a little more than as an outlet for the chronically homeless or the intellectually dull. I know, of course, that these zine collections and long books were put out either because of popular demand or the possibility of financial gains, however meager those may be, by their authors or editors, yes, I know this too, and I can't really fault anyone for that, but they still serve as a spit in the face, my face, because even those innocent reprint books, yes, even them, they're quietly uttering "You weren't here, you weren't, and whatever you have, it won't be as good as Issue 7 of *BOMP*", well fuck all issues, I say. They say that when they played guitar, drunk, at 22, they created something that was so pure, wild, fantastic, new, new *new* that I can't possibly fully comprehend it, unless I read their fucking book of quotes and remembrances.

Listen, you dogs, you crumbs, I was drunk and played guitar when I was twenty years old, too, hell, that was just last year. Doing that was no more holy or sacred last week than fifty years ago. We're both idiots, you happened to have the fortune, I suppose, of being born in, ha-ha, simpler times, but fuck you, the white heat in you has browned with age and folded at the sides, wilted like nauseous yellow rose in the mid-July sun, stinking like meat in a ditch, you're nothing, a ghost, a fucking specter, "you weren't there", god dam you make me glad I wasn't, if I was to be surrounded by the likes of you, I'd be listening to the god dam Raspberries (like I am now) and running for city councilman. I still have something in me, no matter what you jerks think, no matter what you old, sad men and women say in your useless books and movies. Pedantic archivists, the lot of you, fucking children. The dramatically aged are closer to children than any others, so while you shit in your diaper I will shit on your memory, and I will write and play and hate you like I hate the rest. Fuck all professors, fuck all students, fuck the lot of you, to hell with you, right now, and while you're there, learn how to string together a fucking sentence.



This afternoon is about as boring and unglamorous as life gets. I am watching random how-to-play-guitar videos on YouTube and totally sucking at learning *London Calling*. My brain hurts, so I downgrade my ambitions for the day and switch to watching a cherub-faced teenage boy teach me how to play *Bad Reputation* by "Joanne" Jett. I am still failing to replicate what he so easily is strumming. This is so easy it hurts me that I keep fucking it up. I want to do anything but this right now.

Doing vocal practice by singing in the car on the way to work was better than this, and that made me feel like an idiot. I found my voice belting along to tapes; traffic was my singing time. Even though it felt ridiculous, it was pretty fun after a while and prompted many sassy exchanges between me and other motorists. This is not fun.

I've learned my chords, can strum them out and change in time, but my fingers aren't as fast as my brain. Sometimes it seems like they willfully rebel and play strange sour notes on purpose. I'm in the doldrums, the fucking saltmines of musicianship. I know I'm getting better, but it's hard to tell it's so gradual. The first months were so exciting, with each new chord and progression I could pick out seemed like a miracle. The little miracles have lost their luster, and this feels a lot like homework. The joy of new discovery is gone but I've got to slog on. When does this get exciting again?

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We ran into our buddy Craig in a dark and nearly empty bar in West Hollywood and he invited us to see him judge the regional Air Guitar Championships. Free is totally on the agenda this summer, so we were in. I could not have known what craziness was to come.

The stage before me is being worked in the most frenzied and acrobatic way by a man in a smoking (literally!) codpiece and pink and gold fringed lycra. He looks like a deranged rock'n'roll superhero. Rocking a greasy handlebar moustache and wild hair, he is perfectly pantomiming and exaggerating a wildly complicated guitar solo while chicken-hopping across the stage into the adoring crowd. Uh, wow.

The Key Club is the perfect venue for this spectacle. It's one of the rock clubs that anchor the Sunset Strip, which is LA's cheesy alt-rock and hair metal nostalgia party zone. The club is so packed we had to sidle in and post up between the bar and a couple making out on the stairs.

People were chanting, stamping, and howling in adulation. It was every bit of the showmanship, the glory of performance, and the adrenaline surging chaos as a regular show.

It was a letdown that much like at regular shows the stage was dominated by men. All night only two women performed and some unidentifiable bozos behind me called out, "Show us your tits!" throughout both of their performances. Really, even in imaginary rock'n'roll women are marginalized and sexualized? I would think we could imagine better than that.

Despite that major downer aspect it was a fun night. I laughed so hard at a certain point I gave myself the hiccups. It felt good to laugh with the person on stage, to see something that was long thought out and elaborately rehearsed but totally unserious. It was simultaneously celebrating and making fun of what we think about guitar performances and stage personas. Seeing all of the flash and pretense of rock 'n' roll in such an obvious, funny way cleared away some more myth surrounding the guitar for me. As fun and funny as it was it isn't remotely what I want to do. Air guitar is effectively everything I don't like about being a musician. All of the pretense and spectacle, none of the substance. So many shows (ones with people playing real instruments) feel superficial like this to me. Yes, even our down 'n' dirty, gritty in the basement punk shows can be rife with cliche posturing. Only most of the time they don't have the benefit of being unselfconscious and hilarious. It makes me ache for something real, but in this case I'll settle for something so fake it's real again.

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I've had a little melody in my head for a few days. It plays on a little loop when I'm paying the least attention. It has grown and morphed a little with some words cropping up in places. *Doo doo doooo do something something world.* I've got it, but I don't got it. It's like a little Post-It note of a song fluttering around up there in my brain.

For the first time, I grab my guitar and try to work out the chords. It takes a while but I'm relatively sure of what I'm doing. I've got a better sense of the rhythm now and I just play it over and over until it's flowing, and the words start to spill out. They begin as nonsense at first, but as I try things out some words stick, some phrases gel. It feels pretty versey so I play it again, try to wring some more words out of the ether. I'm getting somewhere, and it feels great.

From there it goes into some notes I can't quite capture, but I know they'll reveal themselves in time. I'll learn more, I'll get up to playing what I'm imagining. That is worth working at it. That is worth all the agonizing practice days. Here is my big payoff, making a song, making it real.

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Sometimes it is really hard to find the motivation to keep on plugging away at something you are crummy at. The promise of fun and glamour doesn't actually get you that far, but there are payoffs if you power through and find them.

Send me videos of your epic air guitar solos, or you patiently teaching me way better songs than what is available on the ol' YouTube, or you playing a terrible rendition of the song you wrote that will sound really awesome one day: arielawesome@gmail.com

This month I'd like to start out talking about BRUTALITY. Not the brutality of grindcore, or the pit at an NYHC show, I'm talking about the brutality of the US Postal Service and UPS. Despite its complaints about declining revenues, the post office is shipping tons of small parcels due to the explosion of online retailing. And UPS, while better equipped to handle parcels, is smashing your little box of records between tons of other parcels. It seems like these days I spend/waste a lot of my record distribution time dealing with damaged parcels. I get a large number of records these days from Europe in parcels that are totally smashed, with record covers that are completely crushed, sometimes wet and always unsellable as new records. A great deal of time, effort, and money is wasted on having records sit on a shelf while a label sends replacement covers before they can be sold.

I'd like to talk a bit about record packing and mailing. Back when I first got into distribution, we didn't put much thought into packaging. I can remember shipping out tons of orders in just whatever empty beer case or box was around with some crumpled newspaper. This is no longer good enough. Consider the massive numbers of parcels the post office and UPS are shipping each day. Picture your box of LPs at the bottom of a huge stack of bigger and heavier boxes as it bounces down the highway, then in the cargo hold of a plane, and finally thrown onto truck after truck until it reaches its destination. I think there are three major things that can protect your records from destruction: double boxing, double-wall cardboard, and taping. This sounds simplistic, but the number of trashed record I get in the mail bears out my theory that that record packaging is a science that should be studied in more detail.

Let's talk a bit about how records get damaged. Record covers tend to get bent on the corners. This is especially true of European LP covers, many of which are printed on much thinner cardboard than US and Canadian LP covers. Record covers not in plastic sleeves or shrink wrap that are packed too loosely and have cheap printing also can get pretty bad scuffing and ring wear. LPs can also split the seams of the jacket; this is called "seam splits." Seam splits are kind of controversial. Shrink wrap and plastic sleeves are supposed to prevent seam splits, but a lot of people today ask for records shipped outside the jackets to prevent seam splits. Removing the LP from the shrink wrap kind of defeats the purpose of shrink wrap (protecting the LP) I have always chosen to package my LPs in plastic sleeves, since the first thing most collectors do when they buy a record is put it in a plastic sleeve. I am always amazed at how many labels choose to ship their LPs with *neither* plastic sleeves nor shrink wrap. This is inviting damage such as scuffing and seam splits. Another form of damage is when thin/cheap cardboard covers get kind of pressed or mashed and you can see the outline of the LP through the cover. Some LPs arrive warped (though this is thankfully rare) or broken (also surprisingly rare). 7"s tend to survive in shipping much better. They are easier to pack in bulk and mail flat in small quantities. This means your 7" in an envelope or small flat mailer goes with stuff like magazines and catalogs as opposed to under a huge pile of heavy boxes.

Another thing to keep in mind is that records travel much better flat than on end. Almost everyone these days stacks records flat, so this is one lesson that seems to have been learned. If you stack records on end in a box, they will get crushed and bent much more readily than those laid flat. This is because most of the damage in shipping is from tons of boxes being piled on top of each other, not smashing into each other side to side.

Now let's talk about packing big boxes of records. Firstly, double wall (or double strength) cardboard boxes are some of best protection. This cardboard is just extra thick and heavy and resists crushing and bending much better than typical cardboard. I use ULINE double wall cardboard boxes for all my big shipments now. Secondly, double boxing is the best way to ensure records are not bashed up or damaged. I find that two boxes with the outer box slightly larger works best, with an inch or two of newspaper, packing peanuts or bubble wrap between. Two boxes that are about the same size stuffed together don't do nearly as much to protect records. Some labels get really serious about putting a *lot* of padding between the boxes. In fact, the USPS will *not* pay out on an insurance claim unless there is three inches of padding around a record. And UPS will *not* issue insurance unless records are double boxed. A third, and often overlooked factor is taping up the boxes. Shipping boxes almost always fail on the corners. I have examined many damaged shipments and a pattern emerges. Your nice rigid square box you dropped off at the post office, emerges at the other end of it's journey soft, pliable and smashed into a roundish oblong form. This is why double wall cardboard helps a lot, it just doesn't get pounded into a soft and pliant form like single wall. Again, European cardboard is almost always worse than US and Canadian cardboard. The best thing you can do is to *tape every corner of the box!* As boxes get crushed and piled on, the corners blow out. Once the corners blow out they get crushed flatter and flatter and lose their rigidity fast. Even if there is a lot of padding in the box, it gets smashed flat. The records inside will get thrashed quickly. Taping up the corners helps keep them from blowing out. Even better is to put some scraps of card board in every corner folded over into the corner as you packaged. And best yet are corner protectors from shipping supply companies like ULINE. I have increasingly starting using the corner protectors as they keep the inner boxes snug with a gap for padding, and project against both crushing and side impact. It doesn't hurt to wrap tape around every axis of the box as well. Some of the least damaged boxes I get from Europe are heavily wrapped in tape.

A lot of European pressing plants use a double box system with 25 or 50 count boxes inside a bigger box for shipping. These boxes might be OK for shipping inside Europe. But they *do not* survive trans-Atlantic shipping very well. The outer boxes are way too soft and there's not enough room for padding between. The inner boxes alone are never enough for shipping overseas. The most damaged parcels I get from overseas are small stacks of records in one of these pressing plant boxes with minimal or no padding.

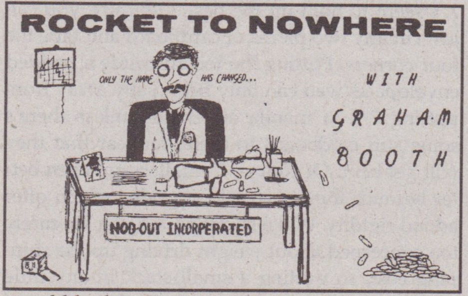
Now let's talk about shipping single records or small quantities of records. As noted before, 7"s seem to hold up the best. Typically, you can just cut any two pieces of cardboard and tape the four corners. Putting the record inside a padded envelope as well can only help. I shy away from putting 7"s in manila envelopes unless there's some stiff cardboard in there, for fear that they will get bent. Of course, 7" mailers are even better because they have fold up sides which offer added rigidity. When shipping 7"s you are rarely too concerned about weight driving up the shipping cost, so putting a small stack in any little box you can scrounge up is usually OK as long as there's tons of padding around the actual

records. The bigger the box though, the more likely it's going to spend its shipping life smashed under many bigger boxes, so get more and more thorough the bigger the box you are packing.

Single LPs are harder to protect, although it seems to me the biggest problem with shipping single LPs (as far as feedback from customers goes) is seam splits. These are typically eliminated in small shipments by separating the LP from the sleeve. This is something I did not do for many years, as I always felt that the plastic sleeve was supposed to protect against seam splits. But I got so much customer feedback on this issue, I started taking the time to separate most all non-shrink wrapped LPs from the jackets for shipping. LP mailers are great for shipping small quantities of LPs, but they are increasingly costly. At 50 to 60 cents each, a mailer doesn't sound too expensive, but with the margins on one or two LP orders super low it's difficult to recoup this cost (not to mention PayPal fees and postage) and still sell a record at a reasonable price. So many people (including myself) look for salvaged cardboard to cut up for mailers. I cut up appliance boxes and the like for LP mailers, especially if the cardboard is double walled. I'm often seen rummaging through the cardboard dumpster at the record store for good shipping boxes to re-use. I find that scoring the cardboard with a knife to give it a raised edge (like an LP mailer) helps a great deal to make it more rigid and prevent damage.

I personally prefer the LP mailers and buy all my shipping supplies from ULINE, who have a warehouse here in Minneapolis where I can pick up the goods. I've tried many other mailers sourced from online retailers that were cheaper, but none of them are as sturdy as the ones from ULINE. I would also say to anyone who does a lot of mail order, save all your LP mailers and find a local record shop or distro to give them too, because they will be stoked to save on shipping supplies and you will be recycling the mailers for their best possible use. Anyone who runs a label or distro can tell you about LP mailers they've gotten records in with layers of address labels on them as collectors and distros have re-used mailers over and over again. I have toyed with the idea of giving people a discount on show admission if they brought their LP mailers just like some promoters do with canned food for the homeless.

I was going to talk about the UK Subs this month, but here we are at 1700 words just talking about tape and cardboard…



Ahhh, the summertime. I keep waiting for the month where I don't have any raer scores to share with y'all, but what the fuck, it's Summer 2011 and I've managed to stack up a big pile of tasty rekkids just like I woulda done five or ten years ago. If anything, my finances are a little tighter than they were in my gainfully employed days, and yet I've still managed to pick off some lingering wants and eye candy for the tradelist.

Just today I cracked open a package from Frogland (a.k.a. France) containing the elusive SOGGY *Waiting For The War* 45 from 1981. If you're still unfamiliar with SOGGY, you should go straight to a computer, google SOGGY + "waiting for the war" and click on the youtube link for French live TV footage of them performing Side 1 of this punk rock killer. Everything about the SOGGY aesthetic screams "Hard Rock" or "Heavy Metal" but the music speaks for itself with a blazing hard punk rock sound unlike most of their wussy new wavey first gen French "punk" peers.

I guess if you already know SOGGY, you know record fiends have been scrambling to get their recent eleven track LP of previously unreleased material from 1981. Enough so that a 2008 reissue is trading for $50-100. A couple years back, sellers were slapping multi hundred dollar pricetags on the 45. Thankfully for me in 2011, demand has dropped off, so I was able to snag the original 45 for the high end of what the LP reissue sells for.

With my leftover money I splurged on another longtime want, the THIRD WORLD CHAOS *New Move For Error* LP from the Philippines circa 1984. This record was a complete mystery to me for years. I'd seen that Orange cover '90s THIRD WORLD CHAOS 7" bootleg years ago, but tracking down an ancient punk LP from the "Third World" was proving to be an impossible feat.

Then about three years ago while visiting worldwide punkrock fanatic Stuart Schrader I got to finally see a copy in the flesh, and more importantly, *listen* to it. Most surprisingly, THIRD WORLD CHAOS were going for more of a straight up '77 punk rock sound back in 1984… I'd always assumed with a name like that they were a hardcore band. They do have a sometimes rough and aggressive sound with snotty offensive lyrics, but it's a loud and clean recording released on a Philippines major label. How odd. But hella good.

I managed to forget about THIRD WORLD CHAOS for a couple years until I got a painful reminder, hearing of Bay Area diggeur extraordinaire Ken Sanderson's exploits, fishing the THIRD WORLD CHAOS LP out of our local dollar bin. Come to think of it, I'm not sure he was even familiar with it when he found it. *Sick!* Another popped up on eBay six months later and went ballistic. Lucky for me, this month I grabbed one on eBay from a seller direct from the Philippines for half the price, either nobody else still cares about THIRD WORLD CHAOS, or they were all too worried about potential Tsunami damage. No worries, this copy is mint in shrink!

One of the funnier exchanges I've had in a while involved a NEGATIVE APPROACH 7". I've had a copy with one of those elusive colored-in covers for a couple of years, but unlike some of the more elaborate ones I've seen, mine just had the white letters "NEGATIVE APPROACH" colored in with a marker. So when I spotted a German seller offering a copy with both the band name *and* Linda Blair's *eyes* colored in I jumped at the chance, especially for the low end price of what a regular black and white label copy sells for.

I was floored to get an email back from the seller the next morning, confirming availability, but also pointing out a condition defect he hadn't noticed. Unfortunately, he explained, someone had written an offensive message on the inside of the sleeve. But he was willing to offer me a discount on an otherwise NM/NM copy. I guess he was unaware that John Brannon of NEGATIVE APPROACH used to write messages inside most of the sleeves while they were gluing them together. Someday maybe I'll get the opportunity to thank Mr. Brannon for writing "Stick A Dick In Your Virgin Ear" on this one, because he got me a discount. *A side note, John Brannon's pen not only tainted the insides of NEGATIVE APPROACH 7" EPs, as I've run across a bunch of copies of the YDI 7" EP from Philly with similar lewd notes on the inside of the sleeve with his handwriting.

A couple more internet scores this month worth blabbing about… finally upgraded my POTENTIAL THREAT *What's So Great Britain!* 7" EP on the regional Out Of Town label from Manchester. That one's a killer, and one of the most elusive of the UK82 streetpunk / hardcore essentials. There was a colored vinyl reissue of it some years back which made finding an original copy even more difficult. Real rough distorto sound to near DISCHARGE or DISORDER levels but with shouted punk vox. I still never messed with their other 7" EP or LPs, though judging by the sound I probably should. There's always next month for that…

Another one I'd seen once or twice on eBay for too much money that I'd stored in the back of my mind is an obscure early '80s Dutch punk/wave 7" compilation EP, I guess called *EFFENAAR*, which seems to be a long-standing underground show space in Eindoven. There are four bands featured here, most interesting to me are TUBIFEX which is a super rough and lo-fi hardcore/thrash outfit, and VIVA LA MUERTE, a rad shambling DIY outfit with a girl or two in the mix. I'm surprised that great records like this are still out there lurking in the world, but once again not many people seem to know this comp.

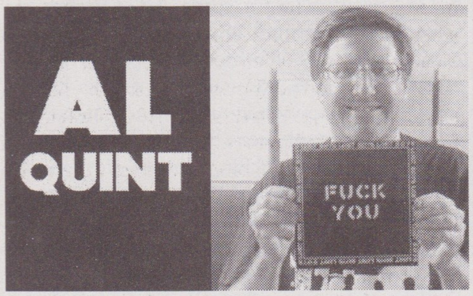
Wrapping up my internet scores, I finally pulled the trigger on a PUKE SPIT & GUTS *Eat Hot Lead* LP. This record has puzzled punk collectors for years: is it a punk record or a novelty record? I guess it's both, but for a "novelty record" this one shits from a high distance on most real American punk records from 1980. Lo-Fi Trash Punk with some of the most offensive lyrics ever penned, but with catchy tunes like these you'll be singing them to yourself for months to come. You can find many/all of these songs on YouTube and blogs, and supposedly Alternative Tentacles has a full scale reissue in the works.

Of course the internet is only one place to get

records, and I've pulled a fair share of rad stuff in the real world lately as well. I'll cheat a little with an intense score from about six weeks ago, in the middle of the woods in Big Sur of all places. The Henry Miller Library held their second Annual Big Sur Record Swap this year, and there outside in the woods I pulled some crazy records for crazy reasonable prices. The craziest was a MINOR THREAT *Filler* 7" EP with a Green Cover for $50, and from that same guy I got a handful of other hardcore EPs, I was most stoked to get a minty copy of the Small Hole First Press of JFA *Blatant Localism* 7" EP along with GANG GREEN *Sold Out* 7", ZEROS *Wild Weekend* 7" (Best Record Evar!), and some other person had a NERVOUS GENDER / BEELZEBUB YOUTH *Music From Hell* LP, synth punk stupidity on Subterranean.

In terms of super cheap scores, they've been few and far between, for punk records anyway. About all I can remember is grabbing a JAYNE DOE 7" on B-Square for $2.99 last week. That's a Bay Area 45 I've blabbed about here before, on the same label as the final CRIME 45 and Jennifer Miro's NUNS powerpop side project THE VIPS. Of course, neither of those are worth talking about, but JAYNE DOE has one killer punker a la Boston bar punks like LA PESTE, and was featured on a later KBD volume.

I think that's enough records for this month. Hopefully I've tipped y'all off to a few things you'd never heard of, maybe you'll even enjoy some of them. See you in da cratez yo!



ARE YOU A MATURE HIPSTER?

I got a press release not too long ago about the launch of a new webzine called *Rocker*. It's touting itself as the only music and lifestyle magazine for hipsters 30+. Mature hipsters, as they call it. There's a cartoon on the page of a woman of older age, her grey hair cut into a mohawk, sitting in a rocking chair and giving the devil horns. The lead story is about the return of the SMITHEREENS. Now that's a band I never liked, even in my twenties. I admit I do like loud, boisterous, poppy rock—early CHEAP TRICK, for instance, but the Smithereens never quite did it for me. Too slick, too polished, and not ballsy or gritty enough. Not that Cheap Trick were exactly raw-sounding but the Smithereens never wrote a song as great as "He's A Whore," "Auf Wiedersehn" or "Surrender," as overplayed and over-covered as that song became. No band should *ever* cover "Surrender" again.

Rocker is published by Eldercore, Incorporated and there's a long-ass "terms of use" page detailing all the restrictions on the use of the website. Don't take or disseminate anything unless it's for your personal use, etc. It reads like a treatise from a corporate law firm and is about as long as this column. By contrast, I like how there's *no* copyright here. If someone wants to re-print my column in their zine or on their site, go ahead but please credit it and make sure I get a copy. If not, I won't sue you but might have to send one of the various heads of security I have staked-out around the country to have a little chat with you.

The Smithereens appealed to individuals who probably found '80s-era punk and hardcore too abrasive. That is, people who never got it in the first place. Or think that *Warehouse* is a better HÜSKER DÜ double album than *Zen Arcade*. Or think that SUGAR was a better band than the Hüskers. Someone recently posited that on his F*cebook page—who was the better band? My reply was "you're kidding, right?" and that was the consensus from others.

I recently read the Hüskers bio, *Hüsker Dü: The Story Of The Noise-Pop Pioneers Who Launched Modern Rock*, written by Andrew Earles. This led me to pulling out their two major label albums (*Candy Apple Grey* was the other one), and they're even worse than I remember them being. Then I put on *Zen Arcade* and it was all better. Seriously—what a great album, although side four is easily skipped—the tedious "Turn On The News" and excessive 14-minute jam of "Reoccurring Dreams." The rest, though? Incredible. Side two of that album, from "Beyond The Threshold" through "Masochism World," is some of the most visceral music they ever committed to vinyl. The book was OK although it had flaws—the biggest one being the lack of involvement from Bob Mould. There were factual errors, too, and some of his premises seemed a tad silly, such as his claim that "no hardcore band offered the acute wallop of something like *Land Speed Record* or 'In A Free Land'" "...Free Land" is a *great* song, my favorite Hüsker composition, but that's a ludicrous statement. I'm actually curious to read Bob's recently-published autobiography and, by the way, you can win one of five copies from *Rocker* if you enter their contest, which entails signing up for their spam, uh, mailing list. I'm sure they'll be selling your name to AARP, pharmaceutical companies, and funeral arrangement services.

Susan, my prom date from high school actually got into that racket, as a "funeral consultant." I just got back in touch with her for the first time in over 30 years. She has a business called "Peace Of Mind." She's a "celebrant," who are, according to her site, *"creative alternative ceremonial leaders."* She says she's *"trained and certified to help individuals plan and present personalized memorial, celebration of life, and funeral services. As a Celebrant, Susan is a facilitator, attentive and sensitive interviewer, creative writer, professional public speaker, and ceremonial leader in her role."* That's a new one, at least to me. Maybe I should get her in touch with *Rocker*. Actually, considering that *Rocker*'s target audience would probably want "celebrations of life," as opposed to regular funerals, that might not be such a bad idea.

Back to *Rocker*, though, I have to admit a few of the articles are helpful, such as the one about preventing hearing loss and tinnitus, although I imagine many of us "mature hipsters" already suffer from those ailments. I definitely do—who knew that putting cotton in your ears, like I did in my '20s, did little to stop damage to my hearing. On the other hand, the "style" section made me laugh out loud. Some of 'em dress like I do—t-shirts, jeans etc, but they're striking silly poses in the pictures and, sorry, I'm not going to ever wear a red-striped shirt. I do sometimes question whether it's pathetic that I'm over 40 (*quite* a bit over 40, at this point) and still run around wearing band t-shirts, Never mind going to see bands in basements or other spaces where I'm at least two decades older than 95% of the people there. Pretty much the only time I run into people who I knew "back in the day" is at shows for, ahem, "mature" acts i.e. bands on the punk rock oldies circuit. The youngsters show up for those, as well, but I don't see a lot of people in my age range at the DIY shows I attend. That's true in Boston, at least. But when I get out of town, it seems to be different. I have to say that I'm heartened by the number of over-40 punks that seem to be in it for life, who remain underground / DIY / punk / whatever enthusiasts. Look at this particular zine. I'm not even the oldest columnist, here—hi Mykel! There are others in the over-40 columnist club—George, Felix, and Allan, off the top of my head—and plenty more who are shitworkers. Lifestyle magazine? We don't need no stinkin' lifestyle magazine! I think I've got the lifestyle down pretty well at this point. The lifestyle I'm comfortable with, even with all the navel-gazing/second guessing/ sheepishness. If I ever say anything about wanting to be hip, never mind mature, you have permission to slap me silly.

MUSIC FOR THE DEFIANTLY NON-HIP

LIEUTENANT's self-titled album sat on the proverbial shelf for a long time—I've had a CD-R of it for well over a year and their origins go back to the early part of the last decade. Lieutenant features members of NO TIME LEFT, JOHN BROWN'S ARMY, and RESIST CONROL among others, and plays pummeling hardcore driven by bulldozer bass and vocals that sound like a cross between Springa and Tony Erba. They also have a sound akin to one of Erba's former bands, namely NINE SHOCKS TERROR. The vocals do get a bit over-the-top at times and Lieutenant is hardly the most unique band playing this style, but the production is hot and powerful. I'm glad this saw the light of day. Nice screen-printed cover, too. (Peterwalkee, 408 Richmond Ave., Buffalo, NY 14222, www.peterwalkeerecords.com)

We head north of the border for the final salvo from that merry band of punk rock miscreants, the BRUTAL KNIGHTS. The Knights have been an enjoyable band for years, flinging out energetic, catchy fodder concerned with such important issues as chicken wings, getting out of household chores, and food shopping. There's even an ode to iced coffee in "Summertime Coffee." I'm raising my medium cup of iced Dunks right now. It's empty but I'll still raise a toast and then see if there's another drop left in there. That track is unique for its minimalist elec-

tro-punk sound powered by a mechanized rhythm. "Bad Choice," which also appears on the *City Limits* comp reviewed right below, is the toughest punk track here with Nick doing his best Damian Abraham (of FUCKED UP) impression. This band is always fun, and always kick-ass. (Deranged, www.derangedrecords.com)

On the aforementioned *City Limits* comp, it's a showdown between Toronto and Montreal that's more intense than the Canadiens/Maple Leafs rivalry. OK, maybe not. I'm sure there's plenty of musical kinship. Anyway, one side is from TO and one from MTL and features a hit and miss array of punk, hardcore, and rock 'n roll talent, with more hits than misses. On the Toronto side, things get started with snotty fodder by CAREER SUICIDE. It's not the best song they've ever done but it's good for something unheard. Speaking of CS, their guitarist Jonah Falco's solo project MAD MEN connects with some tribal punk minimalism. BAD CHOICE and SCHOOL JERKS rip out feisty punk—same for URBAN BLIGHT, who adds distorted rawness to the mix. On the flip, CASTEVETS have a tough, garage-fueled attack. That description applies to SLOBS as well. DEAD WIFE bashes through their song with riot grrrl ferocity. Unfortunately, the slugging percentage isn't quite as high, here. INEPSY's rock tune goes on a bit too long and the OMEGAS song isn't nearly as good as those on their other releases. I'll probably be playing the Toronto side a lot more. (High Anxiety/No Idea, www.noidearecords.com)

GUNNAR HANSEN and UTI are from Hamilton, *not* Toronto, Ontario. I've been told that bands from Hamilton get testy if you lump them in with Toronto bands. Anyway, here's a split album. Gunnar Hansen had a pretty good 7" about 5-6 years ago and most of the songs here were recorded in 2008. Bruising punk/rock 'n' roll/hardcore with a bile-filled orneriness. They occasionally sound like FUCKED UP, particularly on "Phil's Song." Their harder rocking side is shown off for "My Crimes," which features a sputtering guitar break. UTI is also a nasty-sounding, aggro-laden band. Leah is a venomous-sounding vocalist and songs like "Commodity" and "Klaebouter Manniken" harken back to the days of BABES IN TOYLAND, et al. And while "Fake As Fuck" is a credible thrasher, they don't fare as well on "A. Fish." All in all, this isn't merely two bands from Hamilton, it's two *nasty*-sounding bands from Hamilton. (Schizophrenic, 17 W. 4th St., Hamilton, ON, CANADA L9C 3M2, www.schizophrenicrex.com)

On the other side of the planet, Aussies BURNING SENSATION are ostensibly a hardcore band though they also exhibit some expansiveness in their bare-knuckled approach on a self-titled 12". A healthy dose of X-Claim/Boston hardcore fused to a ZEKE-ish beat (no rawk, though). What's interesting is they're apparently unfamiliar with the early Boston fodder. Whether that's true or not, the songs have a straight-forward energy though there are diversions from that sound. For example, "Weeping Wound" has a decidedly West Coast punk sound, favoring slashingly melodic guitar with a few surfy trills while "Terminal Decay" follows that blueprint, as well. "I Wonder" also possesses a near-poppy, tuneful pulse with tasteful, surging guitar licks and a supple bass-line. Some diabolical song titles, too—"I Fear Erections," "I Chopped It Off," "Wrapped Up In Plastic." Burning Sensation manages to avoid any sort of thrash ghetto. There's more at work here and it's intriguing. (Vertex, vertexaudio@gmail.com)

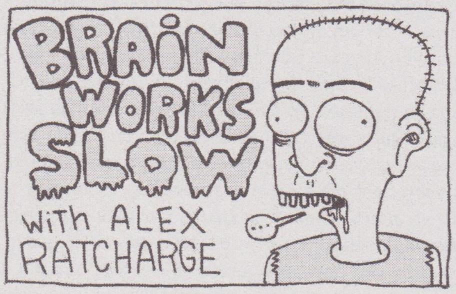
KRÖMOSOM is another Australian band. The vocalist, Yeap (who shifts over from guitar after the departure of original vocalist Doom) used to yell for the late, great PISSCHRÏST. While his former band had a driving, Swedish hardcore sound, these guys offer up more distortion and rawness along the lines of KAAOS, early RIISTETYT, or DISORDER; the crazed, guttural howlings remain in effect (and thank god for lyric sheets). They're relentless, and I hope y'all had a chance to see them on their recent US tour because it was an ear-shredding a wall of noise. On this disc, though, you can make out the songs. (Havoc, www.havocrex.com)

Imants Krumins, RIP

Much like the one and only Bruce Roehrs, Imants Krumins was a punk rock lifer. I mean that in the best possible way. Imants passed away in June at the age of 59 after a long battle with brain cancer. I was only met him once or twice but we posted in some of the same internet forums; his knowledge of music was unsurpassed. I had a YahooGroup (still do but I only use it to post playlists), and Imants was a regular contributor and definitely a go-to guy if anyone needed any morsel of information no matter how obscure. He once posted an incredibly detailed musical travelogue of his 2002 trip to Japan to see GISM. There are in-depth reviews of the shows he saw (some of 'em with jaw-dropping lineups) and other highlights of his trip. I made a PDF file of it, which you can download at: http://www.mediafire.com/?788520u7r7qkd5c. Good thing I didn't get it from the *Rocker* site or I'd no doubt be facing serious legal ramifications.

On top of everything, he seemed like a genuinely nice guy and, like Bruce, there were some amazing stories retold after his passing. He'll be missed—rest in peace.

Al Quint, PO Box 43, Peabody, MA 01960, suburbanvoice@earthlink.net, www.sonicoverload.net



"Welcome to the arse-end of the world. The place time forgot and international bands have a hard time finding. No pressing plants. Expensive postage. Very little contact with the outside world of punk vinyl. People often ask me 'Is there even a punk scene in New Zealand?', to which I reply 'Our bands shit on yours and we get good crowds for a population the same size as one of your bigger cities.' Travelling bands that do venture further than the more frequented lands of our nearest neighbour are consistently surprised by the quality of Aotearoa's DIY punk bands, that they are just as good if not better than similar bands anywhere else in the world. But being stuck in this isolated water-locked country makes it hard to tour and bands have difficulty staying together and/or recording and releasing, as members invariably want to jump ship to see the globe. So 12" compilations like this one are rare and usually decades apart. And those who are still here, we say 'Fuck the world', we make our own fun and do things our own way."

This quote comes from the liner notes of the recently released *Welcome To the Arse-End of the World* 12" compilation, the first New Zealand DIY HC punk comp to be released on vinyl in a decade or two. For those of you without a map, New Zealand is a set of two islands in the south-western Pacific Ocean, roughly 900 miles south-east of Australia, meaning that calling the place "the arse-end of the world" isn't an overstatement, but plain and simple truth. Most of you probably think of New Zealand ("Aotearoa" in Maori language) as an amazing, dream-like place, bringing to your rotten minds images from those shitty Peter Jackson movies (forgot the name, something about onion rings). True, NZ is a beautiful place, some sort of heaven for adventurous German tourists, but behind the surface and the eco-friendly, "nature is my friend" sort of BS, NZ's actually just as fucked up a place as anywhere else, which makes the existence of a punk scene essential—and no they don't sing about fucking sheep!—for young, energetic weirdos to get busy, creatively speaking. *Welcome To the Arse-End of the World* was compiled and released by Sam from Always Never Fun Records, one of the only labels currently putting out punk vinyls over there. Here's what he has to say about the comp:

"I've always thought that a comp 12" of current New Zealand punk bands with decent recordings would be a great idea. The only comps that have come out since I've been into punk in New Zealand have been CDs and usually have only a couple of good songs and the rest are filler, crappy recordings or bands that basically don't exist. Initially I thought we didn't really have enough bands with good recordings to do a full 12", we've always had enough great bands but affordable places to record are hard to come by so a lot of bands go their whole existence without good recordings. So I was gonna do the comp with New Zealand on one side and Australia on the other, which to my knowledge hasn't been done before. So I put the word out and contacted a bunch of bands. The response from New Zealand bands was great and a few of the Aussie bands were keen but a lot of them really dragged the chain and were shit at getting back to me. Basically I got a feeling of general nonchalance from them and after PunkFest (which is held annually in NZ) I saw that a bunch of great bands all had great record-

ings so I thought "fuck it, I'll just do a NZ comp". I'm not sure exactly how long it was getting it all together but really not that long considering you're usually dealing with lazy ass punx."

"The feedback locally has been great, people came outta the woodwork for the release and I sold a ton of the LPs. I've heard from some other NZers that release shit and put on shows that it is a thankless job but I think they're just fuckin' complainers 'cause everybody was stoked. Internationally, basically I don't think very many people know about it to be honest. I'm not real good at pushing it as a product and only do really small runs comparatively because the market (!?) is small here and postage is a fucken killer to send LPs overseas. I've heard that NZ has one of the most expensive postal rates in the world. I don't know when the last time a comp like this came out on 12". As I said there has been a bunch of average CD comps. There has been a couple of retrospective comps but not of current bands in the last decade. The *AK79* LP *[mandatory comp of late '70s NZ punk, putting most KBD comps to shame. — Ed.]* was recently repressed. Before that we're talking early '90s and late '80s with sort-after comps like *Capitol Chaos* and *The Harder the Edge the Rocker the Roll*. Regional comps like this are good historical documents I think for a punk scene at a given time. A lot of the bands on these comps never release vinyl, especially in a place like New Zealand which doesn't have a pressing plant and is expensive."

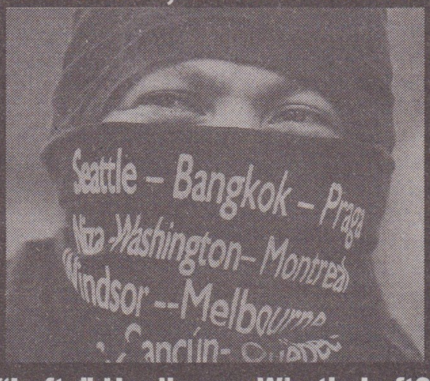
Musically speaking, most bands have two songs each and play some kind of variation of hardcore punk, with enough diversity to keep things entertaining all the way through. Highlights include the amazing Natural Glow (with former members of a band called Girls Pissing On Girls Pissing On Girls), one of the few all-girl punk bands in New Zealand, playing classic, timeless HC that strongly reminds the crucial '80s NYC band No Thanks. Teen Hygiene is the weirdest-sounding group here, in a good way — their songs have a claustrophobic, repetitive edge, and a borderline insanity that doesn't prevent 'em from sounding undoubtedly P-U-N-K (the energy level is high, riffs are simple enough and the sound is primal 'n' dirty.) Rogernomix plays gloomy crusty hardcore with female vocals and great dark guitar/swampy bass sounds. Electric Mayhem features young skate thrash kids with a great fast late '80s crossover vibe. I won't describe all the bands here, just know you'll get your fix of grinding HC (Police Line Up, Aborted Christians), straightforward US influenced HC (Wasteland), etc; all the bands are most likely unknown to 99.9% of *MRR* readers, yet the quality level is high and the whole thing sounds pretty cohesive & punk as fuck. The different styles and sounds would make this a great soundtrack for your next house destruction party, with a similar feel to those classic '80s punk comps (*Not So Quiet…, Cleanse the Bacteria, P.E.A.C.E,* etc), bringing to mind drinking in dark alleys, smoking cigarettes while watching your friends thrash it up in a bowl, chaotic house shows, and sleeveless everything. In these times of hipster overdose it is also nice to note all these bands are plain and simple DIY punk, nothing more nothing less—no retro, no garage, no proto/post anything, no arrogant hype, no bullshit.

The slowest band on the comp, Meth Drinker, recently put out a 12" on the same label. Former members of Drug Problem and Shortlived (etc.) puke out nine anti-anthems of swampy, disgusted, gloomy, modern sludge-rock; music to lay down on the ground with your third beer of the day at seven AM, wondering when, exactly, everything went so wrong. Yes it is miserable music for miserable people, but it will also work for random stoners and fans of pissed of music as the level of anger stays high all the way through—this ain't no whining party, just a celebration of fucked-uped-ness, y'know? Get in touch with Always Never Fun Records at stunsmas@yahoo.co.nz. Next release on the label will be a split 12" between Numbskull and Electric Mayhem.

Another current label worth spending your hard-earned dough on, Solo Para Punks Records from Spain, recently released two flawless 7"s. Obediencia, from Madrid, is the perfect soundtrack for middle o'the week rainy mornings – melodic, subtly anthemic, "fight back" type o' punk, like a female-fronted, rawer version of The Observers and them moody punk bands that are all about rising above rather than falling down, looking at the sky rather than the gutter, know what I mean? And they sing in Spanish, of course, which is always a plus (yes, we're still all bored of bands singing in English.) The second 7" is a reissue of the 2007 demo CDR from a band called La Terminal from Basque Country, who plays timeless, raw 'n' classic, mid-tempo Euro punk with loud vocals, simple and effective guitar leads, and a great recording on the cleaner side of the four-track spectrum. Think of a snottier version of the amazing Infierno De Cobardes (solo project of Teodoro from OTAN, Firmeza 10, Destruccion, etc.) 7"s from a few years back, minus the D-beat. If that doesn't make you sweat, I really don't know what will. Expect more killer SPP releases in the coming months, including a reissue of the Ruido De Rabia/Ultimo Gobierno split LP (!) and a new Sudor 12". (jorge@radioruido.com)

Other recent records I'd recommend are the Hatefuck 7" (pre-Pink Reason non-generic HC punk band that sounds like shit in the best kind of way), the Christian Mistress LP (think pure NWOBHM with a singer that sounds very similar to the one from La Fraction), the new Gasmask Terrör 7" (flawless Totalitär-worship as always), the Taulard demo tape (super catchy French synth-punk/wave, sounds like nothing you've heard before) and of course the new Crazy Spirit 7" and 12" demo reissue that everyone seems ready to kill all their friends for. While listening to those I'd suggest reading the new issue of *Got Myself* zine or *Take a Joke*, the third anthology of *Angry Youth Comics* by Johnny Ryan. Expect a *Ratcharge* meets *Accept The Darkness* split zine in English very soon, and tell me something I don't know via alex.simon82@yahoo.fr

Go Team, Smash State!



"Lefty" Hooligan • What's Left?

My wife often finds it difficult to follow a speech or conversation, on TV or in a movie, if there is a strong accent or dialect involved. I, on the other hand, can usually catch the gist of what's being said and roll with it. When we saw *Harry Brown* in a theatre, or rented *Alfie* and *Flawless* on Netflix, she felt that subtitles would have been appropriate, given the overpowering cockney of Michael Caine's British accent. The same with David Simon's HBO series *The Wire*. She complained that Baltimore's black street vernacular needed captions. In all these cases, I got the general idea of what people were saying, even though I never got all of the words.

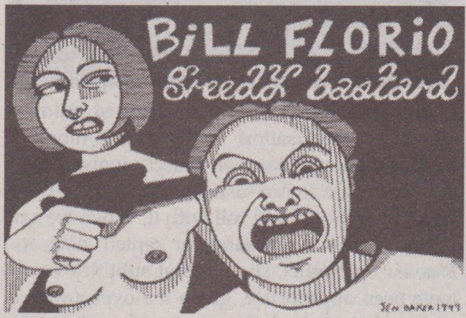
Currently, we're fans of another David Simon TV series, *Treme*, now having finished its second season. Co-created with Eric Overmyer and set in New Orleans after hurricane Katrina, *Treme* features plenty of local language, culture, locations, and flavor. It's also wall-to-wall music, frequently jazz of one stripe or another, but often so varied that it's a delight to watch the show to try and identify what's being played. In episode 19, entitled "What is New Orleans?," David Bowie's "Queen Bitch" and Gang of Four's "Natural's Not In It" shared the soundtrack with Dr. John performing "Hu Ta Nay" and Allen Toussaint's "Tipitina and Me."

Treme is also riddled with Famous People, musicians like Ron Carter and Kermit Ruffins, but also writers like Roy Blount Jr., chefs like Tom Colicchio, and politicians like James Carville. Elvis Costello did a cameo at the beginning of season two, and Peter "Spider" Stacy of The Pogues played his tin-whistle, busking the streets of New Orleans with American musician Steve Earle, in a recent episode. To add to this chaos and complexity, the show's plot is multi-layered, multi-charactered, and multi-cultural in the best sense of that word. Sometimes didactic and heavy handed, particularly when castigating those responsible for fucking over New Orleans before, during and after Katrina, *Treme* is nevertheless incredibly rich, lush in details, and profligate with the truth. Gumbo would be an inadequate metaphor for the intricacy and density offered up by this tasty show.

There are still times when the dialogue in *Treme* is difficult to follow. When the city's Vietnamese community, or its Mardi Gras Indians, or the bounce music subculture, or

white rural Cajuns are featured, both my wife and I could have done with some translation. An excellent source to help fans decipher the show can be found at http://www.nola.com/treme-hbo/. I suggest renting the first two seasons, then watching the third when it returns to HBO.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia @mac.com.



I saw a Youth of Today reunion last month at Chaos in Tejas in Austin Texas along with Career Suicide, Night Birds, Citizens Arrest, Guitar Wolf, and dozens of bands spanning my entire punk rock existence. At one point when I was still in high school, I really liked Youth Of Today. I mean, they were the pinnacle of corny, but they made up for it by giving off a lot of good energy when they played. Now that the cheese odor of bands like Wide Awake, Earth Crisis, and Insted, along with dozens of bands from south Jersey has turned into landfill and child support checks, and hundreds of the former Krishna-conscious whatever-the-fuck-that-was cease to exist, I was able to actually enjoy the show the same I did when I was sixteen. That said, I definitely have listened to the genius parody band Crucial Youth much more than I ever listened to Youth of Today, and it's really hilarious that:

1. A lot of people didn't realize Crucial Youth was a joke because
2. Youth of Today's lyrics are only slightly less silly. While it's funny to hear someone yelling in a monotone as a goof, it's just about as funny to listen to it when they are "being totally straight."

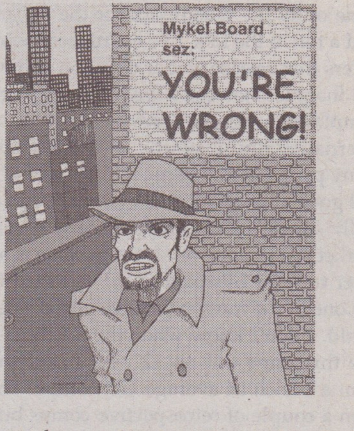
A few weeks later, I was part of the first official Bugout Society reunion in fifteen years or so. The good thing about being in Bugout Society is that no one is really going to analyze anything about the band too deeply without looking like a complete idiot. Almost all of the songs are references to things that you sort of had to be in Queens in 1986 for—Lee and Pumas, Queens Cugines, Bum rushing Gray's Papaya, and various references to other things those of us now over-40 obsessed about while waiting for the bus to junior high. In any case, I find it somewhat rewarding that the music I played and the people I played it with are just as solid for me now as it was when I was 17-18. The other thing that made it special is that it was one of the last shows at the old ABC No Rio space, as it's going to be demolished to build a new and improved No Rio. Being one of the original 20 people to attend the first shows and volunteer there made a large impact on my life. While folks will make comments about the bathroom and that smelly dude picking his scabs out front, it has probably made an impression on thousands of kids by now for better or worse. The nicest part about the show is that we were billed with Kingdom—a female fronted vegan straight edge band and Humiliate—a Basque separatist band. Despite the bands having nothing musically, politically, or aesthetically in common, it was a fun show, and completely appropriate considering we never really fit on any bill when we were an actual band. I was really happy not to be part of some sort of punk rock oldies thing.

Many people feel uninspired to do things if they don't seem to be panning out to meet whatever high expectations they have of their own ideas and efforts. I think this is the wrong way to go about life. Sure in retrospect you can probably make almost anything seem amazing and one-of-a-kind and worthwhile, but it's rare that you'll ever feel that way while you're actually doing it. So while I don't really find Youth of Today's positive message very profound because you sort of need to express a little more to convey a positive attitude than just saying "Hey, I've got a positive attitude," seeing them play a bunch at the time when I was in my negative attitude could easily get the best of me and inspire me in some small way. I mean, I could make the argument that chanting "Go Back To The Airport" at the first performance of the Krishna re-branded Youth of Today band known as Shelter made a positive impact on others lives. There were so many weak-minded follow-alongs hanging around at that time, seeing a couple of kids having no fear at being complete dicks to their heroes makes an impact even if it wasn't immediate or obvious.

Most of the time what makes something great is the amount of adversity and pain involved making it happen at all. If say, Black Flag was a recording project, would people really be getting tattoos on their arm? It's only thirty years of BLACK FLAG fans that make the band stand out now. In that case you could say the same thing about religions, if you take the initial events that brought a few followers together to worship any of the major religions over time, you'd probably be immensely underwhelmed, but take a few thousand years and a few million martyrs to it and you have something more powerful than any army.

What I'm getting at is, you shouldn't be afraid to express your feelings if they're truly your feelings and you can back up whatever you lack in knowledge or couth with emotion. You shouldn't be afraid to do something that seems utterly without reward just to say you did it. Hey, the worst that could happen is you'll humiliate yourself and find out who you're real friends are, or that you actually didn't have any. It's probably not good practice to have a lot of fear in general. To give Youth of Today some credit, it takes some balls to come out and have 30 songs with almost identical silly lyrics and it takes and something else, probably something special to get others to eat it up. Oh yeah, let me end on a positive note, Gorilla Biscuits sucked live—their singer was annoying and a terrible front man.

I highly recommend the Crucial Youth — Crucial Yule Christmas single, check eBay.
bill@candids.com



"Politics is the art of looking for trouble, finding it whether it exists or not, diagnosing it incorrectly, and applying the wrong remedy."
—Ernest Benn

It's 1977: The Sex Pistols have stolen punkrock from New York and shipped it to London. They're changing the fashion a bit. Making it more Carnaby Street... and at the same time, more offensive. That's the idea of punkrock, ya know?

"Piss on your ancestors," said proto-punker Patti Smith.

Only the Brits can make piss into a fashion. And what could be more piss-making than *the Nazis*? Something rude for every occasion. Sid Vicious walks down the stairs, at a very polite concert... in a Swastika shirt.

Flash ahead to 1986: ARTLESS is on tour in the South. We're just leaving West Virginia. I wear a SKREWDRIVER T-shirt given to me by one of our hosts.

"Mykel," asks Gavin, "can't you find us some more fascists to stay with? Those guys fed us well, gave us clean beds, and didn't keep us up all night playing Crass records. Those other guys, those anarchists we usually stay with... they're filthy. The food is awful... and they won't let us sleep."

Flash ahead to 1995: The anarchist festival in Toronto. I stay at the house of *MRR* columnist Steve Beaumont. (A decade later he'll be a world-famous beer writer.) Also at the house are a bunch of guys I don't know from some band I don't know. They're funny and friendly. I've never seen them before. "What's the story on those guys?" I ask Steve.

"Oh Mykel," he says, "you're in for a surprise. That's VEGAN REICH."

The big guy in the band wears an even bigger t-shirt with "*MEAT IS MURDER*" stenciled on the front. He's fiddling around in his backpack.

"Got it!" he says, taking out a box of something.

"What's that?" I ask.

"It's tofu burger mix," he says.

"Yuck!" I answer. "I wouldn't eat that shit in

a million years."

"That's what you think," he says. "Steve, get the camera."

And he reaches for me. I'm out the door... sprinting across the front yard... into the next yard. I can easily outrun this big guy, I think. I think wrong.

Blam! I'm on the ground. Tackled like some football player. Another guy from the band kneels over me. I can't see him clearly. Things are a blur. I'm face up. The guy clamps my head between his knees. He reaches over my face and squeezes my jaw, forcing my mouth open. He does not open his fly and lower his turgid tumor into my mouth. Instead, the big guy, who's faster than he looks, has that box of Tofu Burger Mix open in his hand. He pours it into my mouth.

It's like he's force-feeding me sand. Awful. Grains of tasteless nothing... filling my mouth... spilling over my cheeks... clustering first around then into my ears. I'm gonna suffocate. I can't talk... breathe... nothing. I try to shake my head... turn away from the granular invasion. The other guy's knees keep my head just where it is.

Then it's over.

They let go of me. And they help me stand up.

I spit out the crap. Stick my fingers into my mouth to scrape the insides of my cheek. Steve is laughing behind the camera. The Vegan Reich guys are laughing. My piss-offedness turns to laughter. It really is funny.

Flash ahead to 2003: Two years after al-Qaeda (or *somebody*) drove a couple planes into the World Trade Center... and one into the Pentagon. Suddenly, all Muslims have become *terrorists* in the eyes of America. More than that, everyone who wears a turban—Muslim or Sikh. Christians in Ethiopia wear turbans for Allah's sake... all have become *the enemy*.

The enemy? Hey: it could be like Sid Vicious in his swastika shirt... singing *My Way*. What could be punker in the 21st Century than becoming a Muslim? In my April Fool's column of 2002, I explained my conversion to that religion.

This year, Vegan Reich says:

"Perhaps the outward form varied, due to time and place variations. But essentially, every message has been that of "Tawhid," or "divine Unity." Islam includes Judaism, Hinduism, Buddhism, Taoism, Christianity and accepts their Prophets as being Prophets of Islam. So that is why I came into the "din" or faith of Islam. To me it seemed to have the most inclusive attitude and complete understanding of spirituality that I had found in many years of searching. And on the outward level, I think it is one of the only traditions that really is inclusive of all racial backgrounds, and absolutely revolutionary in its demand for social justice."

Are they serious?... or is this just an extension of the elaborate put-on that included me being force-fed tofu in Canada? I don't know. Good satire/parody should skirt the border of reality... touching the possible and the funny at the same time... like *The Onion* If it's a satire, it's a great one. If it's sincere... it's still funny as hell.

Flash ahead to 2011: The Saudi Arabian punk band Sound of Ruby covers GG Allin's "Bite It You Scum." You can see it on YouTube live in a Bahraini disco, complete with the mirror ball and Saudi punks in white robes. Real Muslims assuredly pissing off their world. I love it.

Meanwhile, in England, there's *The Slimelight*, a venue for Industrial and Goth bands... maybe neo-folk, I haven't been able to figure it out yet. Actually, I don't even know what neo-folk is. Billy Bragg? Not so neo, I'd say.

The Slimelight has been the subject of much protest, including boycott calls... and calls to shut them down. Of course, music clubs throughout history—from Negro Jazz through Rock'n'Roll through Punkrock to Hip Hop—have *always* been the subject of shutdown attempts. Good music is threatening. Those who feel threatened want to shut it down.

But this shutdown call is new. It's organized by "Islington Alarm" a buncha lefty Brits who don't like the "fascist" aspects of this music. Some Celtic Crosses, and band members in right-wing organizations, or having friends with memberships in right-wing organizations... or being EX-members of right-wing organizations. Without really defining fascism, they brand bands or members as fascist and try to ban them from playing. In a related blog, Vegan Reich is called fascist because "they're Muslim." *What???!!!*

I'll explain. In England, fascist is a common left-wing bully word, similar to the American "hate-group." (The U.S. Southern Poverty Law Center brands more than 1000 American organizations as Hate Groups. This includes a number of bands like Tightrope, Fetch the Rope, and Poker Face.)

What is a fascist? For the average British crusty anarchist, it's anyone with a totalitarian attitude. Anyone who thinks "My way is the only way." Of course, a certain fashion sense, as well as a certain degree of cleanliness, helps. But what does fascist *really* mean? Why not ask a fascist? This is the internet age. You can do anything.

So I go to americanfascistmovement.com to see what they say. I don't have space for the whole list, but here are some key points:

"Fascism is NOT Racism or Nazism. Races, though unique, are equal. Individuals, however, are not.

Fascism is NOT Materialism: Fascism does not see history as class struggle, and denies that there is nothing to life, and power politics, except what one can put in one's mouth or pocket.

Fascism is NOT Globalism: The integrity of all cultures must be preserved.

Fascism is NOT Capitalism or Communism: Those are materialist systems that promote degeneracy and crush the human spirit... Man cannot live on peace, land, and bread alone

Fascism IS Meritocracy: The degree of which men and women manifest honor and merit in the service of their country is determinant of their place in civil society.

Fascism IS Nationalism: Everything in the state, nothing outside the state, nothing against the state.

Fascism IS Virtue: Above all: a Fascist believes in virtue and will thus tell you the truth and not just what you want to hear. Truth, courage, integrity!

Hmmm, I like that *NOT Racism or Nazism* part. I like that *NOT Materialism or Globalism* and *NOT Capitalism or Communism*. I could do without the *Nationalism and Meritocracy*, but I like the truth-telling part, at least when it comes to things political.

I score 5 out of 7 on the fascisto-meter. Does that make me a fascist? A 5/7 fascist? Does it matter? No it does not. We can sit and debate the fascist or not of any person or band from here to Laibach. It's likely, just as some great literature has been written by real fascists (Ezra Pound, Celine), great music has been and is probably being made by other real fascists, whatever that means.

If you don't like the politics, protest the politics. Present alternatives. Counter-demonstrate. If you don't like the music, don't listen to it.

But trying to *shut down* what you don't like, especially if you shut down music because you don't like the politics. Why that's... that's fascist! Just ask any British crusty street punk.

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or website viewers (www.mykelboard.com) will get live links and a chance to post comments on the column]

—>*Thou Shalt Not Covet Thy Neighbor's Ass dept:* US Congressional representatives Robert Aderhold and Nick Rahall co-sponsored a resolution which proclaims the "influence the King James Version of the Bible has had on countless families, individuals and institutions." The resolution also "expresses gratitude for the influence The Bible has bestown (sic) upon the United States." A Michigan-based group called "the Bible Nation Society" lobbied for the bill during the giant budget debate. That society was founded by Pastor Douglas Levesque. In 2010, at a society conference, Levesque asserted that President Obama "might be the antichrist."

It's good to know who's making the laws in *this* country!

—>*Right in there, not even an amendment dept:* Article VI of the US Constitution says "No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification of any office or public trust under the United States." Clearly, that's why we've had so many atheists and Muslims in public office. Right?

—>*Get that handbill design... free dept:* I got a jail letter from Ryan Homsley aka Waldo. He's in the clink for bank robbery and he's an artist. (Pretty damn good too; I use his portrait of me for my Facebook pic.) He said he'd be happy to exchange handbill or poster designs for a letter. It gets lonely in jail. So write to him: Ryan Hombsley,. #74767, MCDC, 1120 SW 3rd Ave., Portland OR 97204. Tell him what you want for a record sleeve, poster, or handbill...tell him about your life... tell him I sent ya!

—>*Cursing the dark dept:* California became the first state to outlaw the incandescent light bulb. Typical of the mommy-ism of that state (they've also outlawed the sale of violent video games to youngsters), they've decided that despite the extra cost—and extra mercury—of fluorescent bulbs, they're better than the old hot-wire ones. Like the Brits they say, "If you don't like it, ban it. You used to have a choice: 25¢ for

a bulb or $10 for one. Guess what happened to that choice.

—>Talk about Mommy-ism dept: A new Tennessee law makes it a crime to "transmit or display an image" online that is likely to "frighten, intimidate, or cause emotional distress" to someone who sees it. Violations can get you almost a year in jail time or up to $2500 in fines.

The ban on "distressing images" is an update to existing laws which already make it a crime to make phone calls, send emails, or otherwise communicate directly with someone in a manner the sender "reasonably should know" would "cause emotional distress" to the recipient.

For image postings, the "emotionally distressed" individual need not be the intended recipient. Anyone who sees the image is a potential victim. If a court decides you "should have known" that an image you posted would be upsetting to someone who sees it, you could face months in prison and thousands of dollars in fines.

Now, if I lived in Tennessee, I'd protest my discomfort and "emotional distress" at every picture of Sarah Palin or Newt Gingrich.

—>The end of scalping dept: The San Francisco 49ers football team joined with Ticketmaster to adopt paperless-only tickets. They became the first NFL team to officially restrict the rights of their fans. Now, fans have no control over what they can do with their own tickets. Instead, Ticketmaster dictates whom they can give their tickets to, and how much that transfer will cost.

—>The beginning of the end dept: Remember how we railed against Google for caving into Chinese calls for them to censor their search engine in China? We've got a bigger problem now. The "Combating Online Infringements and Counterfeits Act" (COICA) is an internet censorship bill which is rapidly progressing through the Senate. Although it's supposed to focus on copyright infringement, a huge amount of other stuff, including political and other speech, could disappear off of the web if it passes.

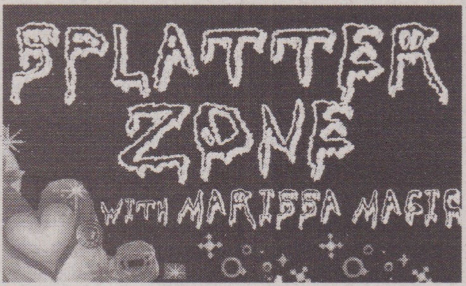
The main mechanism of the bill is to interfere with the internet's domain name system, which translates names like "www.eff.org" or "www.nytimes.com" into the numerical IP addresses that computers use to communicate with each other. The bill creates a blacklist of censored domains. The Attorney General can ask a court to place any website on the blacklist if infringement is "central" to the purpose of the site.

There are already laws in place for taking down sites that violate the law. This act would allow the Attorney General to censor sites even when no court has found they have infringed copyright or any other law.

Strange how that *Wikileaks* site just happens to infringe on something, isn't it? You doubt it? Why just ask the Attorney General. He'll tell ya.

—>Whoa yeah! dept: From a so-to-be interfered with website: "*Jesus Diaz—Lulzsec* and *Anonymous* declare war on all governments, banks and big corporations in the world."

And it just gets better from there. A network of information stealers—not for money, but for *moral good*. Are they fascist? I don't care. I love 'em!



Exhausted and Exhausting

The type of sonic sounds that appeal to me most as of late are the ones that are spilling at the brim with chaotic violence and bleak outlooks; all the kids who were into harsh drone two years ago but now look to start a hardcore band, gazing through that filter, creating a dark, off-the-cuff version of their teenaged memories. Or kids that have actual songs of weirdo hardcore but can't stay sober / keep it together to save their lives. Basically hardcore made by the outside of the outside, the hopeless, old, and negative. An answer to posi-core, that music where everyone still believes in hope and attention to detail hidden under the layers of dizzy anthemic riffs, instead taken and stripped of technical ability and that sunny outlook and replaced with hateful desperation. This sound that is the background music to my daily despondence is sadly rife with fucked jokes and exhausted references. It's mainly produced by suburban white boys attempting to shock the world. Trying their hand at post irony. Snarking at a society that has alienated them but in the midst of that alienating most others that land in the category of outside but still lack privilege within outsider culture. The classic(s).

I look at these things and realize they aren't intrinsically offensive. But when I see a slew of disembodied lady parts on a record cover I don't automatically think "vaginas are rad!" but I don't automatically run to "fuck you! I am offended!" either. It's much more like, wow, those disembodied parts are just like the ones in that fucking corporate advertising for whatever fucking product they are shilling at the moment. It's not interesting or even shocking exactly; it just looks like an ad for shave gel. When I catch a lyric with a rape joke from a peer band my main thought isn't "rape is not funny!" it's more like, congratulations for replicating and supporting the dominant rape culture that is so alive and well in mainstream society and apparently here too. Thanks for reminding me.

Your reaction is to claim it's just a joke or that it's simply a satire. That I just don't "get it." That I need to loosen up, calm down. It's really easy to produce that defense when it's not something that is knocking down your door at a near constant speed. With this slew of bands being predominately straight boys they just aren't going to fucking get it. Living an existence where walking down the street alone too late at night is apparently "asking for it," where skinny white girls appear to be the only type of women that exist / matter, where female politicians are openly called bitch and cunt in a casual, acceptable manner, where an epidemic of queer kids killing themselves in the face of harassment and violence directed specifically towards them rages on, and so on and so forth.

Really, I wouldn't mind these shenanigans if they had a point. More often than not, however, they totally don't. When questioned about the point of this language and vision the number one response is "it's just a stupid joke!" or the classic "I don't need to explain anything to you!" It's like saying and doing shit to elicit a shocked response and then being shocked when you get a response. If you're going to pull shit like this just have a legit reason why, it's actually not that hard to do. Know that you'll probably need to explain yourself at some point and have a worthwhile explanation beyond "geez, just chill out, bitch"

My reasoning for calling these things out lands further in the territory of exhaustion than offense. Feeling the constant battle against what the world at large demands of me and then seeing the hallmarks of those demands replicated in the lyrics and art of my buddies' bands. Having rape be a real and true threat and then the "edginess" of rape jokes being repeated by a band of dudes that I'm playing with tonight. A constant replication of the dominant paradigm that I don't find "offensive" per se but such a disappointment when I watch my peers ape it, in the process creating a hostile environment for women, queers, and for those not fitting into the dominant version of outsider.

Do you get it? It's tired. It's easy. It's simple. It's cliché. Another thing to recreate the hostile environment that I try so hard to escape, to fucking avoid. While I'm not offended by Clockcleaner sneering "I saw your girlfriend leaving the abortion clinic with another guy," I feel like it's a joke with no point. Because of this lack of point its reduced to another way to showcase women as whores and bitches but instead of being encased in a reality show on a major cable network it's a record I'm listening to that my friend gave me. A band name like Sisterfucker makes eyes wide and ears prick up but why are you garnering that attention you know you're going to get? What are you gonna do with it? Why is your band called Shaved Women? There are no women in your band! Fuck, there aren't even really any women at your fucking shows! Is this the only thing you can fucking talk about?

I've mentioned these things before. Butcher Cover is a mind-blowing band until you glance at the lyrics and it's all fag jokes and rape threats made in jest. All the bands I've mentioned herein are bands I really like who are playing shit that is entirely mind-bending. More than anything I find the art and semantics exhausting and boring. Hollow shock rock means nothing. It's just a huge feeling of disappointment in my peers, just a tired "you can do better than that," a forever and ongoing bummer.

And being told "hey babe chill out" pisses me off more than anything and makes you sound like a fucking hippie. I refuse to just go with the fucking flow man.

I'm going to write for the millionth time about mastering this month, because I continue to pull my hair out trying to get new recordings mastered that don't sound like absolute shit.

Here's a typical scenario

Mastering Engineer: "Please include notes on where you want fades, and any relevant info you think I should know about the session."

I usually say something like "I want to be sure the vocals remain prominent" or "I'm worried the guitars might get a little lost, please keep that in mind." Also "please don't worry about making it sound excessively "loud" or "huge" just add a little bit of compression, make sure the EQing. Please avoid significant amounts of clipping/distortion."

Mastering Engineer: "Here's the session, please let me know if there are any problems or if you have any additional changes that need to be made."

I would say ... almost without fail, whether it's something I mixed and recorded, or am just putting out, it's audibly distorted far beyond the original mix down. No matter how many assurances that a mastering engineer makes that they want to preserve the integrity of the mix they're given, and sweeten it, it ends up like a distorted, overcooked mess. I do understand that that most of the time clientele tell the mastering engineer to "make it loud" and leave it at that. I also understand that the mastering engineer often wants to put their own stamp on a session, as much as most recording engineers do, and it can be a struggle finding the line between your personal taste, and what "improves" the sound of a record in the mastering stage. I also understand that to many mastering engineers, the type of music I enjoy (hardcore/punk/metal/etc.) may sound variously like a big bucket of noise, a complete pile of crap, or some blend of the two. To them the logical conclusion may be just blast the whole thing into levels of heavy distortion. For some bands this works, and may be preferable. Where I take issue, along with many other people, is when it becomes a forgone conclusion.

I've gone through my music collection to try and find some things that are still "in print" that may help illustrate and emphasize to mastering engineers that you don't need your music brick walled into peaked out oblivion.

VOID/FAITH – split CD; 2002 remaster (Dischord; 2002)
Dischord have allowed their back catalog to age with relative grace, where even their remastered reissues have been done with tasteful restraint. On these remasters the bottom end seems to be accentuated and the overall level has been increased somewhat, probably through some compression and limiting, but it stays nicely below peak levels. This isn't to say it's a clean recording. There's distortion on every instrument in the mix on the VOID section, but the overall level of the mix is never pushed to a level that causes the songs to clip and distort more than they were originally intended to. By the way let me reiterate something I've said many times in my life. VOID: best fucking band.

TERRORIZER – *World Downfall* (Earache; 1989)
I am pretty certain this album has never been remastered. Despite being a Scott Burns produced, quasi-metal release, this thing sounds pretty great. The production is definitely of a cleaner variety with significant amounts of compression and effects applied to everything, especially to the drums (I believe the kick is triggered), but there's no denying it's thick and heavy. For a band relying on more modern production techniques, I think this is a great reference point for anyone doing mastering.

BLAST – *The Power of Expression* (SST; 1987)
The beauty of SST's unwillingness to spend any additional money on their products, is that the majority of the releases on their label have remained untouched since their release. While both the recording, and mastering on a lot of these records was incredibly cheap and low budget, they are also free of the kind of hatchet job re-masterings that a lot of older punk labels seem to be applying to their releases in recent times in order to sound more "current." The overall level on classic records by bands like BLACK FLAG, HUSKER DU, SAINT VITUS, etc. remains far below the accepted norm now, but changing that is sort of like George Lucas adding CGI effects to Star Wars. It's not really right. While subtle adjustments to the sound can be made tastefully (see above VOID/FAITH entry), you have to respect SST leaving things essentially as-is. BLAST particularly has a heavy and full sound, more-so than a lot of other early SST records, which, like the TERRORIZER album, makes it a good reference point for bands that aren't steeped in vintage sounds, but don't want to sound like a new METALLICA single either.

MOTÖRHEAD – *Motorhead + 5 more Headbangin Tracks* (Chiswick/Big Beat; 1988)
In 1988 the complete session for the first MOTÖRHEAD album (which was originally reissued as their eight song self titled LP, and the *Beer Drinkers and Hellraisers* four song EP) was compiled onto one CD on the Chiswick/Big Beat label. As far as I know, this version is now out of print, and the rights have been sold to Sanctuary, with the same track list, but in a slew of remastered editions, each sounding slightly worse than the last. This original CD version was in print for at least a decade though, and is still pretty easy to find. I suggest this for both the rock and roll fanatic, and the raging d-beater in you. A classic recording, caked with dirt, filth, and stink, proving beyond any doubt, that you don't need to jack the level of your record through the roof for it to rage. It also could be the best recording ever in rock'n'roll, punk or otherwise, but I can't rule on that definitively.

If you can't find these discs, I suggest finding a lossless copy via a bit torrent. These tend to have the version/release year very clearly labeled so that you can easily figure out if you're getting the original, or a remaster.

This Sunday I went for a walk down the Walthamstow Marshes. The road down was lined with cars, and in the distance I could see a crowd. It turned out to be an illegal rave party, which had just been raided by one brave lone police lady. I asked her why she deemed dancing to be illegal and she kind of blushed, which was cute. There were tons of young dirty crusty intoxicated beautiful people prancing around everywhere in the park to the sound of some sort of distorted industrial techno. Not exactly like EXITHIPPIES, but honestly not that far from it. My girlfriend, who hates noisecore, and who says I am "literally infantile" for listening to hardcore punk at the age of 32—because she "grew out of punk when she was 12"—said she saw a raver with a Discharge T-shirt and that I should've brought some fanzines to sell (this was meant to be sarcastic, like a knife in the head).

So far the great summer of 2011 has been incredibly satisfactory. The amount of sweet things being placed under my nose lately means that I am now heading to the weight-class of POISON IDEA. Having given up tobacco I've an incredible appetite for all things sugary. I am currently functioning by alternating by drinking as much beer, wine and booze as I can get, and/or fighting back my waistline by skateboarding every free second of every day. But at the end of the day, it's an uphill battle and it is one I am losing kilogram by kilogram. But the good news is that a bunch of incredibly sexy hardcore punk records are shaping my perception of contemporary reality with infinite colours blended through a perpetual blur of noise, chaos, and distortion. Despite the truly astonishing wealth of contemporary hardcore punk records to choice from, for most of this summer I have been unashamedly revisiting old records. I think top of the list in the last month is the SVART FRAMTID 7" EP reissue. It is truly amazing—to the point that it is almost embarrassing to admit that the record is great just as it got reissued. But in my defence, an OG copy of the damn thing goes for $$$, and that's one thing

I am perpetually missing. This morning I played the record on my Walkman on the way to work. Being a bit hungover (or maybe even drunk still) from having slurped a half a bottle of Absolute, the sounds on the record were inspiration for a instant book-length monologue in my head, all clever things which only a Nordic listener would hear, and more importantly *understand*. But as all good things, it was all forgotten by the time I tried to write it down. Here is half-arsed summary: It is a very good hardcore punk record from 1984.

A major milestone in the evolution of the musical idea known as hardcore was the band GLOOM from Osaka, Japan. Gloom cared about hardcore. They cared about it enough to call shit on fake US melodic crust bands already in 1997 (on *Recomendation for Perdition*) and suggested chaos as a cure. Tastefully in the extreme, the LP cover shows either that all the fake shit US crust bands can go hang themselves, or else that members of Gloom would rather hang themselves than bear the terrible knowledge of the existence of hoards of boring US crust bands. The irony is that fifteen years on and crust bands are trying to sound like Gloom—or maybe the SWANKYS? Or CONFUSE? Or DISCLOSE? No one knows! Distorted crust with reverb vocals. It's like ZYANOSE says, there's more to noise-core than trying to sound like Disclose with full distortion on the guitars. Let me pronounce to you that the fake wave of raw D-beat punk noise disaster is dead. 10,000 raw punk bands killed raw punk. On any given day I might appear to contradict myself by proclaiming how great some of these shit bands are—like MAUSER, PERDITION, or fucking whoever is doing the KAAOS/DISARM/DISCLOSE thing at the moment—but that's not actually contradicting myself, that's *having an opinion*. This is what is bugging me. Hardcore punks seem too ready to follow the lead of others; when too many people stop doing their own thing that's when hardcore turns sour. This is the lesson of crustcore and D-beat.

Never give up make noize future! But the problem is not raw punx, for there is a decadence at large in some parts of today's hardcore punk, and it is making honest hardcore rebels around the world puke every day! Musicians out of hardcore punk now! Answer = chaos!

Let's get personal and talk a little Swedish hardcore. A lot of non-Swedes are saying a lot of retarded things about Swedish hardcore and as a (fat, bitter, and prematurely old) Swede (in self-proclaimed exile in London) it is pissing me off no end. I am neither a good thinker nor a good writer, but I do have a few things to say about what I think are the defining aspects of Swedish hardcore from the 1980s. The first thing I have to say is that contrary to popular opinions, Swedish '80s hardcore can't be understood by simply throwing around a reference to DISCHARGE (and by the way, Discharge is not understood by the majority of people, cf. my forthcoming column on this subject to be published in *MRR* issue circa May 2014). Let's be scientific about this: how many bands on the V/A – *Varning För Punk!* three-CD box set can be said to be just Discharge-clones? The answer is obvious, but to bring it home with a little detail here're some of the key bands and how I understand them: MOB 47 is all about speed; fast and short songs, as influenced by the bands other than Discharge on Åke's leatherjacket. CRUDE SS was a topically political hardcore punk band (as opposed to pacifist hardcore punk band, like Discharge) formed by some school kids who wanted to achieve brutal sounding hardcore punk that did not sound like Discharge (yes, the explicit aim was to *not* sound like Discharge!). And Crude SS succeeded in creating some of the most brutal sounds known to man (approximating the brutal primitivism in the sound of historic AMEBIX).

Meanwhile, ASOCIAL finally reached maturity on *Bittra Slutet* EP and like the SHITLICKERS before them, they preached brutal hard-line direct action them on this crucial EP as a reaction against a perceived weak-minded flower-power punk. The message from the opening track is key: Turn of your TV, turn on your brain, and go out in the streets and fucking destroy the world! This EP is an appropriate soundtrack to the story of the Russian revolutionaries in Blaise Cendrars' *Mortvagine*. Sure, it is true that the penultimate Asocial EP is nothing but a hard rock posture posing under the banner of a Discharge cover, but that is more the result of final disillusion in the innocence of hardcore punk and the subsequent shift towards alcohol and drugs than Discharge fanboy-ism (although *Grave New World* does suggest the exact message). As for the brilliant DISARM discography reissue, it is proof of a band that is so much more than just a Discharge-clone: the totality of the Disarm vision contains enough nuances to colour my world for the rest of my days. As for SVART PARAD, oh my god, never before has a hardcore punk band deserved to be re-discovered by the thousands! Or rather, never before has the lumping together of a band so important on a split LP with another Swedish hardcore band (PUKE) seemingly only because of a shared geography been such a disgusting cultural assassination! The Svart Parad catalogue has been raped so many times, no wonder no one understands how important that band is. But whether that's a good or bad thing is hard to say—perhaps I would rather not see thousand US punks on the internet with pro-printed Svart Parad backpatches from unscrupulous venture capitalists on eBay. But do look out for a *More Noize* fanzine special on Svart Parad this autumn.

Finally, a few words about TOTALITÄR. If you think that this band is understood by any meaningful reference to Discharge, you're a tool. This enigma of poetic hardcore remains the climax of the original hardcore punk wave, the last nail in the coffin, or the gravediggers of historic Swedish hardcore punk, if you like. But apart from being the dividing line between the historic and the retrograde, the Totalitär catalogue should be studied solely for its own merits, for the unique nuances in sound on each record is guaranteed to bring you to orgasm. In short, Swedish hardcore punk from the 1980s may be remembered outside of Sweden's borders for being nothing more than the sound of Discharge re-interpreted by a bunch of blonde Swedish rich kids, but in reality there was so much more to the Swedish hardcore scene than simply looking across the channel to England. Professional hardcore punk readers know that there are a million unwritten PhD theses charting the massive difference in sound between Disarm and Asocial. Here's a suggestive title for a thesis with substantial milage: "*C-beat Through the Decades: A Study in the Appreciative and Critical Listening Techniques of Mob 47 and Frigöra—Drum Sounds Compared With Each Other, an Unlikely Scenario or a Positive Embracement of Anarchism in Music?*"

Ok, I've been bullshitting you too long. Here's my recomendation [sic] for *MRR* perditioners: *Heal* omnibus from Japan contains almost every important avant-garde hardcore punk band in 2011—from STAGNATION to FRAMTID to LASTSENTENCE to ZYANOSE and PEOPLE—and it's a benefit record! Basically, get it or drop out of punk!

End notes:

An old girlfriend of mine told me she found one of her old NIRVANA records recently. This message was carved on the cover: "Fuck trall-punk! Anti-Cimex rules!" I wrote that 18 years ago. Last night I cried myself to sleep thinking of old age. But fuck it! No future! Fuck trall-punk! Exithippies rules!

CRAIG LEWIS

GUEST COLUMN

It was not so long ago that I was unable to effectively take care of myself. My life was a waste and had very little value. I was alienated, alone, and miserable, and I acted in ways that clearly exemplified how sick I was. No one spoke up to help me make things better. I had a chronic problem and no effective help or guidance, least of all from the punk scene. Life for me was hell and I wanted to be dead.

Many people found it easier to simply label me as "crazy" instead of putting in the time and effort to see deeper into who I was. I was forced to face the brunt of several extremely manipulative people who did and said some atrociously shameful things. Unfortunately, this is something that happens to people who have the mental health condition that I live with. It is a victimization perpetuated by friendly villains who are wholly supported by people who somehow like to eat the shit of these friends of theirs and apparently like the taste. It is strange the degree to which people acquiesce when such tyrannical abuse is occurring. Well, I have seen this happen many times and not just to me. It is strange when there are so many people of whom you otherwise think highly who willingly allow themselves to be played in a game that they have no

idea is being played.

Having a mental illness is something for which society will judge you. I have certainly been judged all throughout my life both in and out of the punk scene. I was so despicably subjugated by my parents and by the mental health system for many years when I was younger. My parents decided a long time ago that I was never going to get better, that I was their sick son who was going to be a burden on them for their entire lives. Interestingly, now that my parents are both suffering from mental illness and since I have severely limited my contact with them from minimal to almost none, I am doing better and they are doing much worse.

In the punk scene, wow, it is so brutal to even think about the stigma that I am talking about in this column. I've had people who were supposed to be my friends pushing the notion that I was "crazy" and that everything I said was to be discredited and the only thing that people needed to know was that I was "crazy" and that no one else had any responsibility to take for their behavior towards me, ever. This is an interesting thing I am talking about here. How can a person be 100% wrong about everything that happened in every situation, about every experience and about every single thing that was said and done? How on earth could I have been so wrong about every single freakin' thing and how could an entire community of people simply buy into the most manipulative slandering that intentionally discredited me as simply being "crazy"? This blows my mind. Does it not blow my readers' minds?

Are people with mental illness to be treated as simply useless and having no value? Are we to be used as jesters at the beck and call of those who wish to degrade us for their own twisted ulterior motives? The answer should be no, of course not. Unfortunately, however, this happens all the time. How many people do you the reader know, who have a mental illness? How do you treat them? Do you treat them with respect and dignity or do treat them as fools not be taken seriously? What about friends and members your family who live with mental illness, how do interact with them? Do you turn your back to their problems or do you embrace and engage them? Have you done some of your own research in order to try and understand why a person may be acting a certain way? Have you spoken to that person and told them that you care about them and that you want them to be happy and that you know they are suffering? Did you treat them as a person first and only secondly as a person with an illness? These are questions that I wish most people that I have known in the punk scene in my city would have asked themselves over the years in order to better understand who I was, why I was doing and saying the things that I was doing and saying, and perhaps to show me some compassion, love, and decency, even if it seemed that due to my actions I did not deserve it.

Of course, if someone is interested in knowing more about some obscure band from East Antarctica, they will be searching the internet for that information faster than I can say "say no to mental health stigma" and then sharing the information they find with their friends online and in person. Now, why are we not also seeking out information about mental illness and how we can better support our friends and family and yes, those people in the punk scene, like me, who suffer from a mental health condition? Don't you think I am worthy of making the effort to better understand me? Have you considered what your relationship might be like with me today if you had been more informed about who I was, why I said and did the things that I did, that I was suffering to such an incredible degree, hated being the way I was, and wished I could have made things better for myself? Now, some of you have done a great job; many more have a great deal of work to do.

We scream about racism, sexism, classism, homophobia, and so many other worthy issues in our society. Who here is screaming about discrimination towards people with mental illness? Aren't we worthy of being treated with dignity, respect, and fairness? Yes? No? I can tell you that I have suffered a great deal of discrimination as a person who has a mental health condition. Society does not like people like me. I am not normal. Whatever normal is, I am not it. In the punk scene I've been labeled "crazy." Actually, not just labeled, I was identified as "crazy" and mostly by people who either had something to gain by perpetuating this garbage, or more likely by innocent/ignorant people who are all just trying to carve themselves out a little bit of a good life in this world and who were sadly misdirected.

What I want is a little bit of liberty. I want to no longer carry the label of "crazy." I want to no longer feel discredited for being a person who struggles when things in life get a little screwy. I want to feel like I am equal with my peers. I am speaking out very loud and clear here. Stigma against people with mental illness must stop! The punk scene must embrace the idea that treating people badly due to their having a mental health condition is discrimination. Stigma can be destroyed through educating ourselves about mental illness. Stigma can be destroyed by communicating with and trying to understand those who are different than us. When we alienate people with conditions such as mine, we lose out on valuable life experiences and perspectives that can make our world a better place. It is time to embrace people who, despite being born with a disease that they do not want, still deserve to be treated with dignity and respect.

I challenge anyone reading this to contact me for any reason. I ask that any person who reads this that I may have harmed or done wrong to over the years to please contact me so I can take responsibility for myself and do my best to make amends. If there are people out there who read this who know that it would be a wonderful thing to contact me to settle any issue that may have existed over the years then please do. I assure you that I am very willing to make things right. I want to love more than I hate. I want to live more than I want to die. Please let us make a small difference in the life of a person who has struggled and let us not stigmatize that person, instead let us show our support.

My name is Craig Lewis and others know me by my nickname Crusty Craig. I have had a debilitating mental illness all of my life. Six years ago I found out by a complete and total fluke, that people with mental illness can get healthy. I truly had no idea that this could happen. This is called "Recovery." I am currently in recovery and living a great life, all things considered, while also living with my symptoms. I am a success; it is amazing. I work as a mental health peer counselor and I help people just like me learn how to better manage their symptoms, get some control over their actions, and improve the quality of their lives so that they can be happier and healthier. I have received effective training. I am still in school and I use my wealth of experience from living with a mental illness to help people and beautifully, I do help people. Thank you for reading. Thank you to *MRR*, I've been reading you since 1988. Recovery is real.

Please email me at lewisgrey@gmail.com

Mutant Rock!

Wake up. Stare at the ceiling. Face the day. Go to school, go to work. Stomach the sight of thousands of wretched faces. Stare at a screen, stare at paper. Shovel food so you don't drop dead or go on a killing spree. Back to work. Pack up. Head home. Stomach the sight of your family. Shovel food so you don't drop dead or go on a killing spree. Get into bed. Turn off the light. Stare at the ceiling. Close your eyes. Repeat.

Mundane, wretched routines call for sick, downtrodden music: vile, hostile hardcore slop and punk slime, filled with snot, spite, and anger. But guess what, summer just hit, and there isn't a single fucking routine in sight right now. Even for us freaks who can stay up 'til 3 o'clock, with the sounds of Lebenden Toten or Void stimulating productivity while we string together papers for school or writing for fanzines or whatever the fuck, sometimes you need a break from the hostility and spite, or it becomes another meaningless routine ritual. Boring.

You know that feeling in the midst of a good show, in the haze of distortion and body heat, as sweat drips down your brow and bruises are on the rise in uncanny places, with your fist in the air, and a smile curling your face? The Big Boys epitomize that. Fun, fun, fun. Like I said, it's summer now, and the Big Boys are the perfect soundtrack to all the good times of rolling outta bed at 1 o 'clock and going skating with your friends, to smoking cigarettes under starry skies and sitting in your room singing along to punk tapes, or whatever the hell *you* do in summer.

I tend to feel weird writing heavily about old

bands these days; there is so much cool shit going on right now that it seems pointless after a while. As much as I love Wretched and CCM, bands like Crimen De Estado, Ilegal, and Fogna are spitting out hardcore in the same spirit of insurgency and urgency without an ounce of derivativeness. As much as I love Confuse, Lebenden Toten is better. As much as…well, you get it. The Big Boys, on the other hand, represent a few things that you don't actually see at all anymore. For one, their general positivity, if produced by a band in our times, would be rather uninteresting. There *really isn't much* to be positive about right now, plus, youth crew happened, and nobody with respectable taste really gets their fancies tickled to the sound of some crew-cutted wrestler singing about his Nike dunks and teetotal lifestyle. The Big Boys, on the other hand, did positivity the right way. Accounts tell me that they were fine hosts and proponents of the punk community, they invited the crowd on stage, requested that each audience member start their own band, and wrote lyrics about issues and states of mind that everybody had experienced without ever dissolving their frustrations into hate—not saying that said dissolution into hate is a bad thing, look no further than a majority of the bands that pique my interest, starting with say…Poison Idea? Perdition? But listen to "Fight Back" or "Frat Cars" or "Same Old Blues" and tell me that you don't want to get right up and play a show or make a flyer or throw rocks at a frat house. *It isn't possible.*

Secondly, the Big Boys represent that sense of blatant localism that just doesn't really prevail in punk anymore. The Big Boys were to Texas what SSD was to Boston, Minor Threat was to D.C., Poison Idea was to Portland, Wretched was to Milan, Anti Cimex was to Goteborg, and Confuse was to Kyushu Island… any given disenfranchised little shit walking down their city's streets would look up on the telephone pole to see their name emblazoned across some Xerox-stained flyer or they'd see SS Decontrol graffiti on their apartment building, members of Confuse with their tall-ass Mohawks, members of Wretched rioting in the streets, or they'd read in the paper about the Big Boys causing a big disturbance on Saturday night. Whatever it is, they'd be sold. Now, what used to be a murky puddle of information has turned into a sterilized ocean's worth, and it's rather unlikely that that same kid is reading about Dawn of Humans turning ABC no Rio into a waterslide in the paper, or Lebenden Toten causing a rapid outbreak of (distortion 'til) deafness. Sometimes, while I stare at the ceiling in the dark, five hours before I have to get off my ass again to go to school, I wish I was a scrappy kid in Austin, TX going down to Raul's to dance and scream along with the Big Boys.

Nobody else could have matched the rampant sense of quality that they had, combined with their inclusive, soulful spirit. Anybody with the Big Boys' attitude today would be deemed cheesy by cynical hipsters. Whether they were playing funk, post punk, hardcore, or snotty punk rock, they did it with style and with a killer knack for song writing. In a lot of ways, they transcend their historical place in HC history, and you could simply look at 'em as being one of the finest R'n'R bands to have existed. Like the best bands in bygone punk history, who are maybe a little *too* revered, considering there is still *great* shit happening today, Big Boys are still totally timeless, from their distinctive aesthetics to their distinctive sound. It's easy to be cynical and shitty and angry all the time, as most of us are, but it takes soul and guts to be as positive and downright awesome like the Big Boys were. Fight back!

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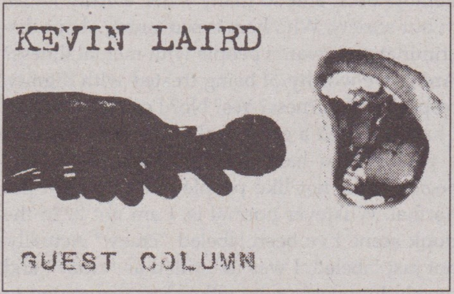
I do a zine called *Accept the Darkness.* The sixth issue will be out by the time you read this, maybe the seventh too, and I might still have copies of #4 and #5. Go to acceptthedar ness.blogspot.com for more info and write me at eggmangel@gmail.com .



How to Have a Staph Infection

I spent a week at my otherwise pleasure-packed delivery job feeling a little more run down than usual. Meanwhile, what I had taken for just another ingrown hair on my butch, stubbly chin grew quietly and steadily to Babylonian proportions and began to weep pus and blood like a Catholic miracle. In a matter of days, it had spread from my chin—which had swelled into something worthy of Bruce Campbell or Popeye—to my armpit(!) and the bridge of my nose.

I stopped at a friend's house to borrow something and in conversation mentioned that I suspected that I might have staph. I was immediately set upon by one of those amateur naturopaths (you know the type—brass jewelry, discreet dreadlocks...the Pacific NW is crawling with them) who laid out a detailed herbs-tinctures-and-lifestyle prescription, peppered with warnings ("staph can kill you!") and horror stories ("my friend had to sit in the hospital on an IV drip for two weeks!"). My volunteer naturopath was not wrong; staph kills people, painfully and slowly, by surfing the bloodstream to the heart. It can blind you if it gets in your eye. If it overwhelms your system enough to infect your bloodstream, you are in for a long and painful series of transfusions. Staph, the evil little motherfucker, spreads on contact with skin and can settle into wounds we don't even know are there. Best of all, it is *all over you, right now!* It is an opportunistic disease that is pretty much constantly present (especially in the filth accumulators we call cities and even more especially in that pinnacle of public hygiene, the Bay Area) and might infect you after an especially stupid weekend of chemical abuse and sleeplessness, or might not. I have no idea how I got it. I don't recall shooting up in my chin, armpit, or nose. But I did get it, and here's what happens next:

You have one or more raised bumps on your (wherever) which ache and weep infectious pus pretty much constantly. Despite perpetually leaking, these buboes are also somehow always accumulating more fluid pressure under the surface of your skin, which is one of the sources of pain; you can feel the little marble of pus and disease push against your skin and the muscle or bone or—if you are really unlucky, as I was in the case of my nose—nerve cluster. The staph uses the leak-and-accumulate technique to simultaneously gather numbers in an effort to consolidate their gain in one part of your body while sending trickles of pus-containing shock troops to establish new diseased outposts elsewhere. If you don't constantly wash your weeping buboes (and I don't imagine hygiene is a strong point for many of us) it will spread and infect nearby areas. Each of my weeping buboes became it's own Hawaiian island cluster of pus volcanoes.

If you develop a buboe on top of a nerve cluster, for example near your sinuses, you are in for a unique experience. A web of pain may unfurl under your skin, tendrils extending to seemingly unconnected local areas such as (in the case of my nose buboe) the eyeball, upper left jaw line, and the underside of the tongue. If staph didn't exist, Clive Barker would have had to invent it.

You resign yourself to a period in which nobody will boof you or even give you a proper hug. If you have any brains at all, you will take action to kill the little fuckers *now*, immediately. My volunteer naturopath told me:

—Rest. Don't go to the show. Don't get stressed out.

—Avoid sweets and caffeine (hard for me). If I drank or smoked she would have told me not to do that too. (And by "avoid' I mean *don't fucking touch.*)

—Take a tincture of Oregon grape root three times daily. (Oregon grape root is talented at pushing bad stuff out of the body. There are other, comparable herbs, but if you want to know what they are you'll have to go ask a volunteer naturopath.)

—Eat raw garlic constantly. At every meal.

—Avoid spicy food. Evidently, staph is a "hot" infection and digs the "hot" environment engendered by hot sauce.

When I went to the doctor at the free clinic (Who barely waited for me to stop speaking before prescribing me antibiotics; it was the fastest trip to the clinic in recorded history) she told me:

—Take these antibiotics.

—Drink a bottle of juice every day. Real, juice, dude, not Tampico or analogous sugar-water.

—Shower every day, and change your (clothes) every day. (This may be confusing or difficult for some of us, but it's important because the staph hangs out on clothing and skin.)

The free clinic doc also suggested that I take a bath with a half-cup of bleach in it, which I respectfully declined to do.

There are some other things that nobody told me to do that I somehow knew to do myself:

—I lanced and I squeezed. Lancing and squeez-

ing are intrinsic to the recovery process because it slants the microbiological odds in favor of your immune system; you are physically ejecting the invading army from your face or whatever when you squeeze out that pus. Lancing is a big deal, which carries an intrinsic risk of further infection. I used rubbing alcohol and a huge sewing needle. I sunk that needle into my armpit buboe to an estimated depth of a half an inch, which I proudly showed my roommates as they were cooking dinner. Bodies being the mysterious engines they are, I somehow just *knew* when it was time to lance. Listen to the body for details in this regard.

Squeezing and lancing were a strangely pleasant part of the staph experience. There was something transcendent about the pain, which blinded and burned my conscious mind away with its intensity until I was reduced to the experience of squeezing, until I was nothing but a finger and a thumb and a nerve on fire with pain until I came back to my senses, on the side of the road somewhere in my car, panting in the heat. In a weird way it was like orgasm, but much shittier.

Under the advice of my staph-veteran former junkie friends I didn't pick my nose (again, kind of hard for me) or contact any other mucus membrane. It seems that staph can hibernate in the cozy moist warmness of our mucus membranes. No toque.

Any of the numerous times I had to squeeze or change some dressing or look after my infected body in some other tedious and painful way, I would address the staph out loud, saying: "I'm gonna fucking *get* you."

In fighting off disease, as with so many other things, it is useful to summon up an indomitable will; I waged my war against staph not with the immediate, torrential passion of the charging cavalry man but with the cold, steady determination of a general.

If, like me, you decide your health is worth about $4.15, you can go to the grocery store and buy a product called Staphaseptic, which is a gel containing lidocaine (to numb the constant ache) and a super-powerful antibiotic, which will help keep the staph from spreading.

Three weeks later and I can finally shave again.

JESSICA SKOLNIK

GUEST COLUMN

If there's one thing that has stuck with me over the years as the core (no pun intended?) of punk spirit, it's DIY—the idea of creating communities and lifestyles that don't necessarily need mainstream structures to be self-sufficient. I was also brought up in a working class family that believed that no resource should be wasted. Where punk was a rebellion against familial narratives for a lot of my friends, it was more like a natural progression for me; my parents were old hippies who love jazz and blues and folk but who were also plugged in at the end of the '70s/early '80s, when I was a little one, into progressive radio and who were into some punk and new wave. They were always encouraging of my "weird" and overly specific interests, especially if they were creative pursuits. They allowed me to play records as loudly as I wanted (as long as I listened to them over headphones after a certain time of night), they never minded a motley assortment of friends hanging out in the kitchen, and they shuttled me to shows when I was a preteen/young teen first starry-eyed over the DC scene of the early '90s. Though we had our differences in other arenas, in that one I was incredibly lucky.

My dad, an electrical engineer, ran an amp repair shop out of our basement, and my parents were in a bar-rock cover band together. (Dad is still playing music in active bands today, while mom dabbles; my mom was a brilliant songwriter at one time, and I often wonder what would have happened had she stayed on that path.) By the time I was old enough to start playing music myself, they'd put their instruments on a shelf for a while and the amp repair shop had closed—they were too busy at the time. After I went to college, though, dad built a recording studio for himself and had started tinkering with electronics again.

I felt completely daunted by the idea of building electronics and learning how to record and do sound engineering, though I'd been in a program in high school that allowed me to learn how to do sound for film and video and I knew enough about music as your average musician does, meaning I could plug in amps and pedals and stand behind a soundboard at basement shows. Then, I blew out the combo amp I was using in the band I was playing in at the time, and my dad agreed to fix it for me for free as long as I sat with him through most of the process and learned what he was doing. I've never been great at math or science, always favoring art and writing, and I agreed reluctantly, figuring that I'd probably tune out about 80% of what he was saying because I just wouldn't understand it.

To my surprise, I was completely fascinated by the process, and it made a vague kind of sense to me. Tube amps and speakers are easier to understand than one might think, especially when you have someone with a ton of experience talking you through it. (I'm still a little baffled by solid state amps all these years later, as they're a lot less self-explanatory to look at.) I was still in school at the time, and I checked out a few books about basic circuitry and electrical engineering from the library, figuring out what tools I'd need to keep around all the time, pestering my dad with questions, trying to do as much as I could myself. I built basic turn-the-light-on-with-a-switch circuits just to prove to myself that I could do it. With the advent of the internet, I lurked on message boards where other hobbyists and audio gear nerds shared specs and talked about fixing and modding audio electronics. I built my first pedal from a kit shortly after I moved to Chicago in 2005 (note to beginners: do not try to build an analog delay first, no matter how much you actually want an analog delay, because I did; I didn't heed the warnings that told me that it was the most difficult kit to build and I really should have. For a little while I had burnt fingertips and what felt like the beginning of carpal tunnel from soldering, unsoldering and resoldering that kit).

I was afraid for a long time to assert myself as someone who knew anything about electronics; there were certainly people around in the scene that I knew who knew more than I did, and I've always had a stubborn kind of pride about gear and about expertise (or lack thereof), especially and sadly because of my gender (yes, there are still people out there who make the assumption that women know fuckall about our instruments and about sound engineering. If I had a dollar for every time some probably well-meaning but clueless dude took my instrument from my hands to hook it up or went to plug in my amp or pedals for me I'd be Scrooge McDucking it all day long, and I know enough other women who have these experiences regularly and enough men who don't to make an educated assumption that sexist stereotypes have something to do with it). I still don't assert myself as an expert—I'm an intermediate hobbyist, and I'll probably be at this level for a long while, if not the rest of my life; I don't have the money or time to sink into it beyond this level.

I chose this autobiographical tale as the subject for my first *MRR* column because I find that a lot of people are excited when I talk to them about building pedals and fixing amps, and though I know a few other people who are fellow hobbyists or even selling the fruits of their labor, there seem to be a lot of folks out there who are in a similar spot as I was before I started learning. I'm of the opinion that DIY is applicable in a lot of different arenas, and that, just as it pays to know how to change a tire and change your oil if you're a car owner, or fix a broken chain and retube a tire if you're a bike owner, it's really worthwhile to learn how to do basic repairs to your equipment if you're a musician. Sure, there are things you'll probably need to take to an expert for some problems, but knowing how to fix a blown tube, rewire a speaker, and clean and repair the contacts in your amp are great skills to have and will stand you in good stead. Plus, if you're into engineering a particular sound for yourself or just building/playing around with things that make a whole lot of fucking noise (who isn't?), knowing how to build and mod pedals and noise boxes is a lot of fun.

I seriously never thought I could do it and felt really intimidated starting out (my dad, while extremely knowledgeable, is not the world's most patient teacher, either), but I allowed myself the room to experiment, to get messy, to fuck up a project. While I can be enormously stubborn and proud, there are going to be failed experiments when you're starting out learning any skill, and I had to learn to accept that. (The cool thing about learning audio electronics is that almost any project is eventually salvageable, and if the project itself isn't, you can at least salvage some of the parts.) While I definitely caution anyone about opening up a tube amp without a

guide, as you can do some real harm to yourself, if you've got someone in your life who knows what's what, ask them to guide you through it! I'm always happy to share my knowledge with anyone else as my dad shared it with me, and most of the fellow hobbyists I know will also happily talk your ear off about gear. Personally, I get so stoked and passionate about it that I want to talk about it a lot but am keenly aware that most people don't get as excited about the topic and don't want me to blather on about it, so when I find someone who does want to hear about it/share knowledge/learn, it's the best thing. Failing that, there are books and websites out there that'll talk you through it as best a book or a website can.

There are some really fantastic tube amp repair books that a few people are cataloguing, scanning, and putting up on webpages so that there's a public domain library of such resources out there, and I also find myself going to the internet for schematics if I end up working with an amp I've never worked with before. I also recommend the *Electronic Audio Sourcebook* series, Dave Hunter's *Guitar Amplifier Handbook* and the rest of his primers on pedals and instrument repair, Gerald Weber's two books on tube amps (*Tube Guitar Amplifier Essentials* and *All About Vacuum Tube Guitar Amplifiers*) and *Electronic Projects for Musicians* by Craig Anderton (who has also written a book on DIY projects specifically for guitarists that I haven't read).

There are a few places (BYOC and OLC, most notably) where you can buy pedal kits (I'd recommend fuzz, distortion, and overdrive pedals for the beginner as they're simpler. Do not be a stubborn butthead like me and try to build that analog delay unless you've got some experience under your belt. If you're anything like me, you'll end up holding your sad failed project, a mess of exposed wire and tangled parts, in your burnt hand, debating the merits of chucking it out the window).

I'm really excited to have this space to share my thoughts in the future. I wanted to start out with a personal anecdote and encouragement because that seemed like a more appropriate introduction than going full-bore into an opinion piece, but I have more than a few ideas for those simmering under the surface as well. I've been reading *MRR* since I was twelve or so, and I remember feeling when I first picked it up at a record store in the Maryland 'burbs like I was entering a world in its pages that I wanted so much to know and be a part of, that I found intimate and fascinating and a haven for fellow weird kids. Nearly twenty years later, I have a vastly different perspective on punk and the communities it contains, but I still love playing shows in sweaty basements as much as I ever did, and I love the ideal and vision of a world where no system goes unquestioned and where all those weird kids are allowed to make our own noise on our own terms with our own hands. While that world is in practice obviously much less ideal/ized, it's something I haven't been able to let go of, and I suspect a lot of you might feel the same way.

THE DICKTATOR

mariam bastani

DC Clitfest was rad. I have been to every Clitfest there ever was, actually my oldest band has played every Clitfest there ever was which makes me feel proud and old, ha! Actually, I have never reflected really reflected on my life in punk nor have I thought about how long I have been involved until after we played the DC Clitfest and a guy in one of the bands told me the he was worried to see us play because he wasn't sure if we were going to be as good as when he first saw us in 2009. Wow, that was only a few years ago. Now we are a reunion band... hahah! Joking aside, it was interesting because I had never thought about it before. I have never been a person to look back. I guess I never think of punk as something that is apart from my life because I am constantly drawing upon it in everything I do. It's a continuation, never stagnating, always exciting and always part of my strength... Ok, this is getting personal in a bloggy self indulgent way, so I am moving on.

I don't really know how to describe the feeling that this fest, and many of the other previous Clitfests, seems to harbor in the people attending except to say that it is punk in some of it's purest form. I know that this is a theoretical nightmare where I may have to "define" punk, but bear with me... During the set of a raging crusty tinged, HC band, the singer paused in between songs and briefly described what the next song was about. I am paraphrasing here, but in short she stated that the song was about being undocumented and that being considered illegal was something that has had her living in fear since she can remember. She has lived in the US her whole life yet still does not have the same rights as everyone around her and not having permission to do what she wants to do because of a piece of paper sucks. She then stated that she is tired of being afraid and that she is not going to be afraid anymore. In the middle of her explanation of the song and her situation, she started to cry. There was a shocked silence over the crowd. No one really knew what to do, but everyone started clapping. It was an intense moment and then the band just blasted through the rest of the set.

In May the *New York Times* published an article called "Illegal Immigrants Children Suffer, Study Finds." No shit, especially when you call their parents "Illegal." What does that do to kids and their self-development? What happens to a child when they grow up without a recognized identity? Who are you when everyone defines you as an "unperson?" I don't mean just here, I mean around the world. For a very brief introduction to these issues, check out the *This Is Who I Am Project* video by Knowing Children. A large part of the struggle of undocumented children is their rights to health care and education. (Check out "Caught in the Middle? The Plight of Undocumented Immigrant Children in the United States since *Plyer v. Doe.*" By Olenka Waite-Wright).

What happens when your family is torn apart by legal definitions? There is a large population of totally disenfranchised undocumented/"Illegal" young people living in Orizaba, a city with a major train junction in Mexico, that have been stranded there because they have lost their families in the journey to cross through Mexico (everyone is probably now familiar with Mara Salvatrucha/MS-13). One of my pals from DF Mexico, who lives here now, has been searching for his dad for about ten years now. His dad was deported when he was in his teens, they arranged crossing with a coyote (human trafficker, look it up...) and he hasn't been seen since. My friend says, "I know he's is dead, but I just want to know what happened." Last month another friend had to borrow a bunch of money from our friends because his wife coming from Guatemala was being held ransom in LA by a coyote demanding more money. This may sound like pulp sensationalism, but this is happening all the time. I realize that I am very briefly scratching the surface of the complexities involved and I do not claim to be an expert. The problem is that it is indeed a complicated situation in which the casualties are beyond theory, they are human and often they are children and youth—real human suffering.

Undocumented youth have to struggle for their place in the world while also trying to understand themselves as people living in the margins with limitation of rights and self-empowerment. One way that these young people have learned to combat the inequities of being an "illegal" person, an absurd legal status with very real consequences, is to be open about their status regardless of the danger of deportation. Have you heard of the huge mobilization of undocumented youth all over the country? Check out the radical stuff going on in Chicago with the Immigrant Youth Justice League, www.iyjl.org. There is a video that everyone should check out here: www.iyjl.org/?p=1977. Please take a minute and check it out. These are students and young people being very open about their status, regardless of the threat posed, in order to bring attention to and empower themselves in the struggle for their rights as human beings. They are unafraid and unapologetic.

There are groups all over the US in action working for some of the same causes: National Immigrant Youth Alliance, the Dream is Coming Project and DREAMers. If you are undocumented and looking for some support, you can look on the Dream Activist site (www.dreamactivist.org), which is an undocumented students action and resource network. If you are in California and want some information on immigrant rights go to www.chirla.org. For this site you will be able to find more information and links about your area of the country. Also, check out Picum: Platform for International Cooperation on Undocumented Migrants, for some interesting articles and information about

what is happening outside of the US, http://picum.org/en.

I bring all of this up to prove a point that this is a serious, deadly serious (as seen in the case of Andy Mathe) issue that affects people that you might know. Whether it's you, your family, friends and sometimes the kid standing next to you at a show. The problems are here and now. This is the real deal, folks.

I am not going to claim that punk necessarily has anything to do with people making any decision to stand up, nor am I going to say that it has any active part in any struggle, but at this fest for a few moments a state of liminality was achieved at a punk show. It's something that I wish happened more often and in some places it does... Essentially this fest was full of strangers, but this girl said that she felt comfortable enough to talk about her experience of being undocumented, something that is obviously volatile, not just emotionally, but in other ways. As the evening went on, there were conversations about this issue. This girl seemed more comfortable in talking about the issue around a shit ton of people that she didn't know. It was a space of liminality, an anthropological concept coined by Arnold van Gennep and expanded by Victor Turner, where "Liminal entities are neither here nor there; they are betwixt and between the positions assigned and arrayed by law, custom, convention, and ceremonial" (pg 95, Turner, V. 1969. *The Ritual Process: Structure and Anti-Structure*. Chicago: Aldine Publishing Co.). I know that the association may be a loose one, but that is how I see punk. For a minute there, Clitfest became a weird in between space where everyone seemed to be in something together. Somewhere where people felt alright to be who they are without pretense and without any bullshit. It was definitely rare, but it did happen. It was our own space. Later during that fest, a similar situation occurred with an all lady band ripping through an '80s style East Coast influenced HC set, when one of the members sang a song about being her life as a person with a terminal illness. There was a situation where people in workshops got really personal about their experiences in navigating their personal and confusing racial landscape. To me that is what punk looks like.

I know to some people this may not seem like an ideal punk fest at all. You may imagine a bunch of women sitting around crying and preparing herbal douche, but that's not what this was. This was a bunch of punks who have had to deal with shit beyond anything to do with punk, letting fucking loose, partying their asses off, dancing and dealing with shitty situations by playing some fast as fuck, brutal music. The few brief moments that I mentioned in which people seemed to bear it all were not many, but the feeling was there... that no matter what happens everyday, we have these three days at this punk fest to be able to sit in our bullshit and work it out in one of the ways we know how. Punk.

Random shit:

MRR has finally released a locals only comp that has been in the works for a while now. It's a great record. I want to say that even though I had nothing to do with the initial organizing of this comp, seeing as how I have only been here a year and a half, thanks to all the bands that have contributed a song to the comp. The problem with getting a big group of people to organize anything is that it is much more time consuming than it would normally be, especially if you're all volunteers, because of the numbers involved. With that said, in the time from it's conception to it's now release, this comp has a song contributed by a band that has since put out a release on Scion. What a bummer... As a policy of *MRR*, we can't review any band that has major label association and, yes, that includes a corporation like a car company. This put us in a tight spot. We can't pitch the record and repress it, because if we did, *MRR* would go under. This is not an exaggeration. This magazine lives and breathes hand to mouth. So what do we do? We have to release the record, but it really is unfortunate that we will not be able to review the band that is on this comp again. Also, this comp could have come out prior to the Scion release, but did not. It personally puts me in an uncomfortable position because as often happens, I have had to make/agree with a decision for *MRR* that I do not agree with. It does not feel good. With that said, the next *MRR* project will only have only a few people working on it, the band and myself. I can safely say that this band will never have major label association, aside from the fact that they are no longer together, and this discography will be a good one.

Night Fever at the Thunderdome in Grand Rapids, MI was a rager. The venue Thunderdome is located in the basement of the new and first farm to table restaurant in Grand Rapids, Bartertown Diner/Roc's Cakes, collectively owned and run by mostly punks. If you are ever in the area or touring through, you should play there and eat there. I am not vegan, but I love vegan food and their menu is no joke. They have one farmer (old punk) that they work with and they only use seasonal produce. Also, the majority of the building materials used in their establishment are recycled, they promote living wages and fair treatment of their workers and they are holding food and wellness classes for their community promoting local and healthy eating. They are going to have guest chef programs and other events and programs in conjunction with their community. This is a great example of punks in business! www.bartertowngr.com

I have to mention this. To the dude in that touring band from Halifax that played at the Arctic Flowers / Raw Nerves show at Thrillhouse in late July. The way I recall meeting you is that someone pointed you out when Layla and I were talking a foot away from you. We went over to say hello and thank your band for submitting an interview to the magazine, particularly since we had been emailing back and forth with you guys for some time. It was a quick friendly exchange (on both sides) lasting maybe two minutes? Telling someone in a crowd full of our pals in the city we live in that "the two *chicks* from *MRR* just hassled me for, like, twenty minutes," is straight up lame. 'Member when you said, "oh shit..." after realizing that one of us was right there? Yeah, that was cool... I am willing to bet that if two *dudes* had approached you saying the same shit, you wouldn't have been so tough in a crowd. Feminism 101, brah, women are scrutinized much more heavily than men in anything they do particularly if it they perform / work / participate in realms that are traditionally considered a *man's* job. We always have to redefine our boundaries because of dudes like you. Punk is no exception. Here's an idea, don't talk shit and if you do, don't be such a wuss. Otherwise you just look like a chump. We've learned to be tough, so take a lesson. One love, brother.

mariam@maximumrocknroll.com

Bands in Basements/the Hungry Ghost

Some months are an endless adventure and some are a continuous parade of degradations. I woke up this morning feeling like a piece of tissue, not exactly the right place to start a fascinating column about the trials and tribulations of this human's existence. Got a temperature and a scratchy throat and a general negative feeling towards life that does not bode well for your future reading pleasures. There were many good times and random adventures over the past month, sick basement shows and excursions outta this town to new places. I quit one job, that was becoming a mild source of stress, got another at City Lights books, which so far is eternally dreamy... yes you see isn't this a fascinating time to be a human being, reading all about the various existential crisis that each one of us endures in our quest for uh continued existence. Another punk complained that I was too negative, that all I did was complain, well, those are the true fax and the insaniax. I got a list of shit I don't like and a voice with which to expel said info. That said, here is a list of things I do not like right now:

Business Punks

Whenever I get into an argument with a business punk they try and turn my coordinatorship of this magazine round at me, "But *MRR* profits from the scene and is a business so it's totally cool for me too as well, lady." Nope. All I have to say is that the kids don't care, to paraphrase Blitz. *MRR* has not made a profit in years, every penny this magazine makes pays for its continued existence. Rent. Bills. Mailing out subscriptions. There is no profit involved. No one gets paid, and no one is making a killing from punk at *MRR* HQ. When the magazine did make money all of that went into things like opening Gilman and helping other punk endeavors. So. I hate business punk ideology, punk is for kicks not for dollars and change, for the love of it, for the continued perpetration of the punk idea, (DIY or DIE), not for what it can do for you in terms of your bank balance. The idea of some-

thing that exists just to perpetrate itself and to spread the DIY ideal and the destructive sound that assists in the achievement of that goal, plus you know, community... Something exists for reasons other than paying your bills and making sure you get the latest limited edition sneaks and plane tickets to the exciting fest on the other side of the country. Punk is not for sale, and you can't buy it either. This isn't some fantasy life in which there are not bills to be paid and so on, there are bills to be paid, but as soon as punk is the thing that is doing that, it's no longer punk, it's some other part of the capitalist existence we find ourselves trapped in or around. I don't mean someone running a record label, that for the most part is not a profitable endeavor, in terms of dollar signs etc, but "punk" PR agents?! Those that profit from our culture but don't participate in the exchange. Let's make punk the same as corporate music culture, but on a smaller scale! Use the internet to find that punky chips ahoy commercial to see an example of a business punk just doing its thing. Why not have the thing I love be the thing that pays my bills, why not turn a profit from The Kids so to speak? Do they owe me a living and so forth and so forth? Let's just make our own version of the mainstream, but with our "punky" values. Consume! Blah blah blah. The world's a tomb.

Mushrooms.

Like eating slugs. The texture. Such sorrow.

Fake Oi.

Weird civil war reenactors from around the world put on your Fred Perrys and your Sta-Prest, jam out those terrible "alright matey down the pub" cliché chords and sing about Never Walking Alone FC. Even though the Bow Bells have never tolled in your presence, let along in the country that you live in (Germany, the US, Sweden), evoke the cheeky cockney Dick Van Dyke reality of fake oi. Please. You made the list. Cartoon reality, same clichés in every song, costume punx invoking a constructed world of fake Britain that never existed.

"Good" Small Businesses.

Maybe you work for one. The owners voted for Obama, and only use organic produce in the kitchen, but everyone makes minimum wage and no one sees any of the profits that enable said owners to drive round town in their fleet of Priuses and buy fair trade pea shoots at the farmer's market whilst floating around in $400 organic silk tunics. Because changing the world is all about buying a different set of stuff to those other people who do not want to change the world. It's all rooted in capitalism. Not how you treat your workers, but how many customers feel good, like they are really making a *difference* whilst forking over their dough. "All you have to do to change the world is change the channel."

Veteran Punker Dudes Writing for *Vice*.

Barf. So many of them. What we do is secret. *Vice* is not just a magazine, it's also a "cool hunter" resource for corporations such as that car company that is currently throwing money at various aspects of the underground scene. Cool Schmool!

Bands in Basements

1-Hysterics show at 17th and Capp. Weird ski lodge ambience. "Hipster" invasion (see Esmerelda from Noh Mercy's pithy take down of the Valencia St "hipster" in the Deaf Club article in this issue. Truth). Raging all girl hardcore, best all girl hardcore band since the Wrecks!! Some overheard dude said it reminded him of the first Agnostic Front 7". Also most exciting local band award goes to the first band on the bill, Displeasure, who were so fucking good, weird Rudimentary Peni vibes with reverbed out lady vocals...

2-iceage. Blogrocker scene! The audience was all People Who Read Online Tastemakers and Follow Their Instructions attempting to "mosh" and "stagedive." It made for some pretty comedic moments, but you cannot write off the frantic teenage sounds of Denmark with your pithy online opinions, they were great, excellent humans, a sound that makes even the squarest wanna smash cop car windows.

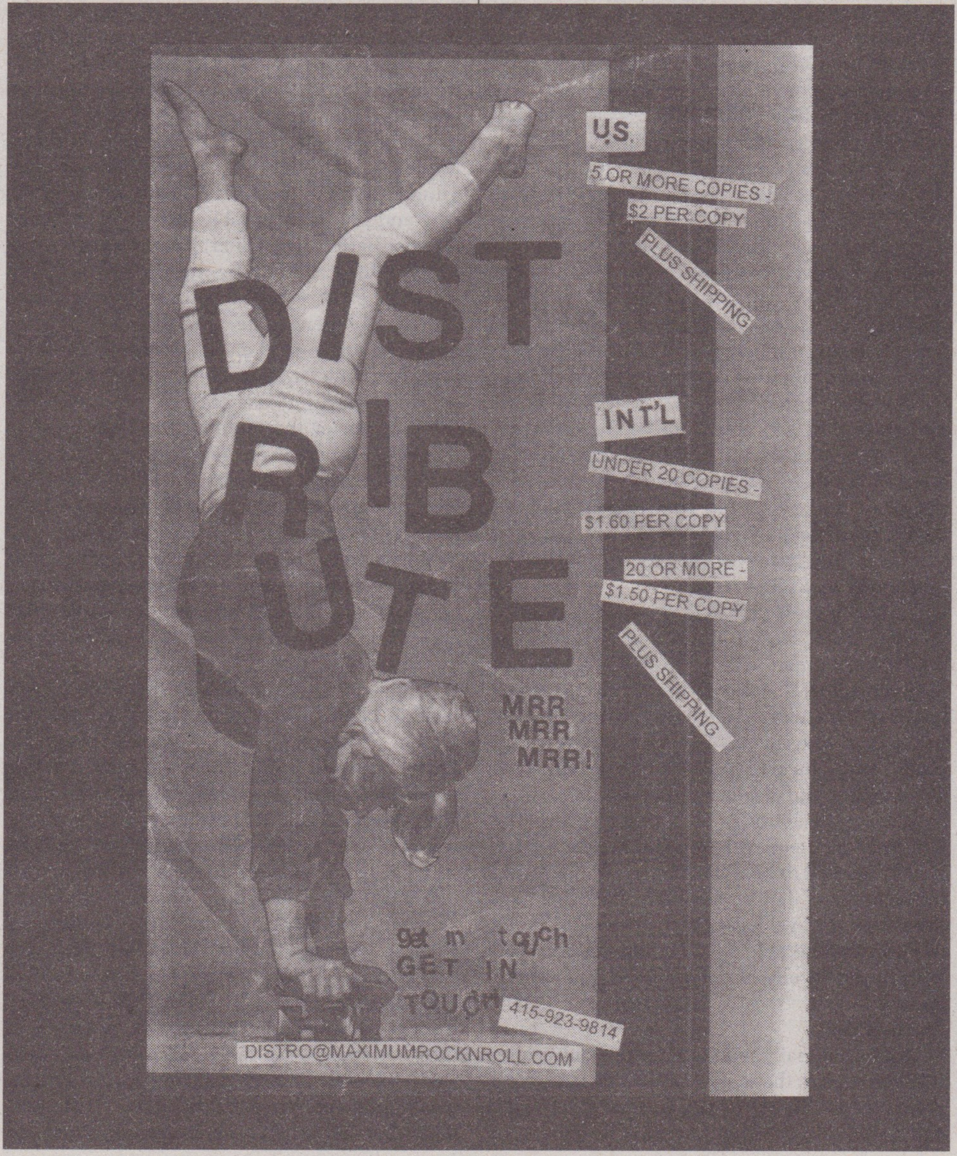
3-KRS is no more. This label soundtracked my teenage years, the Frumpies, Huggy Bear, UOA, Bikini Kill, Unwound, Godheadsilo, Bratmobile, Comet Gain, Born Against, Excuse 17, so many more... Mika Miko! New Bloods! But the last uh, ten years have been pretty dire, mostly tranquil music for blogrockers and the inbetween section of NPR shows. A business set up in opposition to that world attempts to becomes part of it and fails. Not sure exactly what's happening, but word on the street is that it's the end. I was in a record store and saw that Gravity had some new releases in other soundtracks of teenagerhood news...

4-Petals show. Petals is Jess from Brilliant Colors, Seth from Hunx and his Punx and Eric from Jump Off a Building. They play music that probably is not reviewable in these pages, Seth sings in a different style to usual, sort of reminded me of a weird Edwin Collins/Calvin Johnson thing! Every other band at this show had a lady drummer (Dunes, Cold Showers, Grass Widow).

5-Generation Suicida tape. So so so so good.... check the demo section for full report.

We have a new distro coordinator starting in a couple months, but we still need someone to replace me! Send off for an application punkers. This dream could be yours.

whatwewantisfree.blogspot.com or
layla at maximumrocknroll.com



IN THE HEART OF THE CITY
A TOUR OF SAN FRANCISCO'S MOST CHARISMATIC NEIGHBORHOOD BY V. MARTINI ★ ART BY: A. SPIVAK
THE TENDERLOIN IS HOME TO MANY KINDS OF PEOPLE...
SUCKFACE CRACKHEADS
EXCUSE ME SIR...
JUNKIE PUNKS
WHAT RECORD IS THAT?
JUNKIE HIPPIES
SPARE A NUG?
NOT GONNA LIE, I NEED WEED
YOUNG ART STUDENTS
WHICH WAY TO CIVIC CENTER?
ASIANS
WALKING DOWN LEAVENWORTH ALWAYS IS FULL OF SURPRISES...
POOR CAREER CHOICES
DAYLIGHT SURPRISES
OBVIOUS SELLING OF PILLS
OC'S, OP'S VIKES, PERKS, MORPHINE...
AND INEVITEBLY, SMOKING OR NOT, SOMEONE WILL ASK YOU FOR A CIGARETTE.
YO BRO, CAN I BUM A SMOKE?
WEEKENDS IN THE TL ARE OFTEN FULL OF COMICAL SITUATIONS:
HEMLOCK SHOW-GOERS MEET JOCK BAR PATRONS...
CHECK OUT THAT GIRL'S ASS!
WHAT A FREAK!
THE DRUMMER OF THAT BAND WAS SO CUTE?
LET'S GET SOME COKE!
DRUNK MEXICANS PICKING UP TRANNY HOOKERS...
ERES HERMOSA!
BROS AND HOES GOING IN TO BARS YOU'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE,
LET'S CHECK OUT FLY!
FLY
AND GANGS OF BIKERS INVADING CENTURY STRIP CLUB AT FOUR AM.
AFTER CONSIDERING ALL THE OTHER PLACES I COULD BE LIVING THE ONLY REAL PRO IS: AT LEAST IT'S NOT THE MISSION!
WANT TO GO TO THE PARK?
YEAH!
END

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Bad Brains- Rebel In The City LP ~VERY RARE
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Brutal Knights- Blown 2 Completion LP
Digger & The Pussycats - Bad Reception LP
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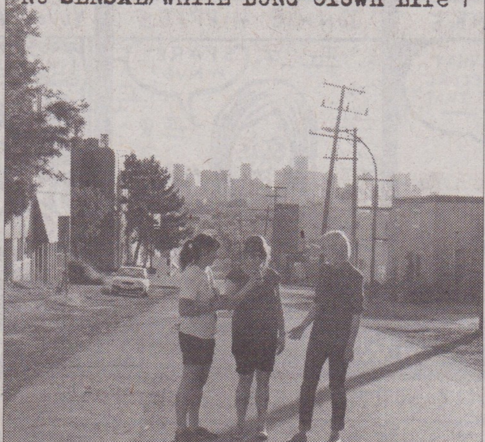

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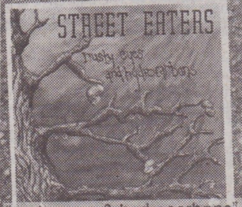

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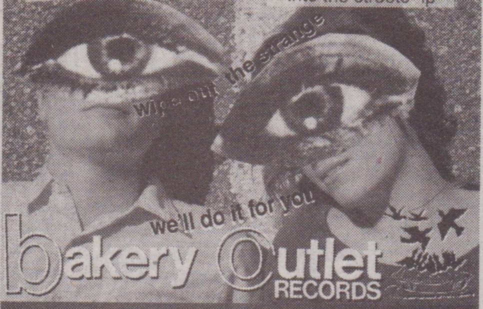

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NEWS

MRR NEWS COMPILED BY LAYLA

CENSORSHIP OF WAR CASUALTIES IN THE US

By Ted Rall from Al Jazeera.net

Why is it so easy for political leaders in the US to convince ordinary citizens to support war? How is it that, after that initial enthusiasm has given away to fatigue and disgust, the reaction is mere disinterest rather than righteous rage? Even when the reasons given for taking the US to war were proven to have been not only wrong, but brazenly fraudulent - as in Iraq, which hadn't possessed chemical weapons since 1991—no one is called to account.

The United States claims to be a shining beacon of democracy to the world. And many of the citizens of the world believe it. But democracy is about responsiveness and accountability—the responsiveness of political leaders to an engaged and informed electorate, which holds that leadership class accountable for its mistakes and misdeeds. How to explain Americans' acquiescence in the face of political leaders who repeatedly lead it into illegal, geopolitically disastrous and economically devastating wars of choice?

The dynamics of US public opinion have changed dramatically since the 1960s, when popular opposition to the Vietnam War coalesced into an antiestablishmentarian political and cultural movement that nearly toppled the government—and led to a series of sweeping social reforms whose contemporary ripples include the recent move to legalise marriage between members of the same sex.

Numerous explanations have been offered for the vanishing of protesters from the streets of American cities. First and foremost, fewer people know someone who has been killed. The death rate for US troops has fallen dramatically, from 58,000 in Vietnam to a total of 6,000 for Iraq and Afghanistan. Many point to the replacement of conscripts by volunteer soldiers, many of whom originate from the working class, which is by definition less influential. Congressman Charles Rangel, who represents the predominantly African-American neighborhood of Harlem in New York, is the chief political proponent of this theory. He has proposed legislation to restore the military draft, which ended in the 1970s, four times since 9/11. "The test for Congress, particularly for those members who support the war, is to require all who enjoy the benefits of our democracy to contribute to the defense of the country. All of America's children should share the risk of being placed in harm's way. The reason is that so few families have a stake in the war which is being fought by other people's children," Rangel said in March 2011.

War is extraordinarily costly in cash as well as in lives. By 2009, the cost of invading and occupying Iraq had exceeded $1 trillion. During the 1960s and early 1970s conservatives unmoved by the human toll in Vietnam were appalled by the cost to taxpayers. "The myth that capitalism thrives on war has never been more fallacious," argued Time magazine on July 13, 1970. Bear in mind, Time leaned to the far right editorially. "While the Nixon administration battles war-induced inflation, corporate profits are tumbling and unemployment runs high. Urgent civilian needs are being shunted aside to satisfy the demands of military budgets. Businessmen are virtually unanimous in their conviction that peace would be bullish, and they were generally cheered by last week's withdrawal from Cambodia."

Aware of this concern among the business class that finances the Republican Party, President George W Bush kept the lion's share of spending on the wars against Afghanistan and Iraq "off the books," relying on a new accounting gimmick—funding the "war on terror" from supplemental and emergency appropriations. As of 9/11 the Pentagon budget no longer included the price of its primary activity, waging war. Yes, the wars of the 21st century add to the national debt. But they don't add to the number reported by the business press - the annual budget deficit. Inattentiveness is a politician's best friend.

What about the bodies? During the 1960s and early 1970s television viewers and newspaper readers in the US were regularly treated to images from the front that prompted even the most fervent proponents of the war to question themselves. "A stream of media reports and images describing spectacular carnage suggested that the United States was embroiled in a brutal, dehumanising struggle. For example, newspapers and television programs across the country carried gruesome images of the South Vietnamese national police chief executing an NLF prisoner with a shot to the head," writes Mark Atwood Lawrence in his book *The Vietnam War: A Concise International History*.

The global war on terror, which under Obama has expanded from Afghanistan and Iraq to include Libya, an expanded secret drone war in Pakistan, as well semi-covert wars in Yemen and Somalia, obviously includes countless similar images "on the ground", in the parlance of US television analysts. ("On the ground" = "in real life.")

US military actions in Libya, Yemen and Somalia barely register. Most in the US aren't even aware that they exist or, for that matter, where they are. According to a March 2011 poll, only 58 per cent of Americans knew that Libya is in North Africa. Jonathan Schell, writing in *The Nation,* recently marveled at the Obama administration's argument that it did not need congressional approval for war against Libya because US forces were not substantially at risk in a campaign fought from high in the air and with drones. "War is only war, it seems, when Americans are dying, when we die," he wrote. "When only they, the Libyans, die, it is something else for which there is as yet apparently no name. When they attack, it is war. When we attack, it is not."

Iraq and Afghanistan remain "real" wars in the traditional sense. Thousands of American soldiers have been killed. Tens of thousands have been severely wounded. But images from these "real" wars have been studiously sanitised to the point that a well-informed news consumer could be excused for thinking that their country's latest wars are virtually bloodless. "Pictures [of dead or dying American troops] have rarely been seen in recent years from Iraq and Afghanistan," acknowledged *The New York Times* in September 2009. "This was not the case during the Vietnam War."

The Times published only a handful of photos of dead and dying soldiers in Afghanistan and Iraq. Compare that with other countries, where pictures of the war dead routinely appear in print and on the air. The current atmosphere of censorship is unprecedented, even by the comparably squeamish standards of the US media. According to Professor Gail Buckland, who studies and teaches photo history at Cooper Union in New York, far more photos of dead US soldiers appeared in newspapers during the 1861-65 Civil War than have since 2001. The Bush administration censored the images of flag-draped coffins arriving at Dover Air Force Base, a dignified rite that was a familiar sight on the evening news during Vietnam. Obama lifted Bush's coffin ban in 2009, but it made little difference. After the media showed a few such photos—to illustrate the story about the lifting of the ban—they disappeared. Self-censorship, it seems, is as powerful as the government variety.

Media consumers saw thousands of images of dead and dying combatants, both American and Vietnamese, 40 years ago. Most were supplied by war photographers embedded with US troop units. But today's "embeds" are required to submit their work to military censors for approval and transmission. One reporter returned from the 1991 Gulf War to find that none of his photos had been sent to his employer. War correspondents in Vietnam were given "carte blanche", Don McCullin, who covered Indochina for the *Sunday Times* of London told *The New York Times.* "Vietnam was a total free-for-all," confirms Dirck Halstead, who ran the UPI wire service's photo bureau in Saigon in 1965-66. "Our job was to be there to take photographs of whatever happened in front of us. Our core mission was to record history."

History changed public opinion. "As picture editor of *The New York Times* during the Vietnam War, I argued for prominent usage of the pictures by the AP's Eddie Adams of the execution of a Vietcong suspect, for the publication of the photo by the AP's Nick Ut of a naked Cambodian girl running from napalm, of the picture by John Filo of the shooting of a student at Kent State by National Guardsmen," says John G Morris. "If those pictures helped turned the world against continuation of the Vietnam War, I am glad."

What pictures will turn Americans against their nation's wars against Afghanistan, Iraq, Libya, Yemen or Somalia? Atrocities committed—and often photographed - by US military forces have also been thoroughly sanitized from the public narrative. Thousands of digital photos of the 2004 torture of inmates at Abu Ghraib prison in Iraq were taken as souvenirs by the torturers, US occupation troops. This is a US government description of one trove: "A review of all the computer media submitted to this office revealed a total of 1,325 images of suspected detainee abuse, 93 video files of suspected detainee abuse, 660 images of adult pornography, 546 images of suspected dead Iraqi detainees, 29 images of soldiers in simulated sexual acts, 20 images of a soldier with a swastika drawn between his eyes, 37 images of military working dogs being used in abuse of detainees and 125 images of questionable acts." But only a small fraction of these have been disseminated in the United States. The porn—which supposedly depicts US soldiers engaged in sexual acts with Iraqi prisoners—never appeared in any American media outlet.

When President Obama refused to release the entire Abu Ghraib dossier to the media, no less a luminary than *New Yorker* staff writer Philip Gourevitch defended censorship: "Who are we trying to fool, if not ourselves, if we pretend that we need more photos to know what has been going on?" Americans need something. That's certain. Because they definitely do not know what is going on.

In 2009 a US "kill team" operating near Kandahar was accused of "killing innocent civilians for sport and mutilating their bodies by cutting off fingers and ripping out teeth to keep as trophies," in the words of a reporter for the UK *Guardian.* Investigators discovered some 4,000 photographs documenting these horrific acts. The German weekly *Der Spiegel,* citing US and NATO concerns that publication of the trophy photos could spark riots in Afghanistan as the result of "a new Abu Ghraib", ran three of the suppressed images. The feared riots never materialised.

None of the pictures appeared in the United States. The story lasted one day.

When it comes to the carnage of war, even a simple count of civilian casualties is hard to come by for Americans trying to find out what's going on in wars being fought in their name, by their fellow citizens, using weapons financed by their tax funds.

In yet another marked departure from Vietnam, when the Department of Defense obsessively attempted to count the number of military and civilian dead on both sides of the conflict, the US claims to no longer track the number of civilians killed in Afghanistan and Iraq. The Pentagon complained about the famous Lancet study which found that more than a million Iraqis had perished since 2003, but had no numbers with which to counter it.

Then there's the muddling of the few numbers that are available. US media outlets reported that civilian casualties were up 15 per cent in Afghanistan this year—but parsed the blame. Civilian deaths caused by anti-government forces, they said, were up 28 per cent. Pro-government forces, on the other hand, were responsible for nine per cent fewer dead civilians. Left unsaid: if not for the US and NATO, the war might have been over years ago.

Now the US is increasingly reliant on remotely controlled aerial vehicles, or armed "drone" planes, to fight its wars. How many civilians get killed by US drone attacks in places like Pakistan's Northwest Frontier Province? "The overall numbers are important because they would allow the public to assess whether drones are a new, more precise method of exerting air power," *Salon* quotes Jonathan Manes of the American Civil Liberties Union, which filed a Freedom of Information Act lawsuit against the US government to compel it to reveal its casualty count. The Pentagon denies keeping track. "While each drone strike appears to be subject to an individual assessment after the fact, there is no total number of casualties compiled," says the ACLU. "Moreover, information contained in the individual assessments is classified—making it impossible for the public to learn how many civilians have been killed overall." Dead and wounded Afghans, Iraqis, Pakistanis, Somalis, Yemenis and Libyans have been expunged from American popular culture as well.

Popular films like *Restrepo* and *The Hurt Locker* depict the experience of US troops fighting in Afghanistan and Iraq, respectively, and do with unreserved sympathy for the American side. The US occupation of Afghanistan has been going on for ten years, yet there is still no sign of a Hollywood movie that gives time to the "enemy" side, as *The Longest Day* did with World War II. The closest attempt at pure criticism in the vein of the post-Vietnam film *Apocalypse Now* was *Extraordinary Rendition*, a flat-footed look at the Bush-era torture outsourcing program. It's hard to imagine that American audiences will someday see a film that depicts, say, the Taliban resistance with a level of sympathy approaching *Letters from Iwo Jima*, a Clint Eastwood-directed look at the "enemy" military during the closing months of the Battle of Japan.

Americans don't see the brutality of their wars in the newspaper, on the nightly news, in their weekly newsmagazines, or at the movies. They don't even see them in books, where educated people turn for nuance and breadth. Coverage of the wars in Afghanistan and Iraq, such as it is considering that most such books are written by American reporters embedded with US forces, is decidedly Americentric, such as Dexter Filkins' bestseller *The Forever War*. Literary works that depict the point of view of civilians tend to view them as passive victims, such as Khaled Hosseini's novel *The Kite Runner* and Greg Mortenson's *Three Cups of Tea* (though under attack in the media as fictionalized, the latter title continues to sell briskly).

American citizens are morally responsible for the wars and the war crimes committed in their name. The sad truth is, however, that they don't know what's going on —and they don't lift a finger to find out.

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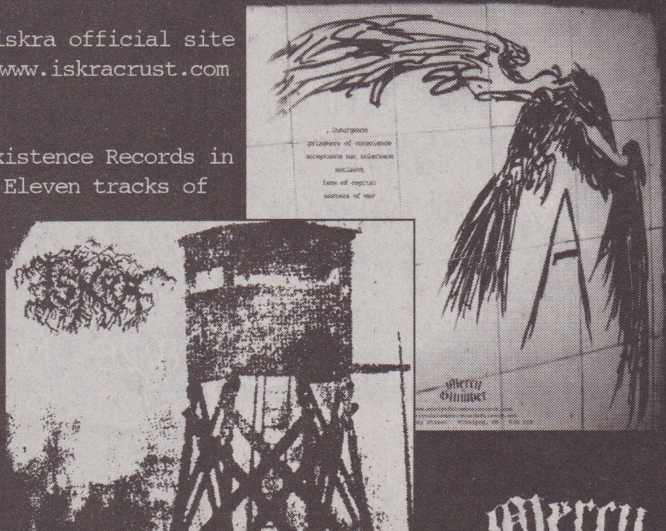

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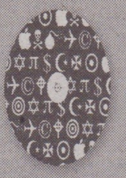

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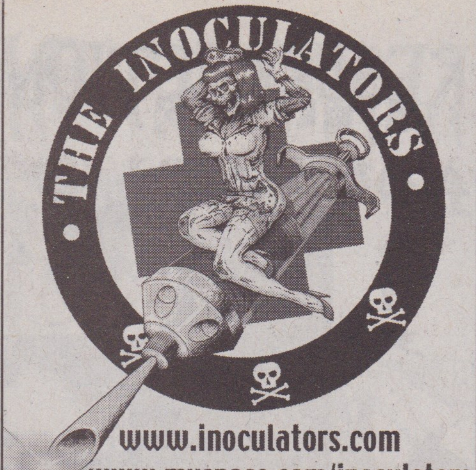

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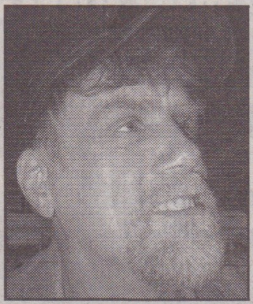
MRR asks YOU:

WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

This month's question: What's the most disgusting thing you've ever ingested?
(asked at a Younger Lovers, Black Rainbow, Displeasure show at a bowling alley)

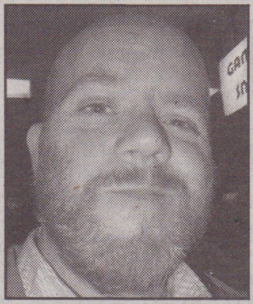
John Doe, 31, San Francisco
An entire bottle of soy sauce, on a dare.

Ricky, 23, Oakland
When I was about 12, I left a glass of milk on my guitar amp before going to sleep. I woke up the next day and was really thirsty, and without thinking, I grabbed the cup and turned it over to drink, and a solid mass of milk jello came out and landed on my face, and the bits and the liquid made their way into my mouth. It was the worst thing ever.



Driller, 47, San Francisco
This fermented soybean thing. That was pretty bad, it tasted like something a dog vomited up.

Annex, 59, San Francisco
Fried chunks of fat in some kind of blood sauce.

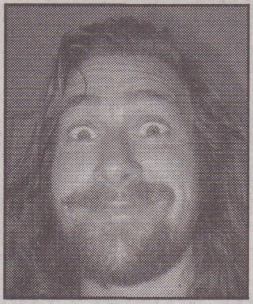


Stefan, 34, Philadelphia
A used condom in Providence, Rhode Island.

Rachel, 26, Oakland
One time, a friend of mine decided that we should deep-fry White Castle cheeseburgers from the grocery store. It went pretty much as expected, we breaded them and put them in the deep fryer. They were pretty gross, and they tasted good at the time because we were absolutely wasted, but retrospectively speaking, I didn't really respect myself when I did it.

Barker, 33, Oakland
A nasty sewage-soaked sock that landed on the floor while my band was playing, and then I picked it up and covered the microphone because it was shocking me, but it was dripping a bit, and there was a screw and some gum stuck to it. I didn't swallow it, but some of the dripping got in my mouth.

Alex, 33, Oakland
I was riding an Amtrak train the other day, and I dropped these fries I was eating between the trains on those weird metal plates, and I ate them after I picked them up off the ground.



Charlie, 24, Oakland
My mother left a box of oatmeal in our cupboard for three years, and one day I got a bit hungry. It was a bit dark, and after I cook it, I take a bite and there's a crunchiness to it, and so I turn on the lights and see maggot things crawling around.

Ben, 29, Oakland
Sweettooth's urine, in what I thought was a full beer on the kitchen counter.

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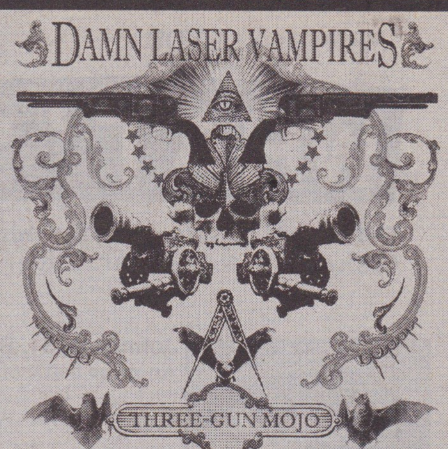

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scene report

By Max. S

While the state of Delaware has never boasted a large or immediately recognizable punk and hardcore scene, it has been home to several talented bands over the years and this brief report intends to document them in print, as well as expound on some of our better scene related attractions. Given Delaware's close proximity to large cities such as Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York, it isn't hard to see great shows regularly or find like-minded people to cohort with, and this fact makes our own lack of resources, for right or wrong, far less critical.

Throughout the 1980s, Delaware featured a number of punk and hardcore bands, the most prominent being Rude Awakening, Your Worst Nightmare, the Stiffs, Infection and FVK/EMG. Local performance spots were largely relegated to basements and the odd VFW or fire hall, but several zines were in circulation and a hardcore themed radio show aired regularly on WMPH. Although none of these bands were as prolific or well known as their counterparts in places such as Washington DC and New York, and all would disband by the early 1990s, most of them toured, released music and received favorable write ups from *Maximum Rocknroll's* Tim Yohannan and other leading zine writers of the time.

In 1991, Jade Tree records was founded in Wilmington by Darren Walters and Tim Owen and while not a locally-focused label, brought a new level of attention to the state by releasing music from larger East Coast bands such as Lifetime, Kid Dynamite and Jets To Brazil. Around the same time, a small but respectable local scene was developing with bands such as Jake and the Stiffs, Plow United and Boysetsfire, all of whom would go on to release several albums each and tour frequently throughout the decade.

Over the years, venues have come and gone, with most organizers citing noise complaints and police presence as their reason for closure, and the rapid gentrification of Wilmington and Newark has not helped either. An independent production company called Project Unity has been organizing all-ages shows in a variety of different genres for nine years at the Harmony Grange in Pike Creek (located at 3201 Limestone Rd, Wilmington, DE) and hold punk and hardcore shows on occasion. In the past, the hall has hosted bands such as the Soviettes, Smoke or Fire, and the Epoxies. From 2007 to 2009, an all-ages performance space known as The Spot was holding regular shows but since its closure, the main venues to see good shows from local and touring punk and hardcore bands are either at private houses or bars such as Mojo 13 in Wilmington (located at 1706 Philadelphia Pike Wilmington, DE 19809-1543: 302-798-5798) and Mojo Main in Newark (located at 270 East Main Street, Newark, DE 19711). Both venues are owned by the same people and have booked performances from the Queers, Pissed Jeans, the Ray Gradys, Star Fucking Hipsters, Morning Glory, Wombat In Combat and Mischief Brew.

The best shops to purchase music and the latest issue of *Maximum Rocknroll* from are Rainbow records in Newark (located in the back of Switch Skate & Snow at 54 East Main Street: 302-368-7738) and Bert's Music and Video in Wilmington (located at 2501 Concord Pike: 302-478-3724). The longest running local zine, which ceased operations several years ago, was published by a writer named Callye Morrisey under the name "Dotti Horror." Aside from sporadic one-offs from the local record label Madison Underground, zines are unfortunately not a thriving medium of communication here in Delaware and radio and web resources are practically non-existent.

Most of the better local bands here happen to lean toward classic, '77-styled punk rock and Ramones-esque pop with a few harder exceptions. Some of these include: the Headies, Tit Patrol, the Adelies, Ba-Durr, Hot Toddy & the Wilmington Wastoids, Tragic Johnson, Oh Shit!, Holy Dirt, Car Crusher, Turned Off, Stiff Middle Finger, Rant & Riot, and Angry Family. In 2008, Nathan Gray of Boysetsfire formed a new, more traditional punk band called the Casting Out who to date have released two albums and performed with a number of notable bands, including the Bouncing Souls and the Lawrence Arms. The band is currently on hiatus while Boysetsfire undertakes a series of reunion shows in 2011.

Politics and activism aren't common aspects of the scene here, so in the future it would be nice to see more local bands explore serious issues in their music, as well as place greater emphasis on hardcore for balance. It is also important for touring bands to make an effort in scheduling Delaware more frequently, as there are many people here willing and able to accommodate them. For more information on: Jade Tree records, Project Unity, Mojo 13, Mojo Main and all of the bands mentioned in this piece, please search them on Facebook.

Note: (photo of Rainbow Records courtesy of rainbow-online.com.)

DEMOKHRATIA

There are some important encounters in one's life, and to me, meeting with the Demokhratia people is one of them. Sometimes the punk scene seems to be like a sort of protected club for Western outcasts from (most of the time) rich countries, not a bad thing for itself, but at some point I was missing the radical and political energy that led me to get into punk at first. When I heard about Demokhratia through their 7" (Bled El Petrol Takoul Lekhra = "We're an oil country but we eat shit") out on Tian an Men 89 and Darbouka records, their music (fast hardcore influence by Spazz, Seein' Red etc...) and radical lyrics kicked my ass. The problem is that they are from Algeria, so it was likely that we wouldn't have the chance to see them live even though they're living right across Mediterranean sea. So what? Fuck their borders! We decided to contact them and organize a small tour for them in Europe in April 2010. It was a bit of a nightmare to obtain visas for everyone but we finally made it happen (thanks to everyone involved in France, Belgium, Netherlands, Spain and to Charlotte the great truck driver). This interview was done in Algiers with singer and bass player (no names used here for obvious reasons) after the tour in February 2011, right after some small riots burst out in Algeria. While a series of small demonstrations, mostly led by human rights groups and one small opposition party, were heavily repressed by the Bouteflika's government. Demokhratia are still active in Algeria as well as the other punk band As We Fuck from Kabylia. They will be playing some shows this summer in France and have scheduled another tour in Europe in 2012.

Interview by Silvain, translated from French by Mathilde.

Pictures from Demokhratia's European tour.

MRR: How did you come across punk and hardcore? And what attracted you to that type of music? How did you function as a band?
D1: At first, I guess in 2006, we started practicing with two friends in a YMCA and we came up with two or three songs. But we didn't really know why it sounded like punk, because we didn't even know about punk's existence. After that, we had about five songs and played two or three gigs. Later on, through the internet and internet radio, we discovered the American scene. And then we started to know where we wanted to head musically. We realized that we had found what we were trying to reach when we first started playing. We were mostly listening to metal at first, but we never really were totally okay with it. So that's how it started. In 2007, we started Demokhratia and changed the line up. We started practicing with two other dudes. Then recorded six songs, put them on MySpace. This guy from Darbouka, Fred, said he was into it...
D2: Actually Luc contacted us first and offered us to release 500 copies of those six songs. It was more like a demo. He offered to record some more songs, so it'd come up to a twelve minute record or so. So we recorded twelve songs at a friend's. We were really inspired so it was pretty easy. Later on, we got our 500 copies, went on tour and now we're trying to write more songs so we can release something else during the spring.

MRR: Punk is not a really common music in Algeria and in Maghreb in general, so why did you guys focus on that kind of music and not on hip hop or Rai, that are more common styles of music here? Do you think it would make it easier to spread a political message or anything you guys want to talk about with that kind of more mainstream music?
D1: Because we discovered punk and loved it! And apparently we ain't so bad at doing our thing. I don't know but for a lot of people it's like a natural choice. We didn't choose this music and say, "we want to do this, and make it sound like this." It came pretty naturally. It could have been hip-hop or anything else.
D2: A lot of people think that because it's Algeria, it'd be more natural to choose music styles like Rai... But as kids we never listened to Rai, we listened to hip-hop and as teenagers listened to metal. So it seems pretty natural that if you want more than that, you end up playing punk.

MRR: You said it's natural but at the

same time you said metal didn't fulfill you... I don't think that everyone that once listened to metal in Algeria starts playing punk, so why did you guys get into punk after listening to metal?
D1: I think it's mostly because at some point in time, metal kids were starting to be way too much into techniques. I guess we wanted to show that to say something, to express yourself, you don't really need crazy equipment or intense talent and huge technical skills to do something and have fun and share something with people around you. And I think punk really fits that kind of thinking. When you're tired with that entire rock star attitude, I think that automatically you end up falling into punk.
D2: Yes, it's just that at some point, metal was just not enough; too much rock star attitude and not enough political involvement. We wanted so much more. And we didn't feel like wearing the clothes we were supposed to and listening to music just for the sake of listening to music. We needed more, more political involvement and mostly the need to share ideas and thoughts with people. I don't think we'd have been able to do that in the metal scene. That's it.

MRR: You said you discovered the American punk hardcore scene listening to radios on the internet, so what would you say were your influences, music, literature or cinema?
D1: Personally, the first thing I remembered is Migra Violenta. At this time, we used to download tons of music. It was whenever we started having high speed internet in Algeria and everyone was going crazy with downloads. We'd do the same and download like crazy, enormous quantities of music. And some compilations, mostly grind and death metal, I found an album by Migra Violenta. I remembered that was the first thing that really blew my mind and I remember it very precisely; after that, I just started looking for more bands like that, like Los Crudos and all...
D2: For me, I found bands from the hardcore American scene from the '90s, Los Crudos, Infest and a lot of Californian bands. So many bands that I really like!

MRR: Since you started your band have you had any contact, through the internet or else, with other bands, collectives outside of Algeria?
D1: Well there's no one in Algeria. And as far as collectives, besides La France Pue (French collective), we don't really have many contacts. But there are a couple of bands that we have contact with. Mostly talking through MySpace, exchanging ideas about music, discovering new stuff. It's mostly on MySpace though.
D2: Since we did our European tour, we are in contact with a lot of bands. And we kept in contact with some people that keep offering to organize tours and gigs for us. For example, one guy from Mexico wrote us and said that if we happened to be in Mexico, he'd really be into putting on three or four gigs for us out there or that he would love to come here in Algeria with his band. Before we went on tour that never happened.

MRR: That's really interesting actually that guy that offers to come to Algeria and play. Were there ever previously foreign punk bands coming to Algeria?
D1: No, never. Some foreign metal bands came here to play but that was during the glory years of metal here in Algeria. It was easier to organize shows at that time, now it's getting more and more difficult.

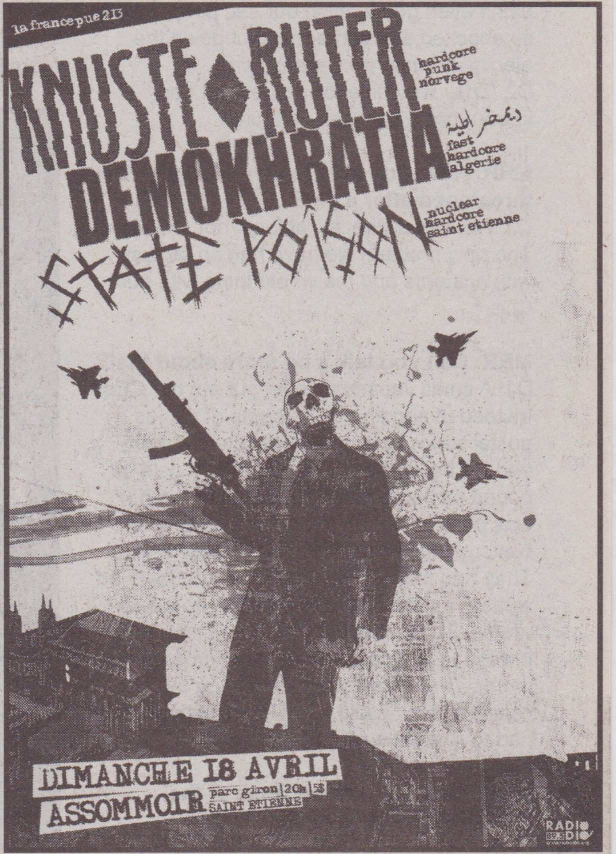
MRR: Concerning you guys and other punks in Algeria...
D1: I don't know that there are any...

MRR: You guys play a kind of music that's pretty aggressive, you didn't choose to play melodic punk rock, and you have real radical political statements. So in a country dominated by Islamic fundamentalism and an authoritarian regime, how do you manage to play shows and make people discover your band?
D2: Whenever we get to play, the name of our band never appears on posters or flyers. We don't get announced and we never mention the name of our band. We play totally anonymously.

MRR: Yeah, you have to mention that the name of your band is the contraction of two words: democracy and shit.
D1: And shit, yes. Basically, we can get into some real trouble just because of the name of our band. I'm not even talking about the title of the songs. So we try as much as we can not to have our name announced. So most of the rare times we do get to play, we usually squat the stage at metal shows. Since we know the guys who organize, they let us play. Most of the time, those bands let us play because they play on our equipment, even though they don't really like us getting on stage because they're scared they might get in trouble. Because we speak in Algerian, everybody can understand our lyrics. Plus we definitely do not use any metaphors.

MRR: And do you ever organize shows?
D1: We try to organize but the problem is the lack of gig space. We're having a hard time finding venues. People who manage to organize must have really good networks. We try but we can never find venues. At the same time, just introducing ourselves, like "Hey we're this punk band, would you let us rent your space so we can put on a show?" Usually places for rent are way too expensive and places that could be affordable really don't want to rent to us.

MRR: How many gigs have you played in Algeria?
D1: Five or six total with Demokhratia.



With our other band and Demokhratia, we probably played a total of nine or ten shows. We only get to play with metal bands. It's like that all the time. But since we got back from the European tour, lots of people have been really curious to see us. So some bands contacted us saying they wanted to do a little Algerian tour playing in YMCAs, so we squatted their tour. Not announcing we were playing because most of the people didn't want to take such a risk.

MRR: What does it mean to take such a risk?
D2: It just means that they are not willing to take a chance. Honestly I don't even know if there is a risk. It's more like people feel like they could be taking a risk, maybe just self-censoring themselves. If we play on our own, I doubt a lot of people will show up, so we have to play with other bands.

MRR: When you play, what's the public like? Are there people interested in what you guys are doing? Are there people interested in punk in Algeria? Are there any girls in the public?
D1: I think there is just so little happening for youth in Algeria that it's mostly the same people coming for us or going to metal gigs or supporting rock bands. Last time a kid came up to me asking me when we'd play a next show because he said he was tired of seeing the same shitty bands. He said that he was happy seeing us play live, because that day there were like two bands playing—one was doing grunge covers, the other one the Beatles covers. And Demokkratia was trying to play there too. That night we didn't even get to finish our set, people were so shocked that someone shut down the electricity while we were playing.
D2: They were like too scared of I don't know what. Yeah, self-censored...

MRR: Have you ever been directly threatened after a gig?
D1: No, never directly, at least not until now. The only problem we have had so far was with customs and the whole thing with our CDs.

MRR: Can you talk a bit more about that?
D1: A small Japanese label put out our CDs. Instead of sending us a couple of copies by postal services so we could listen to them and it'd be kind of discreet, he sent us a 12 pound package with 200 copies in it. So I was called in for an interview by Algerian customs and I got lucky to get away with it. They had made a spelling mistake, they had written another first name on the notice to attend. So whenever I got there I told them it wasn't me since it wasn't my name on the paper. They threatened me saying that if it was me, they would open an investigation. I had to swear I wasn't that person.

MRR: And that was because of the content of the records?
D1: Yes. They opened the package and the records in front of me. They asked me what it was, saying that was politics. They said that if these were mine, I was going to be in deep shit, that they would have to call the military security. So I had to sign a paper that this package wasn't mine since it wasn't addressed to me and left all the records behind. So they ended up being seized. And I know that since then, they keep an eye on my mail. So that's the only threat we have had so far. But during gigs, it's okay because people that could get us in trouble don't really see the difference between us and any metal bands.
D2: If I can add something...I don't think our only threats could come from the State or the police, but also religious people or any people. What we sing about, what our lyrics talk about, there could be people at gigs who disagree. We could get lynched by those people.

MRR: Yes, for example that song "Fascislamist", I guess the government wouldn't care.
D1: Yes, that's the problem we're encountering with our band. We're really stuck between the State and the people.

MRR: You say that it's a problem for Demokhratia, it's a problem for a young Algerian punk but it's also a problem for Algerian youth. How do you see the daily life of a young Algerian trapped in all that bullshit?
D2: We are trapped by the government and trapped by religious fanatics. Most of them adapt by trying not to confront directly religious freaks, trying not to question religion, not to question social morality. I guess that's the biggest thing here is morality. If you live your life without questioning and criticizing openly morality, you should be alright. But if you want to really live your life the way you want, then you're in deep shit and you'll have to struggle.
D1: Very few people here in Algeria dare to question religion. Because of our main problem in our daily life, it's not only the State oppression or poverty, it's mostly the power of religion. And very few people dare to defy it, but at least question it. For example, since you guys got here, I can't see my girlfriend at night. And if I can't see her at night, that's because of morality. The State doesn't have anything to do with it—it's only religion and tradition. The fact that I can't live with her, it's not because of the State, it's all because of religion. Very few people see that. You can see all the revolutions going on right now in Middle East, imagine that tomorrow we're all rich, that we're able to spread wealth fairly among everyone and that everyone's wealthy...it won't change anything unless we fight religion. And that's the same for all countries in Middle East, Arabs won't be free unless we fight religion.

MRR: There's been a wave of revolutions in Maghreb and Middle East countries, actually it started with riots in some districts of Alger. So how do you explain the fact that those riots didn't spread in Algeria? How do you see the immediate and not so immediate future of Algeria? Are there any anti-authoritarian movements in Algeria that you feel connected with?
D1: Honestly there are no anti-authoritarian movements in Algeria that I feel close to. Because every time you think you meet a

movement that you feel kind of linked with, as soon as you start going into depth, you realize that there are tons of taboos, there's a lot of morality, there are tons of things that cannot be criticized.

D2: With every circle, it's always the same, there are always issues with religion. We are really against religion and we always end up creating more enemies for ourselves. People don't dare to be against religion and morality. And until we can reach the point where people are ready to question, criticize and fight religion and morality, there won't be a true revolution. And concerning Algeria, I don't think this country will go through the same kind of revolutions as Tunisia, Libya or Egypt. The typical Algerian is way more scared and fearful. Those countries didn't live October 5th 1988 and whatever happened after that.

MRR: Can you tell us what happened on that day?

D2: After the hunger riots as the media called them—by the way the media always gives totally fucked up names, as if the Algerian people were just hungry and were starving and struggling to eat. But we know that's not the issue... In October 1988, there were lots and lots of riots that ended up with several hundred deaths. The Algerian government didn't hesitate to shoot directly at young demonstrators. And after that, we lived through ten years of terrorism—fanatic religious terrorism. So that's still really present in people's minds. People feel that if we get rid of the State, we'll automatically end up with radical Muslim terrorists who will take control. So Algerian youth can't really decide. They're fed up with the State but don't want to end up with fundamentalism. They feel like there's no solution. They hate the State but feel like they can't really get rid of the State that protects them from fundamentalism. And they don't want to get rid of religion because morality prevents them from that. Everything is made so the Algerian can't think about his future and can't question anything. Just live day-to-day life and that's it.

MRR: It's the same story with the Kabyle movement?

D2: Yes. In 2001 a movement of revolt started in Algeria. It was supposed to be a revolt of the Algerian people that started in the Kabyle region. The government was so good at manipulating popular opinion, especially the people from Alger, in the center of the country. People from the Kabyle region wanted to come and demonstrate here in Alger and finish their march in front of the People's Palace. The State manipulated the people from Alger by telling them that Kabyles were coming in the capital to break everything, break their houses, their cars! So not only did the Kabyles get beaten up by cops, but before that they had already being beaten up by the people from Alger. I think that this rivalry has been going on for some time now. Even before the independence, there was that regionalism. It's probably even worse and stronger now.

D1: Yeah, the State did everything to separate Kabyles people from the people from Alger. The Algerian State has always been very good at manipulating people—infiltration of demonstrations by DRS.

MRR: What's DRS?

D1: It's the Algerian Secret Service who always infiltrates demonstrations. They hire thugs who start rioting in the middle of protests.

MRR: Is this rivalry between Kabyles and Algerians still accurate? In the latest protests organized by the opposition, especially on Saturdays, there are people saying that Kabyles people are the ones committing violence in those protests.

D2: Yes it's always been like that. And this manipulation works out so well that a lot of Algerians really believe that their only true enemies are Kabyles people. They believe that Kabyles want to take over and control all Algeria.

D1: For example, there is that newspaper... most of their articles are just stirring up racial hatred between Arabs and Kabyles. This newspaper is massively read throughout Alger. For example, in that newspaper you can read articles saying that the Kabyles people originally come from a Jewish tribe and saying that Jews are our enemies. That comes out in a newspaper, actually the main newspaper read by tons of young people, written in not such a literary Arabic so less educated people can understand it. And that stirs up racial hatred. It's large-scale manipulation. The division with Kabyles people, it's not the only division. The State knows how to use any division to manipulate people. That's why there can't be unity. For example, in any country, the students unite and are a powerful part of society, because they are a huge number. Especially here! But there will never be any kind of unity, because you different sides of Muslim fanatics, then Kabyles, then people from Alger and then the rest, students who don't care and don't want to be part of those groups. So even if students needed to gather and fight for a common cause, like for example getting a scholarship raise, that will never happen. You will never see fanatics coordinate protest with Kabyles, etc... So that's the greatest success of the Algerian State, division of the people.

MRR: So you've mentioned that newspaper which claims that Kabyles are descendants of the ancestral enemies, the Jews. If I'm correct, you guys want to release a record with a band from Israel?

D1: Yes we're in contact with this band from Israel called Mondo Gecko. We've asked them to do a split together. So all we've got to do is record a couple of songs and send them, because they are the ones putting out this record. Apparently there are a lot of small labels that are interested in releasing and distributing that record. And we're happy to do that because we know that's our chance to piss off a lot of people. Because for people from Alger, to be talking to a Jew...

D2: Not a Jew you mean an Israelite...

D1: Well most of those people don't even know the difference! For them, if you speak with someone that speaks Hebrew, then you're the enemy! And because of that, we

will probably be banned forever here.
D2: Even by the people that come to our gigs because they won't understand. We really realized the difference when we were on tour between the European anti-fascist scene and people here that sound like progressives. Yes here, we are miles away from truly understanding what is fascism, what is anti fascism...

MRR: Or the difference between a Zionist, a Jew and an Israelite?
D2: Yes. For example, if you go to Israel, then you lose the right to Algerian citizenship and you're not allowed to come back to Algeria.

MRR: So you're not thinking of touring Israel tomorrow?!
D2: No, not really! So yeah, if one day, we never want to come back here, all we have to do is go to Israel!
D1: I don't even know if as an Algerian, the Israelite customs would let us in. I know some Algerians went there but I don't know how they went through customs. I know it's really difficult!

MRR: I know that you have this other project to release another split with this half Kabyle band called As We Fuck. Besides that band and yours, are these the only punks in Algeria?
D1: Yes, we're the only two bands that do punk and that are punks. There's also that band that we get along with, they are a metal core band called String Horror. So we all try to help each other out with equipment, gigs, etc. For example, it's that band that called us last time to say that they were playing a gig and that we should ride along so we could play once they're done! So yes, these are all the bands in Algeria.

MRR: So that's like what? Ten, fifteen people?
D1: Yes not even!

MRR: Can you explain why you made the choice to sing in Algerian?
D1: Yes, that's something that I was really committed to. Because that's one of the main problem with Algerians is that since you're a kid, the language you speak in the street, the language you speak at home, the one you speak at school and the one that's on TV, they are all different! Like really different. At school, you learn literary Arabic, in the streets people speak Algerian. You can, for example, speak Arabic and not understand a word of Algerian. The only thing is that Algerian is not recognized as an official language. Even though most of the people don't speak French or Arabic, but Algerian.

MRR: When is French used?
D1: In the administration and at the University. So here if you speak and understand French, you won't have any problems. For example you can do paperwork yourself. And if you speak Arabic, you can get away with things too. But if you only know Algerian because you've never have the chance to learn French or Arabic, then you're in deep shit because that means that you only speak a language that's not recognized. That's why we decide to sing in Algerian—in a language that's our own and that should be recognized and have an official existence. That's why I think it's important to sing in Algerian.
D2: Also because we sing in Algerian that means that we can be understood by most of the people here. When we started the band, we didn't want to sing in English and to be known and heard by people abroad. We didn't care for that, we only cared about being heard here. We wanted to change things here first!

MRR: Talking about Algerian issues, your 7" between the cover and two songs, it talks a lot about oil! Not even mentioning the fact that it's a vinyl record so it's made out of oil.
D2: I guess that's one of our biggest frustrations. A country that has that much oil but where people are that poor. It's a big frustration and I think there will be more songs talking about that.
D1: But I think that oil is an international issue. We talk a lot about it because we are surrounded by oil, but I think that's something that pisses off everyone, everywhere.

MRR: Yes, that's a big contradiction. It's a producing country.
D1: And people eat shit! Yes, that sums it up! When you realize that there is that much wealth and that much ignorance and poverty at the same time...

MRR: You mentioned your European tour. So besides all the hassle trying to get your visas and all the paperwork bullshit, what were you looking forward to when you were planning that tour?
D1: Till the end, we were really not sure it could happen!

MRR: But when you found out it would happen, what were your expectations?
D1: Well it felt like the big unknown so I guess we didn't really have any precise ideas. Before that, we had never been out of the country. We had never traveled so we were really clueless!
D2: Listening to punk on CDs or on the internet and seeing punk live, seeing bands, seeing how scenes function, seeing how people get involved to make things work, that was a great experience! It was something really important for us and I guess it really changed us! It changed our point of view on punk and on everything. Because we really saw that punk was built by people for people! That the State or any other structures had nothing to do with that. To see that if punk existed it was only because of the punks involvement. That people love it so much that they were doing everything they could to make it happen! I think it gave us hope. Because here in Algeria, people feel like they constantly need the help of the State for any cultural activity. So yes, this gave us hope.
D1: But I guess it's hard to understand that until you've seen it. For example, even though we knew about the punk movement, until then, we had a hard time imagining it. Like we knew about DIY but we had never imagined it was that powerful! I think you really have to see it to be able to understand it.

MRR: I remembered that you explained

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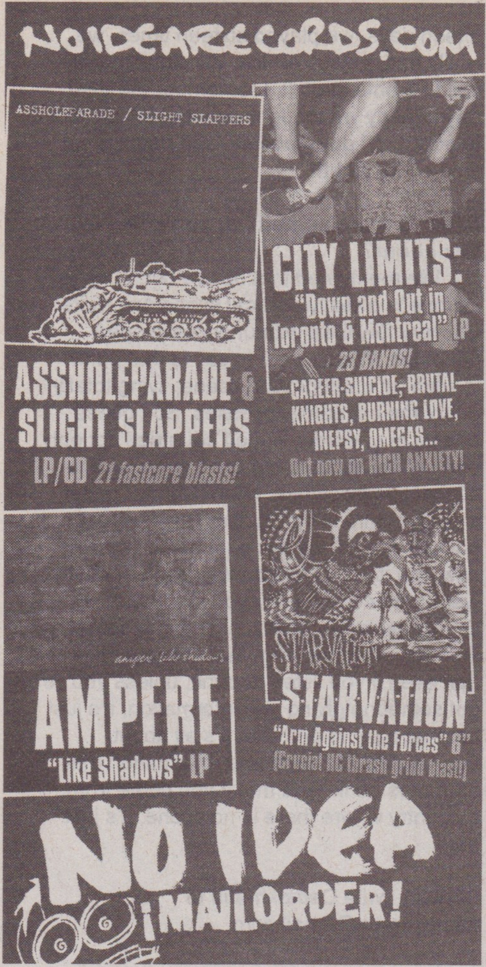
that friends of yours and people you know had a hard time believing you, believing the fact that you guys did that.
D1: Yes, I guess the funniest story is that one time one of my friends asked me "how did the tour go?" telling me that people thought we had left on tour on our own, on an adventure, without any plans or anyone to help us out. They were saying that we had started to play outside in random cities and that one British person offered to organize gigs for us in Norway and Sweden. I heard somebody else said that we were sleeping outside starving to death. Yes, people really had a hard time understanding that people were organizing shows, giving us great food, a place to sleep every night. I guess it was just inconceivable for them!
D2: Yes. I guess people don't suspect that such a scene exists. When you live here, you're just disconnected from the rest of the world! I think we mentioned that before to you, that's it's too bad that there are no movies or documentaries, at least mainstream, that show what punk is about. So even for us, we had a hard time realizing that such a scene was out there!

MRR: There are a few movies but I guess they are probably not distributed here.
D2: Yes. I guess they just don't make it that far. Because we were able to listen to some obscure bands but never found movies that tell you how those scenes work and how this whole thing works out. And I think it's a pity that punks should really promote themselves for underdeveloped countries.
D1: I don't know that those kids have the time for that, they are already pretty busy!
D2: Yes, I know but still I think that would be something to think about.

MRR: Since you had only played a few times in Algeria before that tour, how did it feel to play a show every night during two weeks? Wasn't it too hard?
D1: No. Before we went on tour, we had only played once in Algeria and then in fifteen days, we played sixteen times, we really had a blast. At first, we didn't feel like we'd be able to do it, I remember the third day already we thought we wouldn't be able to play, but I guess we did and had a great time every night!

MRR: Is there something you'd like to talk about?
D2: We mentioned that before but, punk in Europe is a really political scene and there are very few links with underdeveloped countries. What I want to say is that punk is such an underground scene, living totally out of mainstream processes. So I guess people in underdeveloped countries not only don't know about it, but can't even dare to suspect its existence. I don't know, I guess it's just communication. But since we got back from tour, we talk a lot about what we saw. But it would just be way cooler if there were better communication mediums.
D1: To explain what it's all about to someone that doesn't come from that scene, I think that even if you listen to punk, unless you've got someone giving you information, it's just not that easy to get what it's all about.
D2: There's just such little information that promotes punk. And that if you come from a country where there is no scene, it's just hard.

Contact: write Demokhratia to demokhratia@gmail.com



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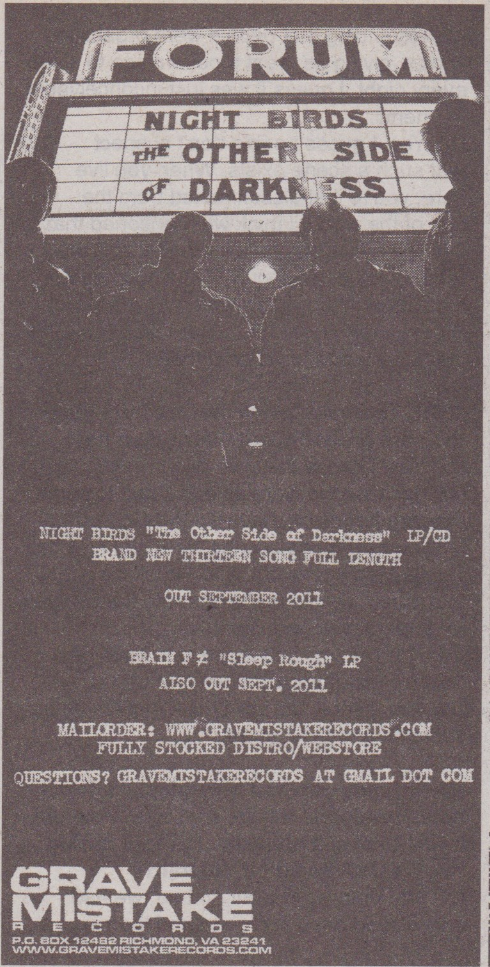

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GG KING

Here in Georgia, we miss the Carbonas. Since their breakup, GG King has provided Atlantans with their nostalgia fix. But a change in direction, something unsettling behind the sped up hooks and slurred vocals, now has us looking forward rather than backward. GG King has finally moved out from under the Carbonas' shadow, colonizing new ground as well as the spacey space above it. The emerging music is dark and maladjusted to society, and that's because GG King's romping adolescent phase is over. It has become a wild creature, the last of its forgotten race, roaming the starlit hillsides, shrieking in bloodthirsty confusion, and bearing omens to those who can unravel them. The group's latest release, Esoteric Lore, is a product of this rabid psyche, yet throughout its apocalyptic wandering, the record maintains the trademark catchiness that made the singles great. And they rule live! That's because for the last few years Mr. King has been assembling a dream team, snatching members from their jobs in morgues and burrito stands. Now that this team is complete, GG King is an unwieldy live act—rapid, intense ack ack amidst a wall of noisy punk. It's raw, badass, a little haunting, and—fuck it—better than the Carbonas. The band now consists of Greg-vocs, Chris-bass, Clay-guitar, Will-guitar, and Ryan-drums. Dramatic intro and interview by Ryan "Dinosaur" Bell, answered by Greg King and Chris Van Etten. Photos by Tim Song.

MRR: Your new LP was recorded in many different sessions, why did you choose this approach?

Greg: When I started the recordings for the LP I hadn't even remotely written the whole thing yet. Basically I would just come up with two or three songs, decide who was going to play on them, and record them. In some instances I went into it with unfinished stuff, just rough sketches of songs and we'd flesh 'em out during the process.

MRR: Is this the ultimate GG King lineup? Who will be replaced next and why?

Greg: No, the ultimate GG King lineup will be when I fire myself from the band and put Clay in charge. I would like to see what he would do to ruin my name, because I know he secretly hates me. Anyhow, the lineup we have now is the strongest one yet, so I hope to keep it going. But the band is basically designed to follow whatever bullshit musical whims I happen to have, and in theory, if someone can't do it anymore we'll just plug someone else in their place. If I move to another town I can get entirely new musicians and still feel comfortable calling it GG King. Ego Punk!

MRR: You titled your LP *Esoteric Lore*. What mythologies/cosmogonies do you subscribe to, or have you created your own?

Greg: Oh, you must have misunderstood. *Esoteric Lore* refers to the box of *Mad*, *Cracked*, *Metal Forces*, *Kick Ass*, etc. magazines that are rotting in our practice space. After practice we flip through them and quiz each other. Chris Van Etten knows a lot of things about Al Jaffee that would actually surprise you.

Chris: I've already had someone come up to me and rant about the Illuminati because of the LP title. I think he may have been serious because he really went off on conspiracy theory shit. I know what to do if someone asks if you are a god. I don't know what to do when someone asks if you're in the Illuminati.

MRR: How did you feel about the breakup of the Carbonas? Did you consciously break from your previous songwriting style in any way?

Greg: By the time the Carbonas actually broke up, the band had totally run its course and it wasn't a whole lot of fun anymore, so I felt pretty okay about it. As far as the songwriting goes, in the beginning I used some songs/ideas that were meant for the Carbonas, so there was an obvious similarity there. But overall it would be kind of dumb to break up one band to start another that sounds exactly the same.
Chris: I think it would have been cool to do a modest recording with the last lineup, if anything, just to see what it would sound like, but it's not a big deal. It kind of sucks that we can't milk "ex-Carbonas" as much as we used to.

MRR: How do you see yourselves as a band? What is your band self-image? What is your band body image?
Chris: I think people who are used to seeing us locally probably see us as more of a "band" band, i.e., group, while people who have just heard the records may think of it as just Greg, which makes sense considering the circumstances. I give our band body image a B minus; above average, but just barely.

MRR: Your LP is a bit different than the singles that came before. Care to elaborate?
Greg: Well, this "band" began very haphazardly/half-assedly. Like I said before, we began operating on leftover scraps from the Carbonas that I thought were worth getting recorded. So I guess you could view the singles as the transition stage between my old band and what's going on now. I always find it interesting when bands subtly progress into something completely different than what they started out as, like Voivod or the Scorpions for instance.

MRR: Chris, explain how you learned slap bass, and why you keep it a secret?
Chris: It's no secret. When I started playing bass, you were expected to slap and pop. *Everyone* knew how to play "Higher Ground." It was how you were supposed to show you were good. 311 was dawning. By the end of high school I was free. It was funny talking to a younger friend years later that didn't have to deal with classic funk metal, but knew that shit via the Big Boys and post punk. I've done slap and pop solos as a joke while someone was changing a string or something during our sets, and then I'll find out later that some people took them seriously. I don't get it. I never liked Fishbone.

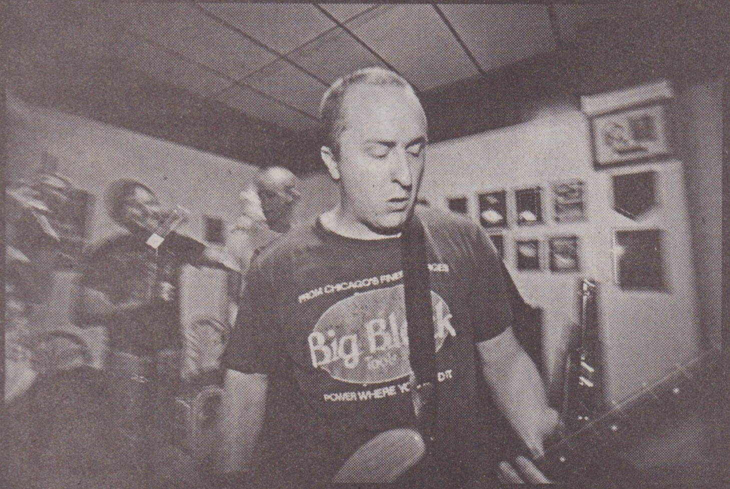
MRR: Greg, you have a record label?
Greg: Yes, and I(Ryan "Dino" from the Bukkake Boys) started a label called Scavenger of Death. We're mostly doing small pressings of 7"s and tapes to document some of the stuff happening in Atlanta nowadays. There's a lot of nepotism involved in this endeavor (we did a GG King LP and Ryan Dinosaur tape, duh). In the future we might do bands from outside Atlanta, or we might not do shit!

MRR: On paper, this band appears differently than they do in the flesh. We have a bilingual international businessman, a real estate appraiser in training, an ex-marine, an accounting major, and an aspiring mortician. How do you explain the difference? What does it mean to you?
Greg: Uh, I guess most people who know us as a band they see on occasion in Atlanta probably just think of us as "those weird old dudes who seem to drink a bit too much," but, yeah we've got personal lives. Gotta pay the bills and playing in a band certainly isn't gonna do it.
Chris: We are strange people and what makes sense to us as individuals might seem illogical, unhealthy or even selfish to others who believe that every aspect of life must correlate comfortably with the next. Our outside lives are our outside lives.

MRR: As a band are you concerned with the local scene or something on a national level?

Greg: The only thing I'm really concerned about is writing songs and recording them. And putting out records of course. I like designing the covers to make sure they convey the visual equivalent of the retardation of the grooves.

Chris: Obviously we want to reach as many people as possible as far out of the way as possible, but we can't go on full tours at this point, so most of the shows we play are local. As far as being part of a certain scene, as in being associated with a certain label, group of bands, or movement, I don't think any of us care about that.



MRR: Favorite music of the moment? New bands please.

Chris: Not counting bands that have been around forever: Otan, Grass Widow, Cola Freaks, and Omegas are all bands I've been listening to recently, and I'm sure I'm forgetting something. I mainly just pursue older shit, and older can mean by five years, because you can't trust new reviews of anything.

Greg: Well, I'm listening to a mix tape while I'm answering these questions and it's got a lot of favorites on it: Darkthrone, Electric Eels, Spike In Vain, the Brats, Riot, Aragorn, Flesheaters, Rik L Rik, blah, blah, blah...a lot of NWOBHM and knuckle dragging punk stuff. As far as newer bands, off the top of my head I've liked stuff by Human Eye, K Holes, Wizzard Sleeve, Bone Awl, Iceage, etc.

MRR: Favorite foods?

Greg: Spaghetti.

Chris: I like rice cakes with tuna out of the can.

MRR: Pets?

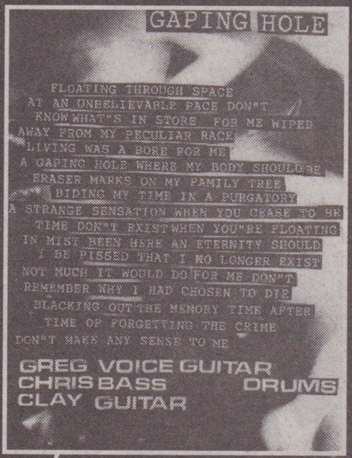
Greg: They shit all over my life.

MRR: Chris, explain Killing Joke's influence over your human development.

Chris: I can't answer that question. Muslims cannot portray Mohammed, and I cannot speak of Killing Joke. I kind of hope they suck in Texas though, just because I'm not going.

MRR: What next? Movie theatre? Grocery store?

Greg: I think I'm gonna start working on another 12". It'll be shorter this time, maybe a little more focused, maybe not. We're talking about doing some shows on the West Coast in the fall/winter. We gotta find a band who'll let us share their equipment, etc. THIS INTERVIEW IS OVER!!!



STATE POISON

State Poison is a multi-cultural and multi-retarded hardcore punk band from **St. Etienne, France**. The band has a so far spawned a **crusty punx CDR demo**, a brilliant **noise-punk EP** with additional tracks from the same session on Mr. Wankys' **A Downtown Noise Punker Volume 3 compilation**, and most recently a multi-layered nearly "progressive" **modern hardcore LP** that is probably a masterpiece. The spirit of **State Poison** is best illustrated by the rushed **State Children flexi cover ripoff** that bears a super-imposed **Nelson Muntz** finger-pointing "HA HA" at the mushroom cloud. **Merde!**

Interview Tony Gunnarsson ♦ **Photos** Chiyori ♦ **Layout** Bloodbubble

MRR: I don't really know much of how you got together and I haven't read any interviews so far with State Poison. Can you say something about the band's history from how you got started to where you are today? Is the band the result of a local punk scene or is it more a reaction to the lack of a local scene?

Brett: I met Skubich when we opened up a squat together soon after I moved to France. I dug his Concrete Sox patch, and he spoke English. I met Befa on tour with the Holy Mountain—he helped with local booking/housing/partying. I met Alex originally through my Frenchy wife, who was good friends with him when they both lived in Paris. I forget exactly how it came up, but I remember being drunk at a gig at the local gig/practice of the time and talk about forming a band came up. Kind of natural. We practiced for the first time, wrote "War is Product" in about ten minutes and I figured I would buy a delay pedal. That place was great. The Saint Etienne music scene was thriving at the time.

Befa: I guess the first song was "Death Makes You Cum," but who cares. Thinking about it now, it's funny we got together cause I never thought doing a band with Alex when we first met in Paris quite ten years ago when he was going to the Squat le 13. That place was insane, they nearly had shows every day at some point. My older bands Vomit for Breakfast, Coche Bomba and Chaos ZZZ were playing there all the time. Also I never thought Brett would live in Saint Etienne when we organized a Holy Mountain gig here and they got mad at the Gauze set list in the room!! After a practice, it kinda felt obvious we all had to do a band together!

Benoît: I met Befa maybe six years ago when I've seen him playing in his crazy-killer other bands. After I've started to organize gigs with him and other people with the La France Pue collective. He's a Japanese hardcore maniac, and as I was really fan of Confuse / Gauze sound, one day he proposed me to play in a new band with Brett the American guy who was living in Saint Etienne for a short while and Alex a French guy I didn't know who was moving back soon from New Zealand and of course, I was ok... As said Brett, we met in a squat in Saint Etienne, this one was evicted, we became good friends, opened a new place and we have lived there for six months in a totally punk as fuck house, really crusty but really funny. Our hometown scene was pretty active, maybe a dozen of punk bands were born the same year and there were already plenty of other bands playing with a punk rock-sound-style. Nowadays it's getting harder to find places to practice and free places for making gigs, but Saint Etienne is maybe one of the best cities for punk rock in France—it has also maybe the shittiest weather, a bit like the UK.

MRR: State Poison is now a 3-piece; do you want to say something about that? Has the dynamics of the band changed?

Brett: Alex was the only one who didn't live in Saint Etienne. He lives in Lyon, about an hour away by train, so it was always kind of difficult to practice. Plus, one more person is one more person worth of bullshit, one more seat in the van, one more plane ticket, one more person to share beer with, etc. When Alex moved indefinitely to Australia, we all mutually agreed to go on as a three-piece. This is great because we can tour by economy car, practice at the drop of a hat, and share a six-pack.

Benoît: In life I think the result is really different because when Brett was just singing he had this habit to dance like a, wow, I don't know the way to describe it but it was like a punch in the face, now it's maybe something more hypnotic and the bass sound is more brutal so the dynamics are still here, it's just different. Maybe we could play again with Alex if one day it's possible—it could be great.

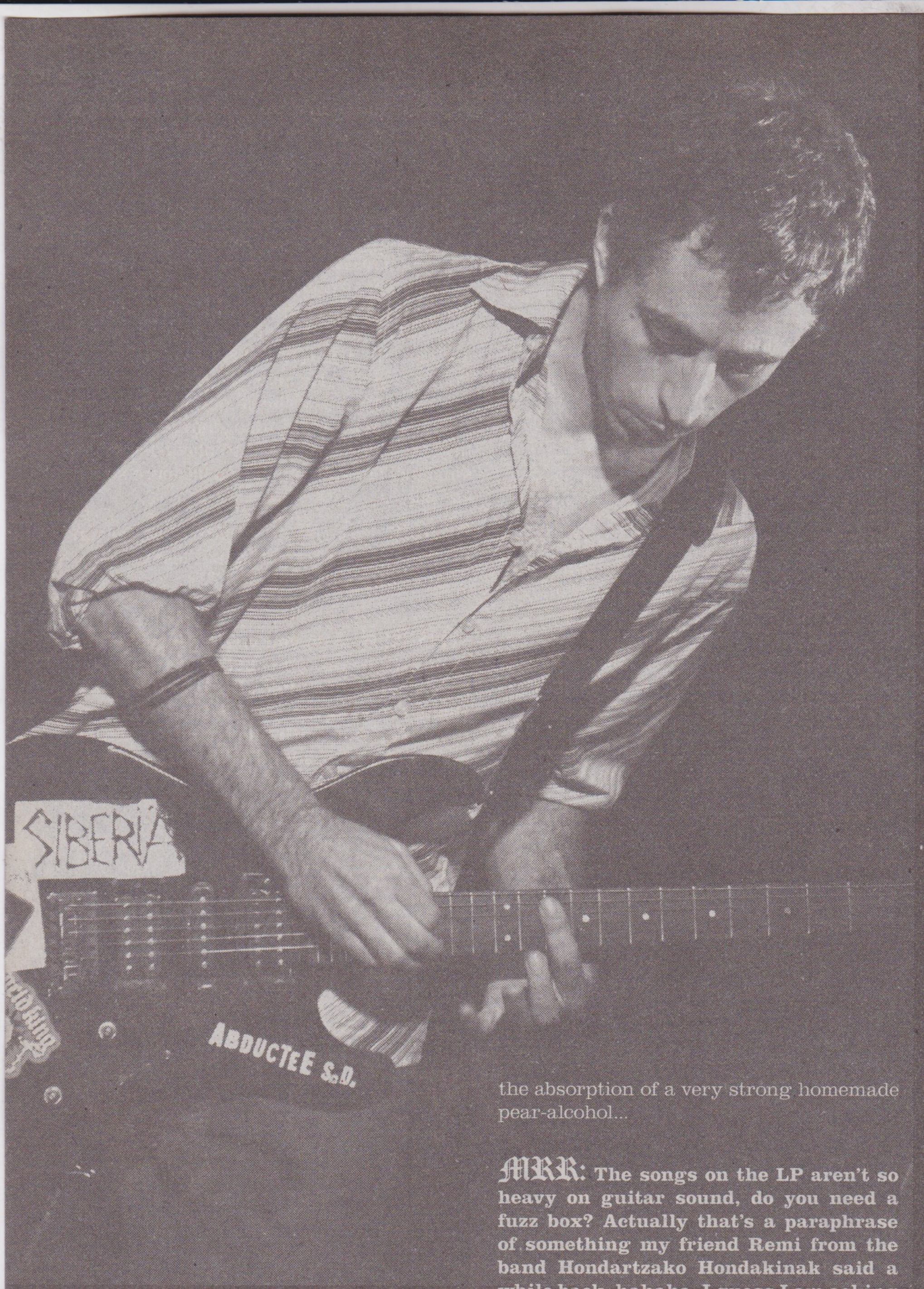
MRR: How do you think the sound of State Poison has developed since you started, from the demo to the 7" and more recently to the LP? Do you think the LP is a bit of a departure in style for the band?

Brett: When we started, the point was to play as simple as possible. Kind of an homage to early hardcore and, at least for me, such a nice change from beaucoup riffage, epic guitar leads and punk songs that last three minutes or more. Now we sometimes border on two minutes and a half. I rarely wrote riffs for State Poison when Alex played bass, and since his departure I write a good number of the riffs. The style also changed out of necessity of me needing to play bass while singing. This means I am a bit more sober, as well.

Benoît: From State Children to Poison Idea maybe... and more Gauze, less Confuse than at the beginning.

MRR: How do you write songs? What inspiration do you bring to making songs? I remember Befa telling me about the song on the LP that everyone calls "the one with the whistle," which is one of those songs that just stick in your mind forever...

Brett: Everyone has brought ideas to the table. We all take our influences from



different areas, but kind of meet on the common love for legendary Japanese hardcore bands. We don't completely agree musically, which throws the riffs that don't please everybody out the window. A good filter that makes it so we can write songs based on what we don't like, rather than trying to stick to a formula.

Befa: Ah... you're talking about "Plus De Sperme" here. Maybe not everyone, but people who got the 12" often mention this song. The whistling thing, it's just a studio thing, we were recording some backing vocals, the tape was running and when we mixed it, it was funny so we kept it! By the way, I accidentally stole the riff to an '80s jappakoa band, the first one who can find which band and song will get a pint wherever he/she meets me !

Benoit: The whistling is the result of the absorption of a very strong homemade pear-alcohol...

MRR: The songs on the LP aren't so heavy on guitar sound, do you need a fuzz box? Actually that's a paraphrase of something my friend Remi from the band Hondartzako Hondakinak said a while back, hahaha. I guess I am asking if it's a conscious decision not to go down the road of having a massively distorted guitar sound that so many other bands have today?

Brett: Maybe the other dudes wanted to start a noizupanku band at the get-go, but I didn't really understand French that well at the time.

Befa: Speak Engrish or die!

Benoit: I have never changed my guitar sound, I still use the same cheap Yamaha guitar with a Boss DS-1 and a Japanese Super Overdrive I've found on the floor but the LP sounds less distorted maybe because we used compressors and all these recording effects/gadgets. I love distortion and if so many bands are using it at level eleven, I don't mind, that's the coolest effect for punk rock! I would like to test a Ring-Modulator pedal effect it seems to sound so crazy. We have seen Remi's band in Bordeaux a few months ago (their unpronounceable name means "beach wastes" in Basque language) that was really funny.

MRR: I know there's English descriptions about your songs on all releases, but here's your chance to explain what the band is about for readers of MRR that may also think that having radical lyrics is part and parcel what hardcore punk is all about. Can you say something about the lyrics to your songs? Are they political? If so, how? If not, why?

Befa: Hmm. I wanted Brett to explain the lyrics in few lines because he sings in broken French and it's not that clear, (yet it's funny) to us, liberty fries eaters. For example that song "Plus de Sperme" means "no more sperm", that stupid French language can be so weird, a word can mean something and it's contrary; so I thought that was important to—shortly—explain the lyrics.

Brett: Lyrics get written like our music: based on things I don't like. At the beginning, "War is Product" was written by Befa. Just "WAR IS PRODUCT!" scratched on a piece of paper. Another idea for a starter was "Police Is Smegma." I had to ask what smegma was, since I am circumcised. For readers who do not know it is cheesy stuff formed by shed skin cells and oils in the foreskin to aid in penetration, contains 26.6% fats and 13.3% proteins and apparently is a source of squalene, an active ingredient in hemorrhoid creams.

Befa: yeah... US readers, not all French people are circumcised, if that's interesting to anyone

Brett: I am a Fox News junky. I even pay one Euro a month to subscribe to it over here in France.
Most of my lyrics come from watching or reading current events and then getting really wasted to get over it. I tried to write a positive, goofy song once, but I couldn't get the vocals right at practice so I changed the lyrics to what is now "Suffocation," which is on the LP. I think about what the lyrics are when I sing. Faking the angry voice sounds dumb.

Benoit: I like Brett's lyrics, for me it's a mix of frengrish and post-apocalyptical/personal raw stuff with bombs, booze, horses, knights, dying children, conspiracy theories, and green toxic slime, that's on your way to know if it's just cynical or political, one thing is sure: that's not poetry and he's not a preacher.

MRR: Tell us about Japan tour! I have seen some photos of State Poison in Japan, and it gave me a lasting impression that yours wasn't the usual Western hardcore band goes to Japan type of tour, with tons of gigs, a mandatory trip to Hiroshima and Punk and Destroy record shop. Instead it seemed like you guys also did some more conventional tourist sightseeing stuff, even a trip to the beach etc. I take it Flowers of Carnage (who also helped to put out the LP) helped arrange the tour?

Brett: Japan was great. We met so many nice and dedicated people and everyone went out of their way to show us the top in hospitality and support. Other than the few days in Hokkaido with the Crude/Mustang dudes, we toured entirely by train and had a welcoming and departure entourage at every station. We did make a few detours (Burning Spirits gig, Hiroshima to meet Sugi, Kyushu Beach) but unfortunately spent most of our tourist hours in the trains. Like any tour, you don't see too much other than clubs, bars and peoples houses.

Befa: It seems like western bands don't play sixteen shows, from Kyushu to Hokkaido, when they tour Japan! That's a shame, cause every place and city we've been to was excellent. I don't know which city I would skip if we had to go back there for a shorter tour. We had four days off, they ended up being a 1400km detour between Matsuyama and Hiroshima to go to Tokyo for that Chelsea memorial gig where Death Side "surprisingly" did a reunion show, a Hiroshima tour and a beer / pizza night with Sugi, a resting day eating the best nigaris at Crude's Hidetoshi house in Hakodate and a day at the beach with our friends Satomi and Momo from Flower of Carnage. Honestly, we needed a rest because beside that, that was 8000+ km in shinkansen and over a hundred bands. But I'm really glad we did it that way. The first time I've been in Japan, it was only Tokyo for two weeks. Sure that was a blast, but I felt frustrated afterwards not seeing anything else in Japan. So that's great we got to play in the four islands! Next time, we'll explore the secret noisecore scene from Okinawa...

Benoît: I'd love to go back there even if the situation after the disaster seems to be really frightening. I hope all the people we've met there won't have any problems (especially in Sendai city and all the north of the country). Hopefully there's some good news from them. Befa said me recently that on the tsunami day, Hidetoshi from Crude had a new child, his third one...

MRR: What about playing in Japan? What bands did you see? Did you see Gauze? What's the difference between playing there versus playing in Europe? Did the punks in Japan know of State Poison before? Why did you not bring a banner with a super-sized band logo?

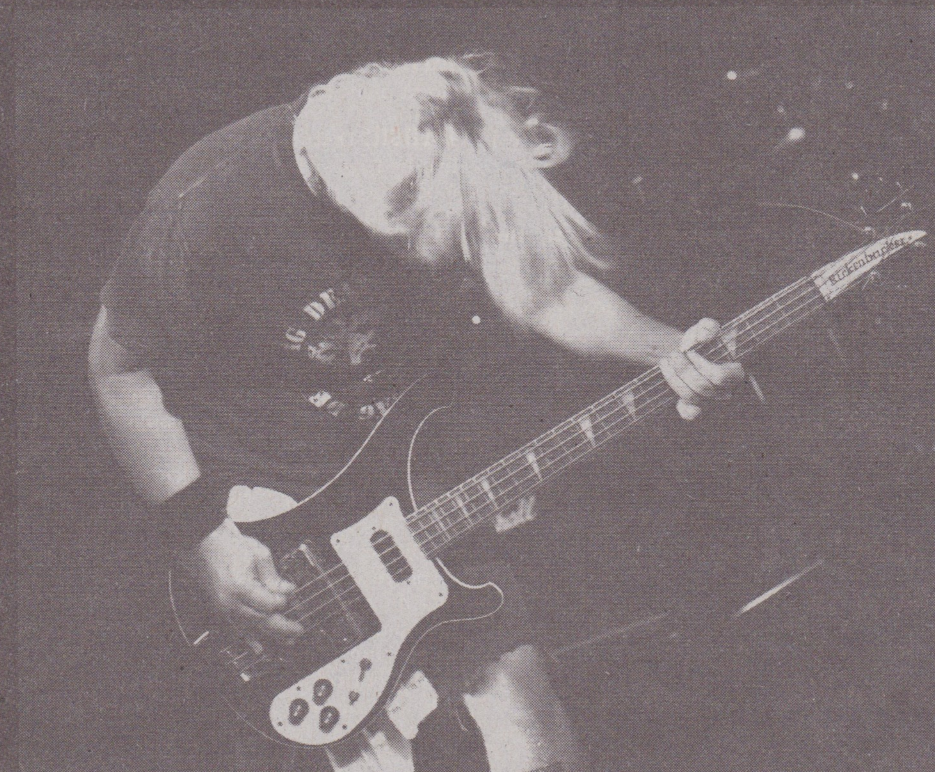
Brett: It was mind blowing how many great bands we saw. Every night was crazy. Every gig space in Japan has a professional stage with monitors and backline, as well as a qualified sound crew. In Europe, gigs are mostly in squats or community centers with the occasional bar, almost all of which has mobile sound systems and makeshift stages. This was the largest difference. Also, it takes a solid few hours to clear a European concert after the bands have finished, where as in Japan you blink and everyone has left the building.

Befa: To me the main difference are the clubs they have in every city are super well equipped with a giant PA and really good sound engineers. Also there's always five local bands minimum that are excellent, to say the least. Namedropping time now, we played with Crude twice, A.I. twice, Slang, Nightmare, Mustang, D-Clone, Isterismo, Crow, Fight Back, Hazard, Reality Crisis, Life, Age, Blowback, Organism, Extinct Government... Oh, and on that first day off, we went to see Tetsu Arrey, Paintbox, Deathside etc.... so Deathside, Nightmare and Slang definitely entered in my top five best hardcore punk gigs ever (Gauze, Tokyo 2004 will remain #1 for a while), relegating Les Thugs, 1996 out of it. My favorite surprise was definitely Skizophrenia from Tsuyama, a small city close to Osaka where the local scene is just amazing and has some of the nicest punk on Earth. Luc from Gasmask Terror wrote on his blog that "Japanese play like their lives depend on it"...that definitely rules for Skizophrenia too! Funny thing is their drummer had a nice present—a home made band logo banner he made for us. That was the second day of the tour and we used it at every gig after!

Brett: We had the pleasure of seeing him multiple times throughout the tour.

Befa: he even took a seventeen hour-long train ride to see our final two shows in Tokyo!! And off course came with us to the airport... Kichigai!!

Benoît: Everything is so different there and there's so many good bands. Every day there was at least five to ten bands playing at each gig and everything was so square. Maybe too much for a dazed guy like me. Some people already knew songs from our seven inch, I was really astonished by that but it seems that in some cities, guys are really open to listening to foreign bands, in record stores I had the feeling that was every record I like. From ultra expensive collector local stuff to really cheap international diamonds. Big up to the Tsuyama and Hakodate punk rockers... Nightmare gig will be forever in my head, so full of anger. Osaka seems to be a really cool city too.



MRR: I've saw you guys play in Reading, just outside of London, when you did that small tour with the Wankys. I hear that the rest of the tour

was pretty wild... I also heard from Mrs. Wanky that Mr. Wanky had you all sleeping in his garden shed, hahahaha. Do you want to say something about playing in the UK?

Befa: Wild? Not that much. Finally that weekend with the Wankys became a three-week tour around Western Europe and the UK. We got to play with some great bands like Destino Final, Warning // Warning, the Wankys (four times), Shitty Limits, Victims, Teratoid, Saviours, Edelweiss Piraten, Atomic Tango.... Everything went fine! Playing in the UK was great. It was a way better experience that the first time I toured there... too bad we won't have the time to go back there before a while.

Brett: The Wankys dudes and Mr. and Mrs. Wanky in particular were fucking great with us. Alex and I definitely slept in the bomb shelter on two bales of hay. It was all aluminum so when the wind picked up it sounded like World War Three. Brutal. We had a great time with them and Skipper.

Benoît: UK... I remember Brett saying "It's like a walking museum," I personally had a lot of fun there, even if I found this country really quiet in terms of punk rock. Thankfully there was M. Wanky, I don't know if we could have slept every night under a roof if he didn't help us. Anyway, I really enjoyed Brighton and Reading.

MRR: What's your relation to the internet?

Brett: Without broadband cable access I would not have Fox News.

Befa: Hooked.

Benoît: Addiction / my job / big brother / wonderful source of information, music and contacts.

MRR: ...and drugs?

Brett: Estranged.

Befa: A giant network.

Benoît: I like it ! Except heroin...

MRR: ...and women?

Brett: Internet, drugs and women? Sounds like Prague.

Befa: Tony... what's that question? Any privacy?

Benoît: Châpiteau (French translation for "schwing" in Wayne's World)

MRR: ...and to France?

Brett: Getting the fuck out of Dodge.

Befa: La france pue... but it's not the worst place to live in these days...

Benoît: Definitely not the worst place to live in this sick sad world, we have good food, good wine and it's easy if just want to spend your time playing music and drinking beers. We have a good social welfare system, but we're losing a part of it every year. I'm also feeling bad with the ambient nationalism/racism, this "democracy" which gets closer and closer to a dictatorship. There's a really worrying raising of the nationalist movement, some of my friends were completely mentally and physically destroyed by fucking nazis, maybe Brett was not so false when he said we needed guns... Also cops can search / beat / insult you, taking your DNA prints whenever they want just because there's a potential (sic) terrorist threat. New totalitarian laws appear every year and our freedom is getting reduced. Actually I'm wondering if it's not the same everywhere in the entire world. Furthermore we are the most nuclear powered country and we are the first in terms of antidepressant chemicals consumption.

MRR: What do you do outside of the band to get by between rehearsals or shows? What function does punk play in your lives? I know that you—Befa—has a label called Kick Rock, do you want to say something about that? Does other members of the band also waste their lives doing DIY hardcore shit?

Befa: Well depending on the period, that time besides rehearsals and shows could be 95% of life, I can get really busy with my job. We're pretty much all involved in gigs, runs a radio show on the local radio (www.radiodio.org) and a distro. Check out the website (www.lafrancepue.org) for some nice archives of radioshows, flyer galleries, etc... We did a DVD with around 40 bands, but Benoît is the video / internet / geek master in the team so he'll say more about that...

Benoît: Punk Rock is a priority for me 'cause that's the only way I know to feel free and it really offered me the best opportunities in my life such as meeting people from everywhere in this world with the same state of mind, touring, and laughing, partying, feeling like a perpetual adolescent. I used to involve most of my time in hardcore punk activities: political and punk radio shows / organizing gigs / making food for touring bands or veggie restaurants, but I have recently found a job in an anti-nuke organization and have not a lot of free time to do this like before until December. I'm working on a video-fanzine with my brother called Les Oreilles Qui Saignent with many live footages we have seen on tour or in Saint Etienne (http://lesoreillesquisaignent.blogspot.com if you want to download it for free). There's also a DVD I'm working on for La France Pue with many legendary punk rock bands from everywhere we have seen in Saint Etienne. I also play in another band called Pervers Et Truands (http://perversettruands.blogspot.com) with three other crust/grunge pals, it a more noisy/sludge/psychedelical band, we all love Acid King / Flipper / Black Sabbath and Brainbombs. Befa recently recorded us for a 7" and it should sound great.

Brett: I do plaster work and get plastered and get bummed that I am not at

rehearsals or shows. Then I DIY my dishes.

Befa: Oh... and yeah Kick Rock... I still have a few copies of the State Poison 12" and the Edelweiss Piraten LP (female fronted polish hardcore punk) if you people care. Next week, I'll have the test press of the 12" version of the Fight Back / Hazard split that Bloodsucker records released last November or something. We played with both bands at Shinjuku Antiknock in Tokyo, and they were amazing... these guys have some crazy pedigree too. Next is the second Skizophrenia 7". I just can't wait! Oh and also a Warning//Warning 12" one day... and maybe some Faux Pas one-sided 12".

MRR: The artwork on the LP was done by artist Ivan Brun. Can you say something about him and his work? I saw some stuff on the internet that he had done for some exhibition about war in the Middle East (I think) which was particularly amazing...

Brett: The first time I saw his art was hanging up all around a local gig space. Huge canvases taking up entire walls. Intense stuff. He is an intense dude.

Befa: First time I met him was around '96 when he was singing, then playing bass in Coche Bomba—you fellows should check this band because they're still around and rocking. He pretty much did all the artwork for this band, and it was always an incredible job. Anyway, enough ass licking there, check out his blog sickfuckermagazine.blogspot.com, there's lots of stuff of his there. And anyway he might be really near us in this issue, so big up tonton!

Benoît: He's a crazy little guy always smoking a rolled cigarette and talking about new world order. I'm really fan of all his work He's exceptionally-gifted for drawing, he made four awesome comic albums that I loved which are based on war crimes / crisis / social unrest called Low Life, Otaku, War Songs. He published some of his comics in some mainstream magazines and it was really funny to see a story on a poor kid with a Mob 47 shirt in a French massmedia publication. His paintings are as good as his comics, most of time it's totally insane and really depressive but always realistic. He's fucking involved in punk rock, for so much time he's also an hardcore maniac, many people here call him "tonton" which means uncle. He also sings in Coche Bomba, played bass into Vomit For Breakfast and his last noisepunk project is called Otaku Party. Coche Bomba is going to do a crazy tour in Indonesia and the Philippines...

Befa: Too bad for me I left this band...

Benoît: I'm really fan of this guy and this is seriously an honor to have such a nice cover made by Ivan for our LP—he made a lot of other French Hardcore band's covers.

MRR: What are you're thoughts on Maximumrocknroll? What's the last thing you read in MRR? What about fanzines? What's the last thing you read in a zine? What are your favorite hardcore punk fanzines?

Befa: My favorite ever hardcore punk fanzine is Carry on Screaming, later called Scream from Luc / Kängnäve / Gasmask Terrör, that one was just brilliant, I miss it ! His blog is a nice piece of reading too. I also like Ratcharge (fr), More Noize (swe), Distort (aus) and Evil Minded (usa)

Brett: I can't remember the last MRR I read. I like that Distort zine from Austrailia. Alex's zine, Ratcharge is great.

Benoît: I love their radio show, always listening to it on their website, it's really eclectic and well-done. I sometimes read the fanzine but as I don't understand everything it's difficult to have a real point of view on it... I appreciate the spotlights they put on some bands or scene reports are for me a source of good musical taste. Honestly I don't read enough fanzines, so I have no idea of what is my favorite one.

MRR: I see that Brett is about to move back to Florida. I guess that means State Poison is breaking up? ARRRRGGGHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Brett: I don't think State Poison will break up any time soon. We have more gigs coming up than we have played up until now. I guess we will see how it plays out after those tours and if I get rich enough living up the American Dream to fly over to France regularly. We have talked a lot about it and it seems like shit will work itself out.

MRR: But before that happens you're going to slaughter the raw punk lands of Iberia? Now that sounds like an amazing trip, who needs Japan or England? Are you going to be mostly at the beach on that tour or what?

Befa: Haha! That's true that most of the gigs won't be too far from the ocean or the sea... You want us to say we're beach punks or what?

Brett: I am stoked to get to Portugal for the first time. Definitely excited to get the fuck out of this bitter French winter for a couple of weeks and party with those locos muchachos. The Spanish scene has definitely been carrying the torch for the past few years.

Befa: yeah, especially Barcelona had some killer bands lately. As far as it's only six hours from where we leave, we usually have them here their first or last day of their euro tour.

Benoît: Personally, I'm writing this after the tour and it was great, nice "okupas" wild people and good bands. Maybe it was harder than a Japanese summer tour but I really enjoyed the feeling that the anarchist spirit is alive there. I love this part of Europe, I go there at least one time a year especially in Barcelona, and this time I discovered more really cool cities like Porto, Lisboa, Sevilla. We've not even been on the beach, we had a rainy cloud below our van on all days...

MRR: What are the odds of you guys coming over to the UK again before it's too late? Apart from the US tour will there be a big sending Brett off to USA farwell show?

Befa: UK? Why? Never again... We ain't no feeble bastards.

Brett: Slim to none. That boat is expensive and all you guys talk funny.

Benoît: I just like your breakfasts...

MRR: Do you have any plans to release any more records before "the end?"

Brett: Definitely.

Benoît: I hope so !

Befa: No end in sight dude! Seriously, there's that four-way compilation that will be released in Germany soon enough with Kromosom (Australia), Electric Funeral (Sweden) and the Hopeless (USA)... that one should be fun. Since Brett is moving, we'll figure out something when we'll have the time / space / gear to record... We have six new songs that are better than most of our stuff. We should do a 7". Should be fun.

MRR: Well, that's all the questions I had so cheers all around for answering them! Now is the time to say hello to your friends and families, perhaps also give contact details and further information for MRR readers who may want to get hold of the band and your records etc?

Brett: Thanks for the interview Tony. Thanks to everyone who has helped us out so far and will hopefully receive us kindly in Iberia and State-side.
Benoît: Thank you for everything, sorry for the delay for answering it's my fault...

Befa: Alright chap, thanks for the questions! Check our blog / website (www.statepoison.com) or write us at State Poison / Drevet / 9 Rue Michel Servet / 42000 Saint Etienne / France .

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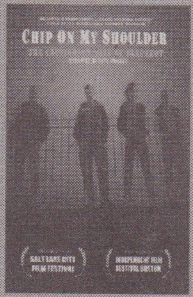

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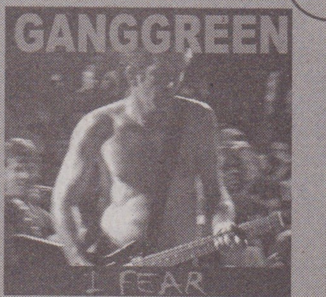

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THE LOVE TRIANGLE

The Love Triangle's stripped to the bricks tunes recall that crucial time when bands of disaffected youngsters across the globe, polluted by the initial '76/77 punk explosion, retreated to backrooms and basements, and emerged with a salvo of spikey songs... ready to take on the fuckin' world, stick it to the regular stiffs... and stamp out disco! Here's an email generated Q&A with drummer Tim & singer/guitarist Louis. Interview and live pix by Pete Craven

MRR: To start with, could you tell us a bit about your voyage of musical discovery prior to Punk becoming a factor in your life? Was there a defining song / moment / gig where Punk, Hardcore... whatever you want to call it, takes over?

Tim: For me personally it was a pretty average pathway for someone my age I guess: the parents sometimes listened to shit like the Rolling Stones, Elton John, Fleetwood Mac, Dire Straits, Chuck Berry, Pink Floyd, Genesis, The Beatles etc. when I was little. So pretty early on I figured I was an electric guitar kinda guy. Then after dabbling with Britpop and a bit of Nirvana me and my best (and only) friend from school got into Rancid when we were like 14/15... quite timely considering soon after there was that UK ska-punk explosion of the early '00s. So of course then I was all over anything Householdname (records) related which then paved the way for a less embarrassing taste in music thanks to certain zines I had by then started reading such as MRR, Artcore, Fracture, etc. There has been no single moment of sudden realization that "I am a punk" for me unfortunately, but it certainly has taken over my life... not sure that it's wholly positive to be honest but whatever.

Louis: Much the same for me really! Flirtations with some of the crap rock music of the time (Nirvana, Smashing Pumpkins, etc) and then gradually became more interested in punk through the popular bands of the late '90s/early 2000s (NOFX, Rancid). I don't think there was a "moment" when I suddenly thought "shit, I'm a fucking punk," but there were a few contributing factors that led to me becoming slowly obsessed with it—seeing Sick if it all at Reading '99 when I was fourteen stands out, the local punk gigs at the Youth Centre, followed by trips to Overton, Southampton and Guildford throughout the second half of my teens exposed me to the idea of on-going local punk/DIY culture rather than some distant notion. By the time I was eighteen, all I wanted to do was play in bands and go to gigs and the only music I listened to was punk.

MRR: You already had the Shitty Limits and the Sceptres on the boil... what was the process that lead to the creation of this third band?

Tim: Older projects perhaps feeling a little stale I guess, it was time for something new. For this band it specifically started when Josh managed to acquire some new recording equipment (a ZOOM MRS1266 12-track recorder). Unfortunately he couldn't work out how to use it, so he called up Louis and they took it down a rehearsal room got shit drunk and tried it out together. The next day they presented to everyone at a GYC gig their home dubbed cassettes of the racket they got up to; they had the biggest fucking grins on their faces the whole evening. That racket turned out to be TLT tape #1: Taking in the Trash with the Love Triangle. Two more demo tapes then followed before Louis decided he couldn't do another band without me behind the kit (ha). I was pretty stoked to be asked, seein' as these songs were super cool, plus Louis brings out the best in my drumming, and I've been in many bands with him over the years now. Anyway so we rehearsed and played our first gig early 2010 in Reading at the Iguana.

Louis: This band totally happened by accident. Me and Josh had been talking for ages about recording music—initially we were just going to record cover songs. Anyway, he came down to Reading in September 2009, I had a free week off before returning to college, and we just wrote and recorded a couple of really simple songs, and only recorded one cover in the end ("Heart Full Of Soul" by the Yardbirds).

The next day we were hanging around in my flat all buzzing on how amazing we thought our recording skills were, and then we started designing a tape cover for our master tape—I suppose the band was sort of imaginary, as 24 hours before we had no songs or anything.

The band name was meant to be reserved for a band Josh was going to do with his then housemate Simon, but I don't think that ever happened. We were equally as pleased with ourselves about our graphic design skills, so we

made 30 odd copies of our master, went to a gig that night in Guildford and hawked these tapes as our incredible new band. Self-esteem through the roof, we drove back to London after the show listening to nothing but Poison Idea, and our new cassette on repeat.

The following day we were a little bored, so decided to do it all over again—booked a practice room in Stoke Newington, wrote three songs as quickly as we could, picked an easy cover song to learn ("I Hate School" by Suicide Squad), got really drunk and recorded Tape #2. The next day, we put together another cassette cover, and baked bread.

Tape #3 happened about a month later following the same formula, when Josh came back to Reading to help me move

> "we covered the room in scented candles, shared champagne with the audience and sold three of the fifty posters we had made in my bathtub that day."

house, (hence the song on tape #3 about hating moving house). I don't think we were quite so pleased with the results of tape #3 initially, but whatever. After that, Josh went back to Australia to see his gran who was sadly really sick. There was talk of him not coming back, and I thought that was the end of our band that never really happened!

When he did come back in the New Year, we decided to put the band together properly—asked Tim if would drum for us, and booked a couple of gigs. Our first show was at the Iguana in Reading. We covered the room in scented tea candles, shared some champagne with the audience, and sold about three of the fifty odd love triangle posters we had made in my bathtub that day.

MRR: Josh played in (the London centred) Fashion... anyone else we should know about?

Tim: As well as the Triangle, Josh plays in Tremors and Hungry Foreigners at the moment. I'm sure he has a bunch of bands back home he won't tell us about.

MRR: Having released a number of seven inches on your own label (Dire) you are clearly champions of the vinyl format. Compact Discs and digitalised downloads were meant to have killed it off, but vinyl refuses to die... what's the attraction?

Tim: All my favourite bands put out vinyl so I'm going to as well. It certainly has seemed to have come full circle—now no one buys CDs, and we all download instead these days. I guess real music fans will want to actually own a hard copy of the music so perhaps it's not surprising really that vinyl is still selling.
Louis: I think Dire is really cool, and I wish Tim and Bryony would put out more records.

MRR: You have also released a couple of demo-tapes... as in cassettes... as in, so very fuckin' retro... no?? Please, justify yourselves...

Tim: They're cheap and cool looking. And I can play them in my car. Whilst we're on the subject of cassette tapes can I just say that the mix tape format is the best way to hear music. I love the compiler having to listen to every individual track in real time and the pressure they endure to make every track worthy of selection. Making a CDR—dragging and dropping on a computer screen seems detached from the music, and they always seem to end up as coasters.
Louis: We made tapes because we could make them at home. When we were learning how to record ourselves, we had no idea how to master the music onto CD (I now know how to do this!), so just mastered it over a bad mix tape I had lying around at home.

MRR: You recently departed these shores for a few dates on foreign soil. Was this a positive experience? Did everything go to plan?

Tim: It rained a bunch in Holland. We had a gig fall through, and me and Louis had a massive stupid argument. However, pogo'ing in a fucking chicken hut along to No Escape made it all better.

MRR: And you also headed out around the UK for some dates with The Sceptres, which means Tim and Louis playing two sets a night...

..why not take they Shitty Limits too, and completely destroy yourselves?!!

Tim: Dude, haven't you heard? It's not '08 anymore... No-one gives a fuck about the Shitty Limits!

MRR; Having already made "I Hate School" (by Suicide Squad) a staple of your set, I noted a brief rendition of The Victims legendary "Television Addict" during your pre-set (sound-check) in Brighton recently... can we expect any further Murder Punk explorations...?

Tim: I know it's not strictly murder punk but I think Louis has "Aloha Steve and Danno" in mind cos I heard him playing the solo on his guitar the other day. However, I reckon Josh would rather do the Chosen Few, so we'll have to wait and see. Louis: I think Josh wants to do 'My City of Sydney' in an XL Capris style.

MRR: The other notable cover in your set is "Chico's Girl." Can you please refresh my (crumbling) memory on where this little nugget originated?

Tim: "Chico's Girl" is by an old '60s girl group called The Girls. It's pretty much just a cool song. Louis: It's on one of the Girls in the Garage compilations.

MRR: Your (own) songs are not about Smashing the System, Overthrowing the Government, or Fighting War (not Wars)... but is there a "political" agenda as such with the Love Triangle?

Tim: Nope, but we all still listen to Discharge.

Louis: PUNK IS LOVE

MRR: What's on the Love Triangle turntables right now...

Tim: This past week I've been listening to The Boston Strangler demo, um lots of the Dead Boys Young, Loud... as per usual. Uh think I spun Siege the other day before work, seeing as I really hate my new job that would make sense, nice bit of violent music to get me in the zone for a horrendous twelve hour shift. Looking at my hi-fi unit there's the Saints Eternally Yours LP, the LOS STEAKS demo next to it. Oh and the new Crowd Control and Mob Rules LPs, which I got me hands on last week. I'm halfway through making a pub-rock mix tape at the moment. I'm taking my time over it cos it's gotta be all killer. But so far it's got shit on there like Dr Feelgood, Eddie and the Hotrods, Dave Edmunds, Ducks Deluxe, the Motors etc.

Louis: This week I have been listening to the Neon Boys, the Dogs (French one), Ian Dury and the Blockheads, the Seeds, the new Spivs LP, Screaming Lord Sutch, Ultimo Resorte, the new Firestarter single, Redd Kross and the Dishrags.

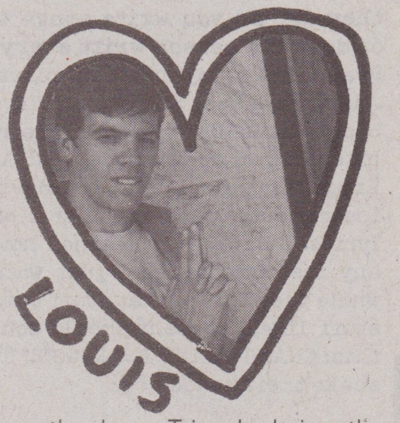
MRR: With numerous bands on the go to fit around work and studies you must have incredibly busy lives. But, do you have time for any other extracurricular activities you'd like to share with us...

Tim: Aside from other bands we do, Louis likes bike-riding and photography, Josh likes girls and "getting real loose," whilst I pretty much just stay at home, "crank" or play guitar in my bedroom.

MRR: Future plans?

Tim: I'm gonna send a copy of the single to Marc Riley which he will then duly champion on his BBC6 music slot (Fuck Mike Davies' "punk" show, what a load of shit) and then owing largely to the feverish hysteria created we'll probably do a music video for "Splendid Living" to get all over the telly...

(Louis is quite the maestro on the old Windows Movie Maker these days you see)



Then, the Love Triangle being the hard-working, tight and professional performing unit that we are will have residency at a series of Big Takeover events at which an in audience Gary Bushell will offer to manage us. From there, who knows? In reality, Give this group another year, a couple more 7"s, one or two weekenders away, maybe an LP... maybe some kind of month long tour somewhere... two or three really memorable gigs and then newer bands no doubt will become a priority, relegating the Triangle to nothing more than just another footnote in Louis Harding's grand game plan.

http://triangleoflove.webs.com
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Love Triangle - Boomerang Girl 7" Out Autumn (not Fall) 2011

B-LINES

Vancouver's B-Lines sound like the world's first Killed By Death band for a stadium, attacking their raw compositions without any bullshit or posturing whatsoever. While they straddle the line of hardcore, the reality is that they're playing hook-laden power-pop songs with the power set to eleven, all while their front man spews his frustrations with an inimitable sense of humor. They feature ex-members of some bands you would know and care about, but that's beside the point: B-Lines are here to pummel you with their raw, scrappy punk, and they're going to destroy your venues and record needles whether you're paying attention or not.

Interview by Josiah Hughes

Photos by Sarah Cordingly & Steve Louie

MRR: To start things off, who are you and what is your role in the band?
Ryan: I am Ryan, I sing in B-Lines.

MRR: Who is everyone else and what do they do? Do you write songs together or does one person write everything?
Ryan: Bruce, my brother, plays drums, Adam plays bass and Scotty plays guitar. Scotty usually writes all the riffs and brings them to practice, and Adam and Bruce figure out what to do with their instruments. Once it's done I write the lyrics. I have never learned how to play any instruments, so I just wait around while they figure that stuff out. I'll say stuff like, "Maybe it should sounds like this: CRANG CRANG BWANGGGG!" They just shake their heads.

MRR: Even though you don't play an instrument, do you ever find that you secretly don't like how a song sounds? Or do you just trust them with the hooks and focus on lyrics?
Ryan: Scotty is really good at writing punk songs. Almost everything he brings to the table is great. I mean, we scrap songs that aren't working out, but I never have any complaints with what the guys come up with.

MRR: What are the rules for a B-Lines song?
Ryan: No djembes or didgeridoos. We just try to keep the songs brief and energetic. If it's not very memorable, we'll scrap it. If we don't like playing it live, we'll scrap it.

MRR: You're not one of those bands trying to mimic a specific era of punk?
Ryan: It's no secret that we like lots of late '70s punk and early '80s hardcore, but we don't really want to sound like a very specific day in the life of punk rock. When I'm writing lyrics I make sure I'm writing lyrics that reflect that we live in the year 2011, not 1981 or '77 or whatever year you thought punk was at its best. I'm not going to write a song about how I hate disco or Reagan or something; it's just not applicable. Lots of punk bands seem like an elaborate Halloween costume.

MRR: I totally agree. So where do you draw influence lyrically, then?
Ryan: Most of our songs are based on what we see every day, the mundane realities of life in Vancouver. Rain, drugs, frustration, social anxiety and the ever-relevant boredom. I really like Mark E Smith's lyrics and try to rip him off a lot. Nobody can tell because I do it so poorly.

MRR: There is also an underlying poppiness and sense of humor in both the lyrics and the music. Is this intentional? How do you

find the balance between not being too serious and not being a joke?

Ryan: I know Scotty wants a lot of melody in his guitar parts. Not too sugary, but enough to balance out the harsh guitar tone. I try to write lyrics that are funny, but not too jokey. I don't want to limit the listenability of a song by making it a novelty, or like a Vandals song that you thought was awesome when you were fifteen but are embarrassed by now. Not that there is anything wrong with the Vandals. No fart jokes, that helps.

MRR: How can you reconcile being an adult and still being involved with the DIY punk scene in your late twenties when so many other people have moved on? Do you feel jaded at all?

Ryan: (laughs) Yeah, I think anybody with more than ten years of punk shows gets jaded...it's hard to get motivated to see bands every week, especially when it seems like you've seen different versions of those same bands many times before. But at the same time it's fun to evolve and grow and see your friends try new things and meet new people. If I didn't go to shows I would never interact with people at all. I'm not going to be freaking out about every band that comes through town, but there is always lots of good music being made and I want to experience it. I don't want to be that old punk dude who complains that there are no good bands anymore just because they haven't gone to a show in five years and haven't seen anything. But after several years of shows you definitely fall for less fads and hype bands, which is probably good.

MRR: Totally. How do you even define the word punk at this point in your life?

My favorite punk bands have always been on the edge of something. I guess I like the bands that are on the weirder side of punk. I like the idea of punk being something that even the people making it are figuring out as they go along. I still like a good song, but I like when a punk band makes you think, "What is this?" I'm currently enjoying the UK DIY revival...lots of inspired but sloppy jams. Like the Pheromoans or Forced Laugh from Vancouver.

MRR: Aside from the recordings and the song writing, B-Lines are known as a wild, sometimes confrontational live band. Do you intentionally try to instigate bottles being thrown or the other insanity that can happen?

Ryan: I guess I try to. The best punk shows, like the best punk bands, are energetic and borderline dangerous. Watching a punk band just stand in one spot and play songs off of a record is pretty boring. I just try to remember what blew me away about my favorite punk bands as a teenager and it was always fun live shows, so I just try to make that happen.

MRR: What's the craziest thing that has happened while you were playing?

Ryan: I often fall from various heights straight to the floor, which can hurt. My butt has been fondled. We get a lot of stuff thrown at us, which is usually fine when it's cans, but kinda scary when it's pint glasses or bottles. The old bouncer at the Cobalt told us he was going to find us and shoot us after I broke a mirror behind the stage with a cinder block. I've seen him since then, but there have been no bullets. Chipped teeth, cuts and bruises, but that's par for the course.

MRR: I also heard a story from you once about playing a crack house in Oakland?

Ryan: Well, I guess it was a punk house beside a crack house in Oakland. We played and we saw a hat getting passed around and we were all thinking *"Oh good, we might get some gas money,"* but then when the end of the night rolled around there was no money. And a black dude yelled that, *"Every white person has five seconds to get the fuck off this block!!!"* we were happy to oblige.

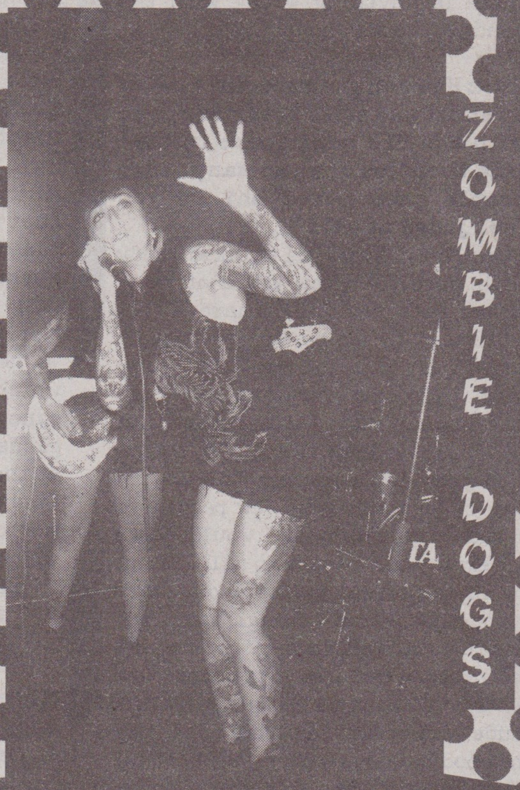
MRR: What makes B-Lines a Vancouver band? What would be different if you came from somewhere else?

Ryan: Lots of our songs are based on Vancouver-centric topics, so I don't know what I would be singing about if I didn't live here. You're supposed to sing what you know, and I know this place, so that's what I do. Plus, we're named after a bus route in Vancouver. If we were from SF we would be called BART. Are there any Bay Area bands called BART?

MRR: What's up next for B-Lines, and ultimately, what is the main goal of the band?

Ryan: Hopefully we'll be able to record a bunch of new songs before the end of the summer and get some more vinyl out there into the dollar bins of the world. We're doing a West Coast tour in late August with your band Grown-Ups. That'll be fun. I'm looking forward to becoming well acquainted with our good friend Taco Bell. I don't think we've ever sat down and written out a mission statement or manifesto for the band. We just want to play fun shows and make good punk records. That's probably it. Daring.

HOT MESS



ZOMBIE DOGS

CLITFEST DC 2011

Photos by Megan Wells, Khristina A. and Jasmine Lopez

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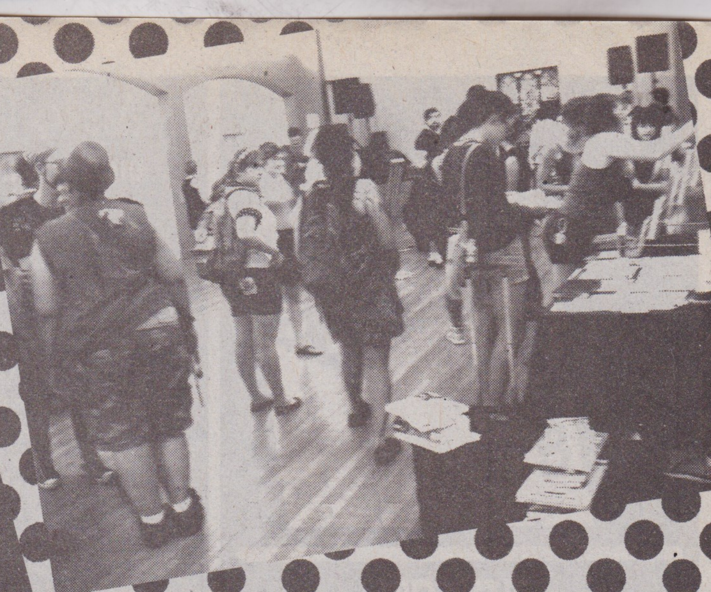

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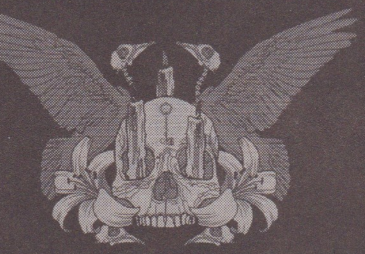

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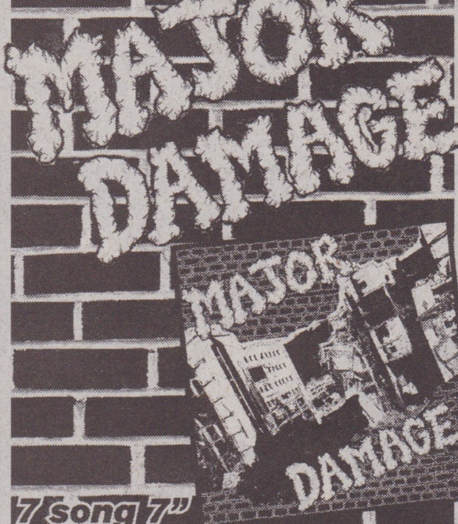

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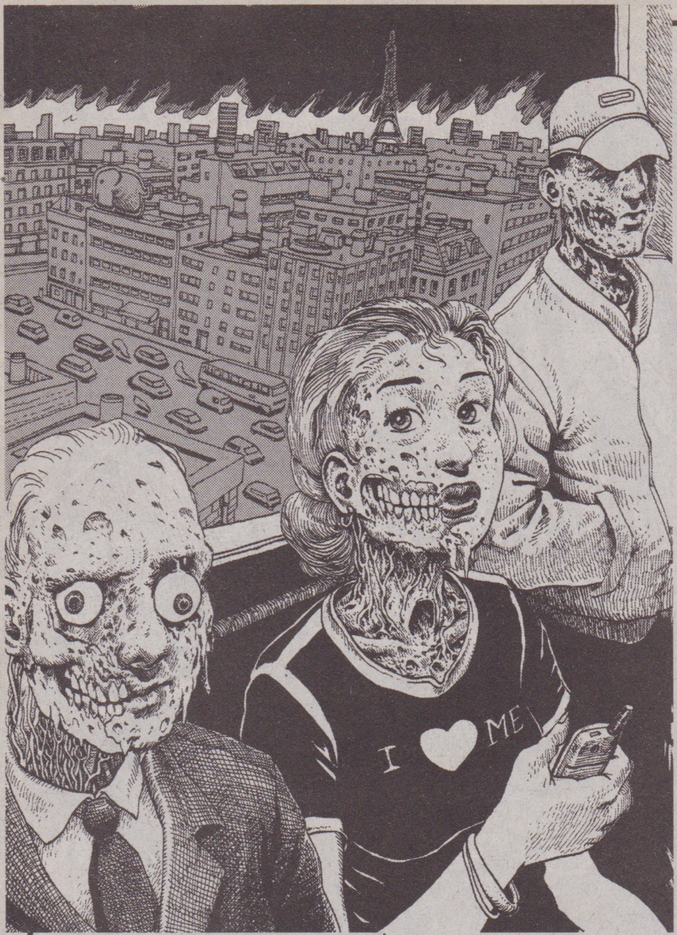
75% PESSIMISTIC: AN INTERVIEW WITH IVAN BRUN

If you're at all familiar with french hardcore punk from the '90s until now, chances are you've heard about Ivan Brun, or at least seen his drawings – it is safe to say the man is the main illustrator/ cartoonist for vinyl covers of radical hardcore bands in these parts. State Poison, Lexomyl, Strong As Ten, Koenigstein Youth, The Sioux or Vomit For Breakfast are just some of the most recent examples of bands he's worked with, but there is way more. Outside of punk, Ivan's body of work, which extends over 20 years, is even more impressive – five full length comics/ graphic novels, hundreds of stand-out drawings, and dozens and dozens of paintings, often representing some über-realistic albeit deeply pessimistic, often disturbingly shocking view of the most brutally horrific side of the nightmare that can be life in our post-modern societies, both in "first world" and "thirld world" countries. On top of this, he's been singing on and off for Coche Bomba, France's longest running fast HC band (still active to this day) for close to two decades, as well as recording and playing shows from time to time with his very own project, industrial noise-punk hybrid Otaku Party. Oh, and let's not forget about Brave New World, his blog dedicated to Philippines 80s HC and punk. I had been wanting to interview him for more than a year when we finally managed to sit down next to the river with a few beers on a sunny day, in the center of Lyon, at the dawn of summer 2011. We smoked a whole pack of cigarettes and talked shit for an hour and a half, covering a lot of ground – the mystery that is french HC punk in the '80s/ '90s, the world of professional comic artists, life in the Phillipines (where he's spent a lot of time since 1993), his bands, his drawings, and, as we got a bit more drunk, we even managed to talk about the end of the world.

By Alex Ratcharge



One of the first notable things about Ivan is that he's always been interested in graphic arts, whether through classy french comics ("Druillet, Bilal, etc"), or paintings in museums he would visit with his mom at a young age. At eight years old, little Ivan already knew he wanted to draw for a living, which is all the more surprising for someone who, more than thirty years later, still doesn't consider himself an artist – "People call me that, but I don't like the word. It is a bit of an elitist term, it evokes someone who's sort of disconnected from reality. I'd rather stay away from it."

Another notable thing is what a stubborn bastard he seems to be. Not only did he find out his life career at eight years old, but a few years later, he also found his life soundtrack. When he discovered punk (first through traditional french punk bands "like LSD, Oberkampf, Gogol Premier, that kind of stuff"), it was love at first sight. "Before hearing punk-rock for the first time I wasn't interested in music at all, to me it was just background noise, I didn't give a shit. As a kid I had never heard something that had grabbed my ears while watching TV or listening to the radio, except maybe for a couple songs like *Ça plane pour moi* by Plastic Bertrand or some weirdo stuff from Alain Bashung. At twelve years old I went to this holiday camp, and some of the guys were into hard-rock, metal, Renaud... They had a few punk tapes, too, and that's what made me click instantly – from the very first listen I knew punk was different, there was something really fucked up and weird about it and I was very attracted to it. From then on I started buying punk records, listening to underground radio stations, etc, and at the age of fourteen I knew most of what there was to know about french punk bands, like the infamous *Chaos en France* comps and all that stuff."

If discovering punk was a shock, finding out about hardcore was an earthquake that's still shaking Ivan's world to this day; it happened a bit later, in 1986, in Lyon, "through listening to a regional radio show ("Western Front") that was run by people from a small record shop called Bunker Records. These guys were precursors in France, they were doing their own label, distributing foreign HC records, etc." It's important to understand that HC in France in the mid-eighties was a very, very small phenomenon, much smaller than in most of Europe – virtually no one gave a fuck, so people like those Bunker Records guys can be considered music diggers of the extreme weirdo variety, especially considering the fact they weren't even based in Lyon but in Grenoble, a smaller city surrounded by mountains with no real connection to Paris or England, where punk was a bigger deal (to different degrees for both places, obviously). In 1984/85, the people from Bunker Records started a record label called NegFX and put out the *Single Ticket to Paradise* comp 7", featuring six international hardcore bands amongst whom were Finland's Rattus and Italy's Cheetah Chrome Motherfuckers.That was the kind of sound Ivan had been searching for, and it quickly made the more traditional french punk bands sound boring and tame, that is to say, to him and a select few frenchies spread out in different cities, including the people from Heimatlos, Rapt, Final Blast, New Wave Records, etc. But overall, french punks simply didn't understand hardcore, or even cared to try – while neighbor countries like Spain, Italy, Holland, Germany, etc, were busy writing history, listening to Discharge, Disorder and USHC, trading tapes, building an international network of speed freaks and writing zines about the faster, wilder music known to man, french punks only cared about a safe-sounding, slowish, traditionally political version of punk they called "rock alternatif."

"A lot of HC bands at the time would tour Europe and skip France, they'd play in Germany, then go straight to Spain. Things were a bit better in parts of France that were the closest to Switzerland or Italy, but overall people just didn't give a shit, and virtually no one would care to organize a show for touring HC bands. We were always behind and I think it's a cultural thing, rock music never was an important part of french culture... I mean, what was rock culture in France? The "Yéyés"? Safer-sounding covers of American pop hits sung in French? I was looking for music that was harder, as extreme as possible, but most people I knew who were into punk or alternative rock didn't like hardcore, they thought it was too fast, too noisy, they couldn't get it... Same with metalheads, they thought hardcore was too messy, too raw... Something wasn't working, people weren't culturally open-minded enough for hardcore; I think one of the differences with other European countries is that France in the eighties was a left-wing, socialist country, everything was pretty stable, quiet and mellow, so people weren't feeling the need for urgent, pissed off music."

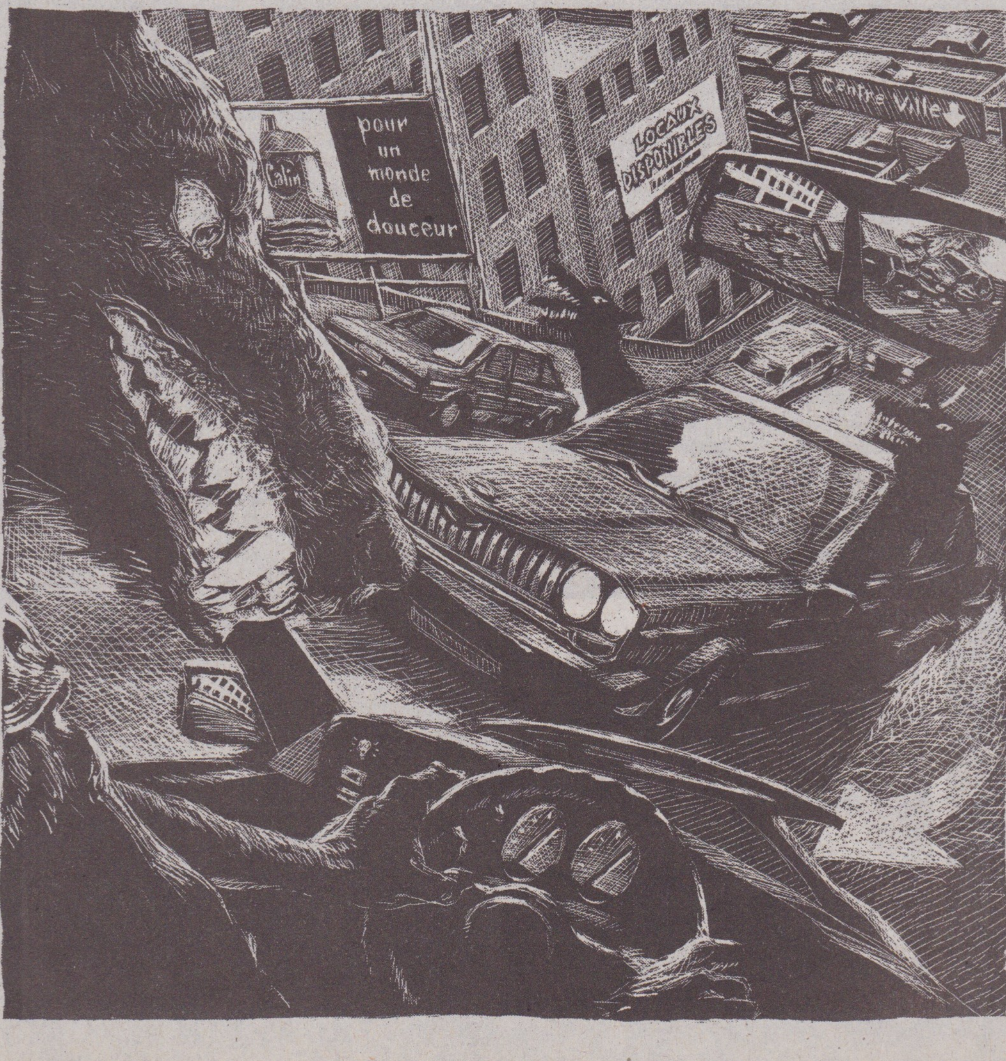
It's only in 1989, when the glory days of HC were already a distant memory in most western countries, that France started paying a bit more attention. "Alternative rock was going down, it was the beginning of the end for that movement, and french metal magazines started being interested in HC because of the whole crossover thing that was happening in the USA. So french metalheads started getting into it, people were buying more HC records, etc, but this only lasted for a short period – by '91, '92, the trend had already died down."

By that time Ivan had already started getting involved – he put out his first fanzine, *Goldorak Fucking Art*, in 1988, with a focus on both comics and music (Youth Of Today, Lethal Agression, SNFU, and French HC bands Parkinson Square, Cockroach and Krull were covered). He had also started tape-trading, reading *MRR* and corresponding with international punks, as well as playing in a

shortlived fast HC band ("Carebears") but the need to do more was still there. At the end of 1992, he and some friends started a band and called it Coche Bomba, a spanish name reflecting the nationality of Jean-Pierre, one of the two singers, who was born and raised in Peru and came to live in France as a young teenager.

From the very start, the history of Coche Bomba is one of struggle, failed attempts, and chaos: "Even before we started the band... It was hard finding people to play with 'cause, like I said, no one cared about HC anymore, the crossover-based trend had already died down, and in most people's minds HC was a bit of an embarrassment, it was out-of-date, old hat... But we didn't care, we just wanted to play fucked up, violent music. We were rather chaotic people so it took us two years to get a stable line-up and record a demo; we had to cancel a bunch of our gigs for various reasons, and the ones we played were always a mess, we were always wasted on stage, a lot of the shows ended in fights, which didn't help our local reputation... From the beginning people didn't take us seriously, they just thought we were losers."

"At the time, punk in France was a lot more chaotic than it is today – most gigs happened in squats, and squats were places where all the most intense freaks and dropouts, all these people on the fringe of society, homeless folks and junkies, they would all meet there. Don't get me wrong, there was a sense of politics, but it was way less politically correct than it is now, there were a lot of drugs, a lot of smack, alcohol and weed, the whole thing had a very nihilistic feel, gigs looked like scenes out of those *Mad Max* movies... Today people are way more polite, they have their shit together, sort of... Back then, at the start of the '90s, we were basically a bunch of people who had a hell of a hard time imagining the future, or even thinking there was gonna be a future at all... The year 2000 felt like a million years away – I guess you can say it had to do with the end of the century."

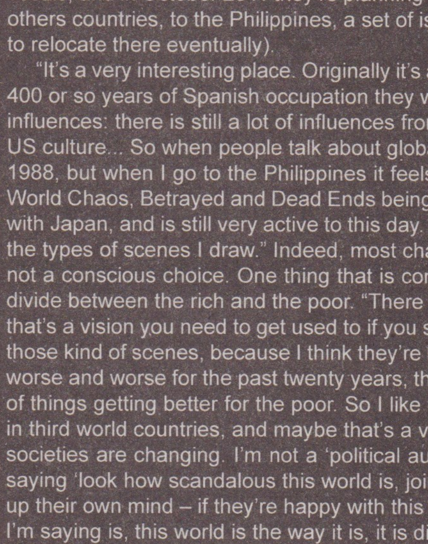


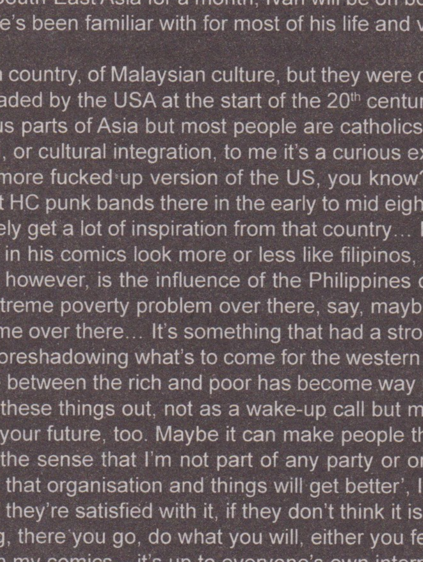
"I ain't nostalgic about that period. Things were feeling bleak; those weren't happy times... Nowadays, people have more of a sense of punk being a subculture, so they want to defend it as a proper culture, it isn't just music... French squats are nicer looking, people are making an effort to actually *build* something. Back then everything was more spontaneous, people weren't really thinking seriously about any of this."

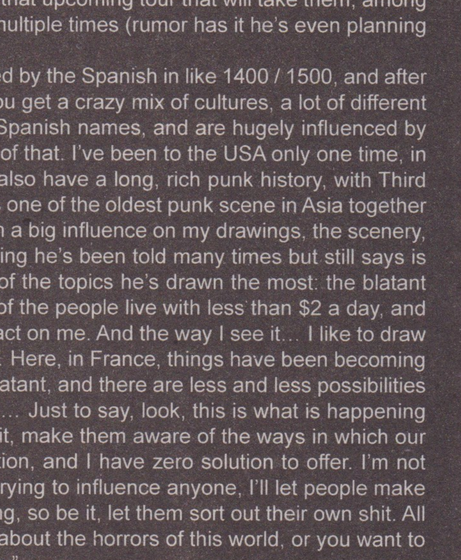
Despite Ivan's claim that they were chaotic losers, Coche Bomba stayed active for the rest of the nineties, becoming France's longest-lasting HC band in the process. They put out a bunch of records, played in various places in Europe ("but never at the right place at the right time"), had a bunch of line-up changes, with their singer Jean-Pierre (a painter, artist and, incidentally, one hell of a onew-man riot, but that's another story) being the common thread between all line-ups. Even Ivan left the band at some point, in 2000, and the others kept going without him. After eleven years of "trash guerrilla," culminating in a tour of South America by bus for five weeks in 2003, the band took a break for few years and started playing with a half-new line-up in 2008, even releasing their first LP in the process. In 2009, they toured the USA and Mexico... but still without Ivan. However, Coche Bomba seems more like a crew, a family even, than a regular punk band, with Ivan and Jean-Pierre being close friends for twenty years (rumour has it they spend every single Christmas Eve getting drunk together), and other members spread out from Lyon and Saint-Etienne, France, to Montreal, Canada. Even when Ivan was not

directly in the band, he was still an important part of its personality and aesthetics, if only for the fact he kept drawing a lot of their covers, t-shirts and posters (the ones that aren't made by Ivan are made by Jean-Pierre). In late 2010 the band played a few shows in Europe, this time with Ivan back on vocals, and in October 2011 they're planning to tour South-East Asia for a month; Ivan will be on board for that upcoming tour that will take them, among others countries, to the Philippines, a set of islands he's been familiar with for most of his life and visited multiple times (rumor has it he's even planning to relocate there eventually).

"It's a very interesting place. Originally it's an Asian country, of Malaysian culture, but they were colonised by the Spanish in like 1400 / 1500, and after 400 or so years of Spanish occupation they were invaded by the USA at the start of the 20th century, so you get a crazy mix of cultures, a lot of different influences: there is still a lot of influences from various parts of Asia but most people are catholics, have Spanish names, and are hugely influenced by US culture... So when people talk about globalisation, or cultural integration, to me it's a curious example of that. I've been to the USA only one time, in 1988, but when I go to the Philippines it feels like a more fucked up version of the US, you know? They also have a long, rich punk history, with Third World Chaos, Betrayed and Dead Ends being the first HC punk bands there in the early to mid eighties; it's one of the oldest punk scene in Asia together with Japan, and is still very active to this day. I definitely get a lot of inspiration from that country… It's been a big influence on my drawings, the scenery, the types of scenes I draw." Indeed, most characters in his comics look more or less like filipinos, something he's been told many times but still says is not a conscious choice. One thing that is conscious, however, is the influence of the Philippines on one of the topics he's drawn the most: the blatant divide between the rich and the poor. "There is an extreme poverty problem over there, say, maybe 50% of the people live with less than $2 a day, and that's a vision you need to get used to if you spend time over there… It's something that had a strong impact on me. And the way I see it… I like to draw those kind of scenes, because I think they're kind of foreshadowing what's to come for the western world… Here, in France, things have been becoming worse and worse for the past twenty years, the divide between the rich and poor has become way more blatant, and there are less and less possibilities of things getting better for the poor. So I like to point these things out, not as a wake-up call but more like… Just to say, look, this is what is happening in third world countries, and maybe that's a vision of your future, too. Maybe it can make people think a bit, make them aware of the ways in which our societies are changing. I'm not a 'political author' in the sense that I'm not part of any party or organisation, and I have zero solution to offer. I'm not saying 'look how scandalous this world is, join this or that organisation and things will get better', I'm not trying to influence anyone, I'll let people make up their own mind – if they're happy with this world, if they're satisfied with it, if they don't think it is revolting, so be it, let them sort out their own shit. All I'm saying is, this world is the way it is, it is disgusting, there you go, do what you will, either you feel fine about the horrors of this world, or you want to revolt. But there is no instruction note that comes with my comics – it's up to everyone's own interpretation."







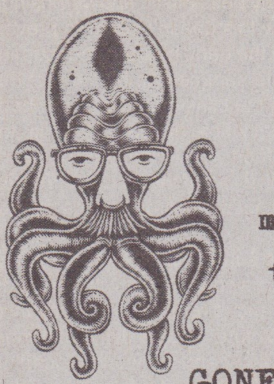
I didn't really want to say it, but the whole discussion, like most serious talks I had had with Ivan, seemed both incredibly pessimistic and surprisingly realistic, just like his comics. It's safe to say Ivan's got an overall dark, bleak vision of the world we live in, but somehow this doesn't seem to prevent him from enjoying life, getting excited about stuff, always staying very productive, getting regularly wasted and partying till the early hours of the morning in desperate-looking squats in soon-to-be-gentrified neighbourhoods. I asked him if his vision of the world could really be summed up by the fact that things are inevitably gonna get worse and worse. "Yeah, of course. That seems perfectly obvious to me" he answered, in the blink of an eye. "I've been following the news closely for about twenty years, and shit's going down, this I'm sure of. I mean, I'm definitely not into that whole apocalyptic thing, the survivalist craze… If the world comes to an end, I'd rather die straight away than stay alive and fight for leftover cans of food, you know? All I'm saying is, the decline of a civilisation is a long, long process, but we live in a time where everything is going faster and faster, so instead of taking centuries, like for the roman empire for example, everything is likely to go to shit way faster, like, say, in forty years or so. And I am convinced this process has already started."

By the time this came up we'd been talking and drinking for what seemed like ages. My head was hurting, both from the sun and from the alcohol, not to mention the cigarettes. I stopped and looked around: everything was really quiet, people were hanging out by the river, having a laugh with their kids, riding their bikes or just walking around. It seemed odd to be discussing the end of the world in such a quiet setting – in fact it reminded me exactly of those typical scenes in Ivan's comics we had discussed earlier, the contrast between different worlds sharing the same picture, people dying of hunger next to people eating in fancy restaurants and so on. As I mentioned the incongruity between what we had just been discussing and the world around us, he simply laughed and said, "Look, I'm not entirely negative… I'm like, 75% pessimistic, and the rest, you know, there's a little bit of hope… We live in a world of civilised, educated people, and they all have kids, and they want a nice future for their kids but… All I'm saying is, this system is gonna keep getting more and more fucked, and there are only two ways out – either peacefully, or in a bloodbath. Do you really think the powers-that-be will let the capitalist system die a peaceful death?" I stopped and pondered the thought for a minute, which made my brain hurt some more. We talked for a little longer and said goodbye; I went home, had a nice meal and felt lucky for it. Then I watched a bit of TV, and fell alseep.

Published books.
- *Lieux Communs*, 1996 (Terrenoire)
- *Otaku*, 2004 (Les Requins Marteaux)
- *Lowlife*, 2005 (Tanibis)
- *No Comment*, 2008 (Drugstore)
- *War Songs*, 2010 (Drugstore)

Coche Bomba discography.
- First demo CS (1994)
- Second demo CS (1995)
- Split LP with Enola Gay (1995, Bad Card Records)
- Viva La Derelicción EP (1996, Bad Card/ Revolution)
- Split CS with Hartsoeker (1997)
- Split CS with Crooked Cops (1997)
- *Poco O Nada, Just Another European Bullshit* (1997, Bad Card/ Revolution)
- Split EP with Argue Damnation (1998, Bad Card/ Revolution)
- *Vectores De La Muerte* LP (2008, FZM)
- Split EP with Dios Hastio (2010, Corrosion Cerebral)

Sickfuckermagazine.blogspot.com
Grupocochebomba.blogspot.com



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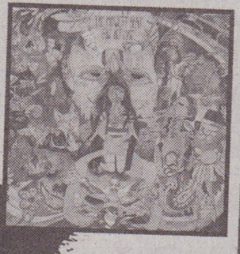

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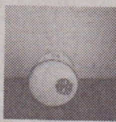

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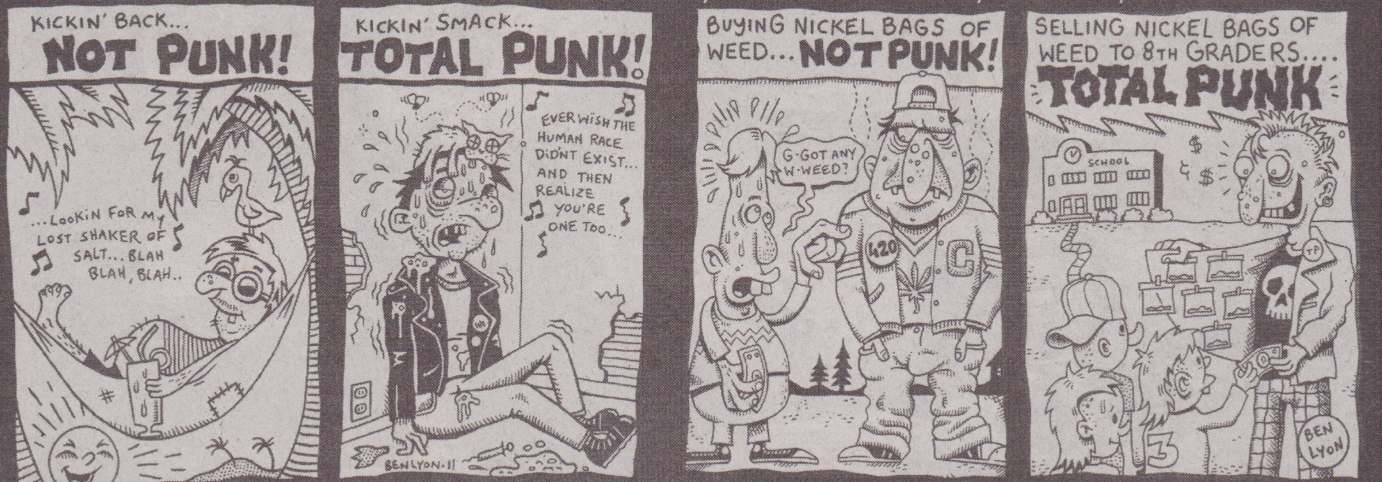

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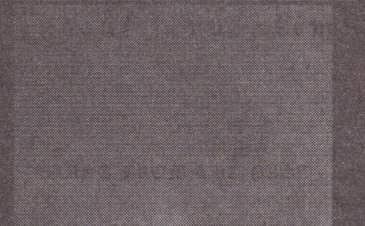

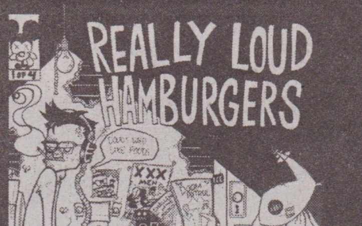

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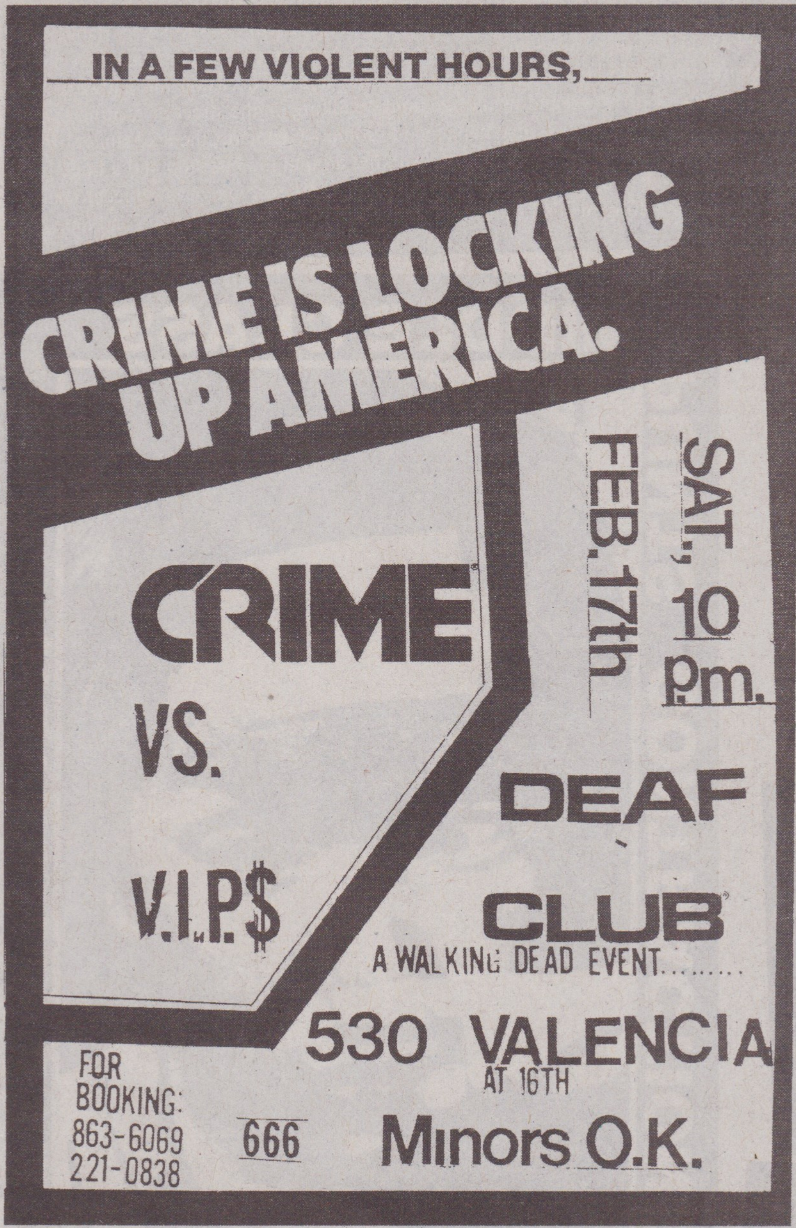
FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE DEAF CLUB: AN UN-ORAL HISTORY

put together by David Ensminger



Ethan Davidson (fan): In 1978 or perhaps 1979, a lot of punks were getting fed up with Dirk Dirksen and the Mabuhay Gardens having a monopoly on punk shows. Some people didn't like him, some didn't agree that punk was a "theatre of the absurd," some simply wanted the community itself to have more control. We sought out alternative venues and came up with one of the most interesting social experiments I've participated in: The Deaf Club.

Nobody was famous, the shows were really cheap, and as soon as a band stopped playing, they got off the stage and simply became part of the audience. This all makes it sound like we didn't take anything very seriously, which is partly true. I had missed the chance to be a hippy and had regretted it, and now I was excited to be able to participate in a movement of my very own. I had spent a year in Central America alone and free, and was having trouble adjusting to the restrictions of an American suburb. Punk gave me a way to be free again. Certainly I believed in the left wing ideals, which I had always believed in, though I was acutely aware that the hippy movement had failed to achieve its basic goals. The nihilistic hedonism, which many punks advocated, did make sense to me. But besides all that, it was the funnest scene in town.

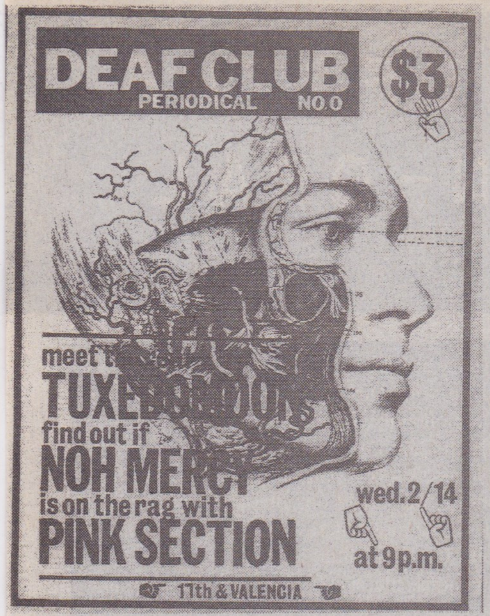
Lu Read (club promoter): I remember the Deaf Club regulars signing and talking to each other, dancing and enjoying themselves. I remember going there one night to see a show, and when I arrived with my friends, there was a strange figure on the sidewalk out front. I assumed it was a mannequin or such since many musicians also attended art school. As I approached, I realized it was a dead body, splayed in a very strange way, since the neck/spinal cord broke from the fall. The way the body lay on the sidewalk did not look human at first. Thick cerebral fluid surrounded the head. It was intense! I hurried upstairs, somewhat nauseated from the sight. I returned to the sidewalk to watch until the police and fire department pushed us all back. "I guess he didn't like the band that was playing," I said. It was a suicide leap from the roof, not a homicide or fall. Later in the evening a Latina woman poured buckets of hot water and bleach on the sidewalk to wash away the blood, though much of the chalk outline remained.

Fredrik Nilsen (BPeople): We played the Western Front festival, and we played there with Barbie and Ken (Boyd Rice and Laurie O'Connell) and Monitor. Somebody jumped out the window one of those nights. Michael Uhlenkott from Monitor probably remembers better. He is fluent in sign language, so he was talking to all the members present when it happened.

Ethan Davidson: One night I arrived to see a puddle of blood on the sidewalk in front of the club. Somebody had jumped from the hotel next door. A chalk outline of where the body had been existed. "Don't go near that line," said a police officer. But some primitive impulse moved me to stick my finger in the blood and rub it on my face. The police officer said, "Don't be stupid."

Esmeralda Kent (Noh Mercy): Another night I was really stoned standing outside on the sidewalk smoking and talking when a dead body fell out the window from the whore hotel upstairs and scared the fuck out of me! It was already dead when it fell, they reported. The police painted a line drawing around the body in red, and it made the Deaf Club even more notorious.

Klaus Flouride (Dead Kennedys): Somebody falling out of a window? I've never heard of that. I've never heard of a suicide there or people jumping out of windows, but that doesn't mean it didn't happen.



Lu Read: The neighborhood was no rougher than the Tenderloin, or the Lower East Side of NY in the '70s. I actually don't think parts of the Mission have changed that much. I recall the Tenderloin being the rougher of the two neighborhoods, which is still true today.

Ethan Davidson: A number of the clubs were in slummy neighborhoods. The Geary Theatre was in the Fillmore. The Sound of Music and the Hell Hole were in the Tenderloin. A lot of us lived in those kinds of places, too.

Ginger Coyote (*Punk Globe*): The Native American Cultural Center, which was also open to having punk shows, was located near 14th and Valencia and the trek between there and the Deaf Club was very dangerous at the time. It was near the Projects, so there were numerous Latin and Afro American gangs and just mean nasty kids that loved attacking the punks. Lots of attacks with blades and on occasion the gangs would pound long heavy duty nails into 2x4s of wood and would see punks walking on the street or waiting at bus stops and whack them in the back and face. I know that happened to Johnny Genocide, the lead singer of No Alternative and Fast Floyd. I remember a group of punk girls walking around the bus stop and a huge guy cold cocked Mia from Frightwig smack in the face. Girls were often raped and everyone was subject to being robbed. I remember a young woman telling me that she was pulled into the Projects and beaten and raped.

Ethan Davidson: One Halloween night I was walking towards the Deaf Club when a group of guys sped by and shouted "Hey faggot. What's it like to suck dick?" Used to being verbally harassed in high school, I yelled, "Fuck you," and flipped them off. A couple of blocks later, the car had stopped, and the passengers stood facing me. I said "Excuse me, do you know how to get to 16th street?" I don't remember being hit. I remember wandering confused until a Mexican-American man found me and took me to the emergency room, where they stitched the cut over my eye. And then I took the bus back to Sausalito. The next day I inspected the damage, and I looked like the character Two Face from Batman comics. On my left side, I was the same cute guy I had been before. On my right side, I had a black eye, a fat lip, stitches above my eye, and scabs from my forehead to my chin.

Suddenly, my social stock escalated. I got respect from the kids in high school, and from the people in the punk scene too. This led to me moving into the city and living the life full time.

Klaus Flouride: It was the Mission. We lived in the Mission at the time. It was Latino and Catholic, obviously, to a high percentage. There was some gang stuff. One of our female roommates, who became a great journalist, figured out she could pass for a Latina if she wanted, because she was Mediterranean, tall and attractive. If Amy went anyplace where guys would be schmucks and hit on girls and stuff like that, she figured out if she wore a crucifix and a fake wedding ring, they kept her safe in the Mission. It was just a matter of street smarts, literally. But it was a funky area, which has all been gentrified now. You still don't want to be there way too late, which would have to be 4:00 a.m. by yourself on a Friday or Saturday. Back then, it wasn't gentrified much at all. It was basically around 16th and Mission, which now has all sorts of hipster clubs that come and go.

Ethan Davidson: The Mission was a dangerous place in those days. BART was under construction, and the noise and dust had closed many businesses down. Those who did live there were mostly low-income Mexican immigrants and their children. It had a serious gang problem. The so-called "Cholos" were running rampant. There were regular gay bashings. I don't know if the Cholos thought punks were gay (as I suspect), or that they were members of a rival gang, but they didn't like us, and communicated this physically on a regular basis.

Of course, they were not alone. To be punk in that era was to be harassed by people of all races, from the dim-witted suburbanites yelling "Devo" to the gangs that physically attacked us. Our budgets, as well as our temperaments, often took us into low-income neighborhoods where people tend to express their opinions physically. People sometimes stumbled into the Deaf Club with bloody faces. But once they were inside, it was a safe haven. I enjoyed it so much that I commuted by bus all the way from Sausalito regularly.

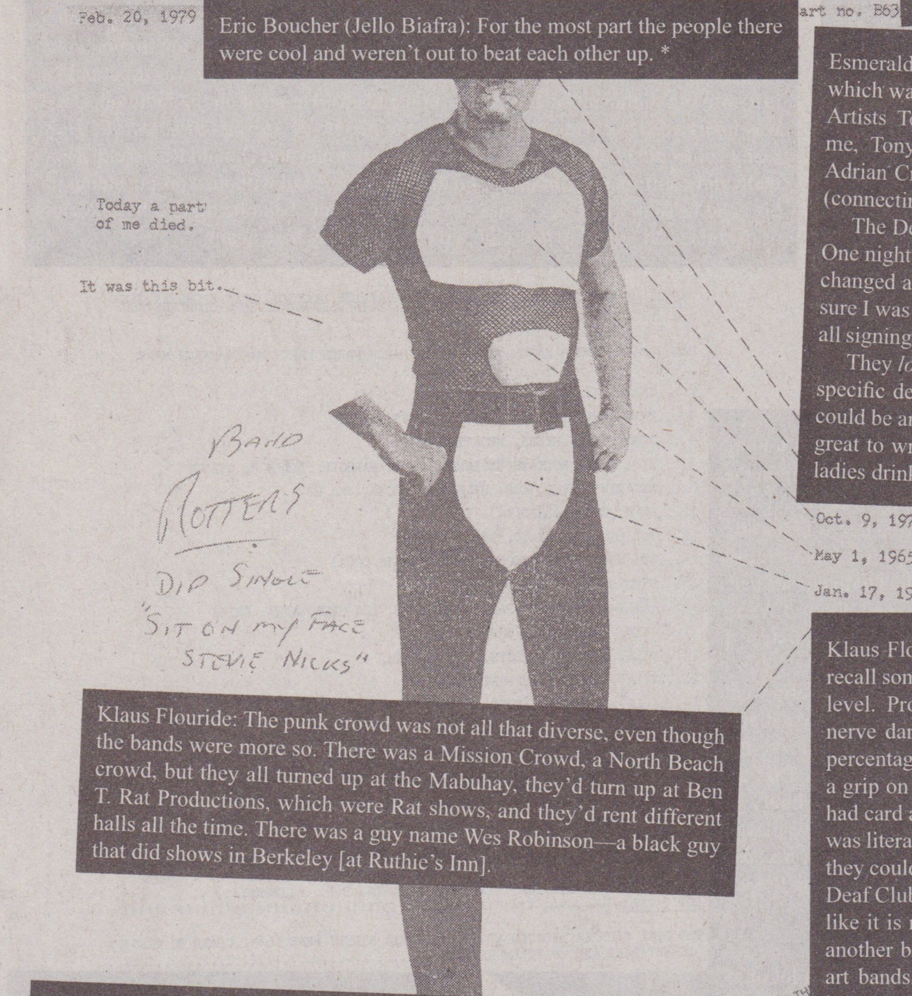
Ginger Coyote: The Deaf Club was one of my favorite venues in the early days. The Deaf people could feel the vibrations from the floor and the music excited them a lot. They all seemed to enjoy the music and the people. Every once in awhile, a problem would arise with either one of the deaf community or a drunk punk and a fight would break out. Robert Hanharan, who worked with The Offs, was doing the booking there. There were not many venues that catered to punk, so we tried our best to keep the Deaf Club open and available. I had a birthday party at the Deaf Club and all sorts of San Fran folks came out for it. My magazine *Punk Globe* covered a lot of the shows booked there.

Ginger Coyote: The deaf people also drank the beer being served and would get drunk. Depending on the show and what people brought into the club, fights would break out. The rational (sober) deaf people could see it was a matter of too much beer, and they would control the deaf patrons. But they also would cut off the punks. Sometimes that was the core of the fights that broke out. Basically we all got along. There would be people who paid at the door that would get freaked out and end up being in a gang in the area and punks would often have fights with each other. Booze being the reason behind most fights.

The punks really did not have gangs, although there were cliques that people belonged with. The punks would often walk in groups with chains and bottles for protection.

Ethan Davidson: The most interesting thing about the Deaf Club was that it was a real Deaf Club. The members stood around with the rest of us drinking the powerful drinks. I don't sign, so I never "spoke" to any of them, but what I was told was that they enjoyed our music because they could feel the vibrations on the floor. I imagine that they also enjoyed the visual display, for we were the most visually interesting community at the time. People would dye their hair a different shade of blue, green, or purple every week. It can now be said that I never had trouble buying a Bloody Mary, even though I was sixteen.

Eric Boucher (Jello Biafra): For the most part the people there were cool and weren't out to beat each other up. *



Esmeralda Kent: The Deaf Club was down the street from our "house," which was a ginormous storefront, a 1920s dry goods store that is now Artists Television Access (ATA Gallery) at 992 Valencia St. where me, Tony Hotel, and our manager (and Tuxedo Moon's manager) Adrian Craig lived. We had a huge basement that had secret passages (connecting the whole block) where we used to record and practice.

The Deaf Club was my favorite club because of how strange it was. One night after we played at the end of the night, I went backstage and changed and I thought everyone had left because it was so quiet I was sure I was alone. I went out and the room was full with over 100 people all signing. I wondered if drunk deaf people slurred their sign language?

They *loved* the music because they could feel it. Deafness knows no specific demographic, so rich, poor, old, young, black, Asian, anyone could be and often was deaf and they were all there. Who knew? It was great to write a note of what you wanted to the bartender and see old ladies drinking with spiked mohawk punks.

Klaus Flouride: The punk crowd was not all that diverse, even though the bands were more so. There was a Mission Crowd, a North Beach crowd, but they all turned up at the Mabuhay, they'd turn up at Ben T. Rat Productions, which were Rat shows, and they'd rent different halls all the time. There was a guy name Wes Robinson—a black guy that did shows in Berkeley [at Ruthie's Inn].

Klaus Flouride: I don't remember people touching speakers, though I recall someone telling me that for most people, deafness is a percentage level. Profoundly Deaf is where nothing works, apparently, due to nerve damage, etc. Things are totally gone. That was not the largest percentage of people that were there. This music they could really get a grip on and hear because it was loud, and that club, which generally had card and bingo games and stuff like that when there wasn't a show, was literally a club for deaf people, so not only did they have something they could hear, it was also punk rock theater. Back in the days when the Deaf Club was going on, there wasn't one hardcore band after the other like it is nowadays, in which there is one band playing hardcore after another band playing hardcore. Back then, there was a range between art bands, or the experimental Tuxedo Moon style bands, which fell between art and stuff. Bands like Pink Section. The record *Can You Hear Me? Music from the Deaf Club* also had KGB, which included Johnny Genocide, who is still out there playing.

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Bonnie Hayes: I spent many happy hours at the Deaf Club listening to great music and soaking up the new freedom of the punk scene. I saw X, the Dils, the Contractions, Pink Section, and others. Maybe the Mutants? The Mommers and the Poppers, D. Iyall's band. T Moon played there a lot. I played there with my band the Punts many times. The music was amazing—whatever you wanted it to be. Experimental, messy, off-key, and off-time but really original and alive sounding, not all fixed up and careful

The deaf people sat on the edge of the stage or on the floor near the stage and placed their hands on the stage to feel the music.

Anonymous: I remember going with my older sister to see punk bands at the deaf club. The punk music, the club members with balloons to "feel" the sounds they cannot hear, the TVs to watch because they could read lips. The bar was a folding table and a refrigerator full of Budweiser. A perfect match of outsiders with absolutely no pretensions.

Bonnie Hayes (The Punts): The club was utterly un-controlled, which was one of the best things about it. It was basically like a big, really messy party at someone's house. It seemed private, like an inside thing—you would meet everybody and be in the family. Everybody was drunk and a lot of people were using heroin. I remember a fair amount of throwing up. I was always drunk as hell myself, as I couldn't perform without getting wasted.

F. Stop Fitzgerald (photographer): I do remember some great nights at the club. It was very clear that what seemed a blue-collar neighborhood club for the hearing impaired had taken an interesting turn. It was at first unusual to see these folks—regular members I would assume—at the bar, and dozens of strange-looking punks and punkettes all about. The contrast was wonderful. It was also obvious that the deaf patrons were enjoying the music—at the bar, in front of the stage, near the speakers, or backstage. They definitely seemed to dig it.

David Javelosa (Los Microwaves): I remember playing as Los Microwaves at least two times. There really wasn't much of a stage except a low platform. I realized that I had to enunciate my drink orders to the bartender, because he was reading my lips for drinks! When we opened for Tuxedo Moon, they surrounded the stage with plastic sheeting and started to spray paint it from the inside. That drove us out of the dressing room and many from the club because of the fumes. Everyone wanted to play the club, until they actually did! It was in a bad neighborhood back in those days, but there were great tacos across the street. It didn't last for more than a year or two. The scene pretty much moved to Broadway where there were four or five clubs within a few blocks' radius. The high point of the club was the Western Front music festival that included every one in town.

Johnny Stingray (The Controllers): I remember the Deaf Club well! We only played there once, but it was the best. The people *actually* were deaf, but loved punk because of the vibrations and the punk I fashion. We were the headliners that night. It was our first headline gig in San Fran and the place was packed. Over capacity, in fact and the fire marshal closed down the show. We never made it to the stage. The highlight was Darby Crash and Jello Biafra kicking in store windows after the canceled show. I believe Jello cut his Achilles tendon as a result. Fun times.

Klaus Flouride: When we played, it was weird. We weren't introduced by Johnny Walker, like it sounds on our *Music from the Deaf Club* album. He came up in the middle of the set and just grabbed the mic because he was Johnny Walker and who in the fuck were we? We were just this band out of San Francisco that was starting off. We had a fairly good following in San Francisco at that point. I can't recall if we opened for the Germs. It was one or the other. I think the Germs headlined. Walker just jumped up in the middle of the set and did his spiel about, "We're going to show them that San Francisco is the center of …" That sort of stuff. I don't recall the fire marshal closing down the show, and I may be wrong. I don't recall the Controllers being on the bill, but I may be wrong too. I know Biafra went out with some of the Germs and they indiscriminately kicked out windows. Biafra kicked out one, then realized that his fancy little pointed shoes weren't like the big old boots the Germs had on—big leather things past their ankles. So, Biafra's foot slid on the broken glass and he cut himself. He did a miserable injury to himself. Sliced a vein and a bunch of tendons. For four months after that we played shows with him in a wheelchair because he had to have his leg in a cast because everything had been operated on. It was a lesson for him: if you are going to kick in a window, make sure you have the proper footwear.

Ethan Davidson: Now, I have to admit that when it comes to the music, a lot of us weren't paying attention very closely. I remember Tuxedo Moon coming on and I joined somebody in yelling, "Boring!" and "Art Frat!" Tuxedo Moon is actually a good band. I just enjoyed yelling.

I remember Johnny Genocide of No Alternative singing, "Giddy up little horsey, I just can't wait to fuck my horse again." This was his parody of a country song.

Klaus Flouride: I remember it being working class, but I don't remember it being that dingy, though we played an awful lot of pretty dingy punk clubs. That didn't ever impress upon me that much. I think that "California Uber Alles" might have come out by the time we played there, but I really don't think so, because we still had 6025 in the group. So, it was still before we had a single out. We were still early on in the thing. There was a folding table in the back. They sold cans of Budweiser. I think it was for like a buck apiece. Back then, you could get Buds for $2.50 or $3.00 a six-pack, or something like that, so they were doing okay. That was your bar. The thing that impressed me the most was that when we were watching the Germs I was right up front, and I was trying to talk to the person next to me. Everybody was grabbing somebody's ear and hollering to try and talk, whereas the deaf members, the people who were deaf and frequented the place on an everyday basis, would just lean forward towards the stage and sign each other—no problem with communication.

Klaus Flouride: The only really solid, all-the-time venue had been the Mabuhay. The Deaf Club was one of the few places that had established itself as possibly a place that had more than two shows. Most of the time there were maybe one to two shows in the basement of a place. We played the Finnish Hall, all these places, like one time. I can see Dirk saying, "If you play that place, you'll never play the Mabuhay again," in some sort of bluff, but I don't think, or I don't remember there being anything along the levels of anybody threatening anybody other than when Bill Graham put on one or two shows.

At the Bill Graham show we played with the Clash. It was a big show, his goons got out of hand. He didn't like how stuff went, and he said, "I'm never going to put on another punk show." This is after he said, "I'm going to show punk rockers how it's done. I'm going to show these goddamn punk rockers how you put on a rock 'n' roll show." Then by the end of it, he's like, "I'm never going to book one of these kinds of shows again." People were not behaving like he was used to, like just swaying to the music and going "ooh and ah." He went on the radio once and was interviewed by Tim Yohannan and the people of *MaximumRocknRoll*. They really confronted him. It wasn't like David Letterman and Donald Rumsfeld. They really did confront him about a goon throwing some kid without a proper stamp on his hand in front of a truck. But I never heard of any band being told by one club or the other, "If you play that club, you'll never play here again."

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2....GERMS(LA), KGB, PINK SECTION
3....DEAD KENNEDYS, GERMS(LA), BELFAST COWBOYS
4....ZEROS, BLOWDRYERS, NEGATIVE DILS
7....LEVI & THE ROCKATS(ENGLAND), PEARL HARBOUR, FILLMORE STRUTS
8....NEGATIVE TREND, KGB, BELFAST COWBOYS, JAH HOVA
10...OFFS, CONTROLLERS(LA), VS.,
11...TUXEDO MOON, MX-80, PINK SECTION
14...NOH MERCY, SITUATIONS, HUMANS(SANTA CRUZ)
15...NECXT, MX-80, PINK SECTION
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Bruce Conner (photographer): It was reassuring that, when the music got loud at one end of the room, you could crawl to the other end of the room and talk to the deaf people. They always had TV without sound. *

Ethan Davidson: I don't personally remember much in the way of interactions between the punks and the deaf patrons, except that they just stood around with the rest of them. I assume that the bartender was deaf, though he didn't seem to have any trouble with my drink order.

I remember that a number of people in the punk scene were gay or bi, which didn't mean that the rest of them were totally free of homophobia. But the general public tended to lump both groups together. This was, after all, the same time when the San Francisco gay scene was exploding.

Kathy Peck (The Contractions): The place was filthy. My boots would stick to the floor. The deaf people would dance to the vibration of the beat. Robert Hanrahan would do a radio show with Johnny Walker (BBC punk rock DJ) on the side of the stage, it seems. Robert Hanrahan, manager of The Offs discovered the San Francisco Club for the Deaf in 1978, and was able to rent it on a nightly basis.

It was great fun. The Deaf Club was more a like a neighborhood place, very underground, in the Mission District. People would give the deaf sign for a beer as The Offs, The Contractions, Middle Class, No Alternative, and the Dils played. People like Ginger Coyote would hang out, dance, and drink. The bathroom was full of graffiti. We'd load in, and the punk boys' bands would always get in crazy fights. Brittley Black (drummer of Crime) fell out of the upstairs window many a night. The deaf people were receptive. They could "hear" through the wooden floor—a simple floor, made from planks or linoleum. It could catch the vibrations. Frank Moore from the Outrageous Beauty Pageant was there in his wheelchair that people dragged upstairs, since it was on the second floor. Dirk Dirksen (Mabuhay club promoter and San Francisco music icon) nurtured his career.

Klaus Flouride: I don't specifically remember Frank Moore being there, but he was at everything. It wouldn't stand out because he was at so many things. He was a really cool guy. He was really disabled. He had a ouija board on the front of his wheelchair and a pointer on his hat so he could point out things he needed, because he couldn't talk. His hands were too uncontrollable to run the wheelchair himself, and he had a group of people that he lived with that almost worshipped him. They would get him to shows, and carry him up and down. They lived in Berkeley, and I think they still do. Everything is now all tie-dyed, even the colors of the house and the car they drive around in.

Ethan Davidson: At the Mabuhay, I remember quadriplegic performance artist Frank Moor Performing with his Sexually Explicit players. In one memorable performance, Frank played a severely physically disabled man being tortured and given an enema by a nurse. It was extremely black comedy and would not have been socially acceptable even in the punk scene if Frank hadn't organized the whole show himself.

As far as people of color I don't remember them at the Deaf Club. At the Geary Theatre, I hung out with Tony Zero, who was Mexican-American. I remember a black Rastafarian working at GT. Some of us briefly got involved with Rock Against Racism, which was organized by a black woman.

Kathy Peck: It was an era of disposable beer, disposable art—the Xerox art movement—as well as disposable bands. We played there with Wall of Voodoo, Zeros, Jennifer Blowdryer, and Johnny Genocide. I used Lysol spray to clean the stage at sound check. It was pretty dirty. People would party and get drunk and spill stuff. There was no real staff to take care of the place. The deaf people would do what they could to take care of it.

People were recording bands. V. Vale (*Search and Destroy*) Brad Lapin (*Damage* Magazine) Lu Read, and Randy Seanor were there, along with bands—The Mutants, Crime, Dead Kennedys, Tuxedo Moon, Noh Mercy, Pink Section, JJ180, Los Microwaves, Units, Punts, and Jars. It was really mixed. It was more about the music than what somebody was, or "You Don't Know Who You Think I Am"—the whole identity thing. The deaf people would dance at sound check. Dirk cancelled one of our (thecontractions.com) early performances at the Mabuhay, so we switched over and played our first show at the Deaf Club thanks to the Offs.

Klaus Flouride: *Can You Hear Me?* was all recorded by Jim Keylor, who recorded "California Uber Alles." He recorded our first single. It was recorded on the same equipment as *Can You Hear Me?*. He just set up at the side of the stage and winged it. It was for one solid week that he did that, basically. Well, I can't imagine him breaking down and setting the equipment back up again. So, I think it was a solid week of shows. Johnny Walker was there, who was one of the DJs at Radio Caroline, one of the first offshore pirate radio stations in the UK. I don't remember KUSF (University of San Francisco) or KALX (North Gate Radio), which would be two stations that would broadcast live. Both used to do remotes, but I don't remember them being there. I think Kathy might be remembering Jim Keylor on the side recording. He had his whole set-up, like a splitter for all the mics.

Craig Gray (Negative Trend): What I remember about the Deaf Club is that there weren't many deaf people there, mainly the staff. I don't remember any deaf punks being there per se, but I didn't know everybody in the scene. I don't know if it's fair to say they were square and sidelined—once in awhile there would be people whom I assumed were some of the staff standing up front with their hands on the PA. I don't think most of the people at those gigs were really aware of the deaf people and assumed whoever didn't look like a punk rock kid was one of the deaf. No one was consciously excluding anybody, more than anything it would have been a communication problem—not a lot of signing punk rock kids in 1978-79.

Klaus Flouride: You couldn't tell from the stage if the patrons were punk rock. When you were playing, you could see people signing, and that was about it. In terms of the punk rock stuff, as far as the fashion, if you want to call it that, the look and stuff, we thought, we are not going to wear spiky hair because we didn't want to take one uniform and replace it with another. So, there could have been people there totally into punk rock, as far as the visuals go, because they liked the theater of it, or whatever, but you couldn't really tell. Back then, the shows were so, well, look at old show photos of the Mabuhay in 1977 and '78, which you can find all over the Internet. You look at the styles. You see people right at the front of the stage at Mabuhay that look like it's 1975 still. That doesn't mean that they weren't into it or that their fashion didn't change later. They were right up front, dealing not with a pit, but a lot of action. I didn't notice one way or another whether the deaf people were punk. Well, I know there were a lot of people there for curiosity's sake because that was their deaf club, and deaf people would go there on Friday or Saturday night. Maybe they just sat at the back and watched, and thought, hmm, curious.

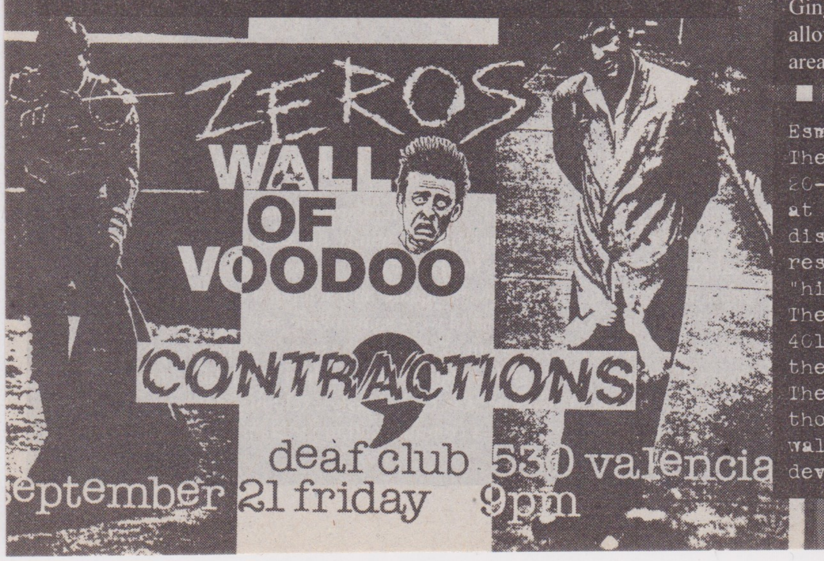
Ethan Davidson: The neighbors had complained about the noise, so they had covered the walls with egg cartons, stapled on. But a member of The Mutants ripped them down during a show. For this, or perhaps some other reason, this unique social experiment was closed down, and we went back to hanging out at the Mabuhay Gardens and wherever else we could. Shortly after that, my scars and bruises attracted the attention of a young woman, who moved me into her one bedroom apartment with four other punks, and removed my stitches with a pair of scissors. And my life was permanently changed.

Klaus Flouride: The whole thing lasted less than a year before they got complaints from the neighbors who were not deaf, basically.

Kathy Peck: Ironically, for two decades, as co-founder and executive director of Hearing Education and Awareness for Rockers (hearnet.com), I have worked with musicians suffering from hearing damage, providing hearing services and education, and I started off playing at the Deaf Club, and suffered from intense hearing loss for ten years myself.

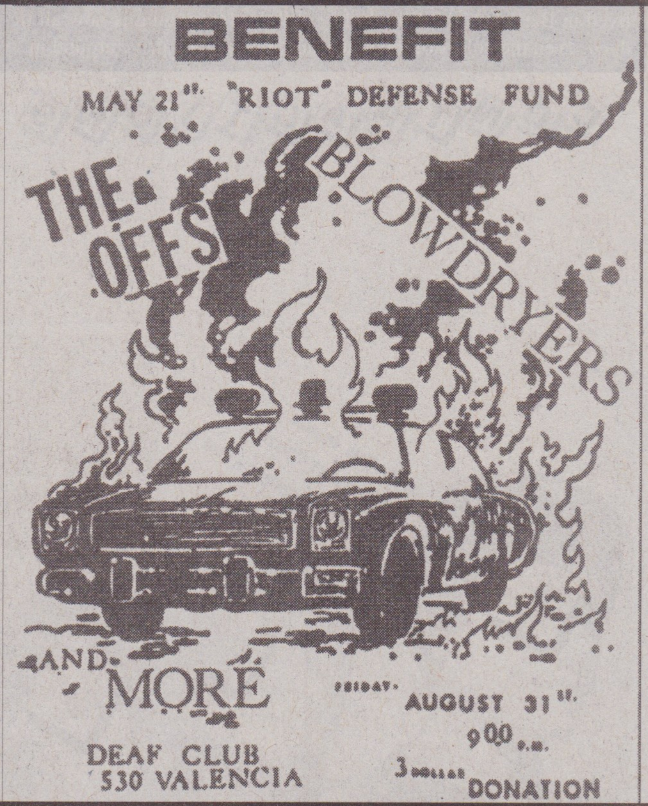
Once, The Mermen, White Trash Debutants, Mo 'Fessionals, Meri St. Mary, and The Vktms played an event we called "Vibe-a-Thon" for a H.E.A.R. benefit (1996). I invited the deaf community and the punks to feel and hear the music through the vibration of the floor. In fact, everybody ended up lying on the floor like seals—a good vibration. The Vibe-o-Thon was one of the first Media Casts over the Internet that night. The Tactile Sound System (Clark Synthesis) allowed concert-goers to "feel and hear" the performances like never before—at a volume that will not risk hearing damage to the audience "by vibrating the floor, and using the human body itself as a bone resonator, we were able to turn down the overall volume to help prevent hearing loss for those with hearing while deaf and hard of hearing people were be able to 'hear' the concert via sound vibrations." It felt loud, but it wasn't as loud as it seemed.

* [Taken from *Can You Hear Me? Music from the Deaf Club* liner notes]



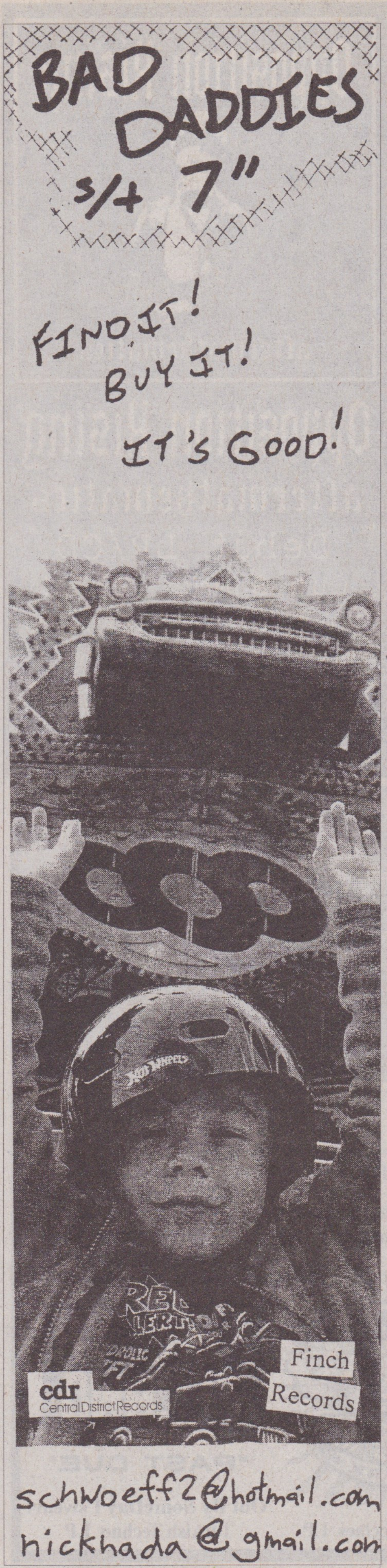
Ethan Davidson: Dirk Dirksen had a certain vision of punk as theatre. Other people saw it more as people as singing and talking about our real lives. The Mabuhay was focused around the personality of Dirk, no matter who else was playing. He deliberately drew the audience's anger towards himself, so his sneering voice was part of every show. North Beach by this time was not, mostly, an Italian or a beatnik neighborhood, but a center of sleazy voyeuristic strip club tourism. The aura of sleaze seemed to permeate everything. And not the seedy punk sleaze, but the manipulative, money grubbing kind. The Mabuhay got the most press, and drew people who were brand new. The Deaf Club generally got folks who had been around at least a little while.

And then, the Deaf club died quickly, while the Mabuhay died slowly and painfully. As the media took hold of punk and kids started flocking in from the suburbs in the early 80s, it became a tourist trap. The brick walls with spray painted graffiti were covered with fake brick with fake spray painted graffiti. I couldn't believe that it had so blatantly become an imitation of itself. The rules got stricter: no ins and outs. The bouncers got more uptight, and then sometimes actually violent. I saw somebody get thrown through a glass door. The police started hounding the sidewalk in front. It turned into a 'no fun' zone. The Deaf Club never did. The Deaf Club did seem more DIY than the Mabuhay.



Ginger Coyote: Now in 2011 the area has been gentrified and people are allowed to dress as they please. It is also a lot safer for people to walk in the area with ease. It seems the police patrol the area a lot more.

Esmeralda Kent: Valencia St. is now extremely chic. The rents are sky high and it is filled with promenading 20-somethings from India and the Midwest who work at Apple, Google, Yahoo, etc., with shitloads of discretionary income to spend in the trendy upscale restaurants and clothing boutiques. They call them "hipsters," but there is nothing "hip" about them. They are tech addicted hardcore capitalists with huge 401(k)s. They remind me of straight people's parents in the 70s (and they like those straight '70s clothes!). They seem incapable of coming up with an original thought that does not include social networking or walking around bumping into things looking at the device in the palm of their hands.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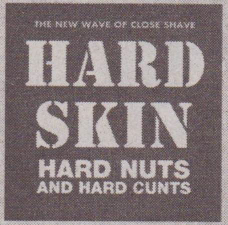

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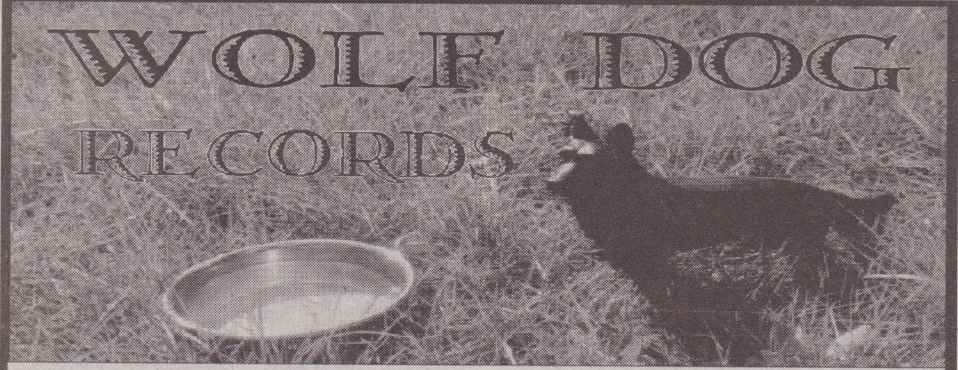

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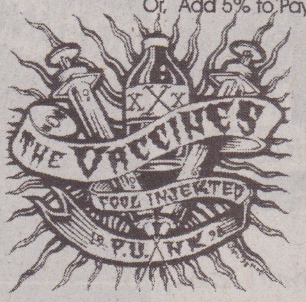

The Vaccines LP

Out By SomeDay I swear!
Turkish Techno LP

__UNLEARN__ are a four piece raw punk band from Vancouver Canada. They don't embody the typical things you might associate with the Canadian Northwest, aka: hippies, hockey, and weed, (maybe the last one), but they are one of my favorite bands in Vancouver. Having released two demo tapes, and just recently a 7" on Deranged records and a split 7" with KRUEL on Crucificados records, all powerful, assaulting and wonderfully packaged by the band themselves, they seem to be treading on dark and foreboding waters that have been lacking with punk bands here lately. I've been friends with their singer Sam for a while now, but it wasn't till last summer, at a backyard show for Vancouver's Distort Fest that I first bore witness to them live, and really to be honest it came a little bit out of nowhere for me. Blasting through what seemed like fifteen minutes of fuzzed out pummeling fury, I was confused as to why I had never heard them before, or comprehended these four nice boys were capable of that much noise and chaos. I recently met up with them at a local hole called Funky Winker Beans and we talked about their band, recreational activities, magic, and plans to tour the US in the fall.

UNLEARN

Photo credits: Mandy Barberree, Johannah Jorgensen, Morgan Davis, Karl Celis. Jakob Knudsen, Tessa Stewart

Interview by Andrea Lukic

MRR: Who are you and what do you do?
Sam: I'm Sam, I sing.
Matt: I'm Matt, I play bass.
Nick: I'm Nick, I play drums.
Todd: I'm Todd I play guitar.

MRR: How did you get into playing music?
Nick: My dad plays in cock rock bar bands. So when I was twelve I started to jam on his band's drums.
Sam: I got a drum kit when I was ten, and taught myself how to play. Then, in the seventh grade I started a band with some kids from school.
Matt: I picked up a bass when I was twelve.
Todd: Boredom mostly. My cousin got me into punk when I was twelve. I started playing bass when I was sixteen.

MRR: Does your upbringing have anything to do with the aggressiveness in your music?
Matt: Growing up around a bunch of hippies and Chongos made me get in to punk.
Sam: I grew up in a city full of lame ass cowboys and spoiled rich brats. Mostly I was just bored a lot of the time and frustrated with the fact that the world is not a very nice place to live.
Todd: I had a rough childhood, I was a bad kid. Maybe it does subconsciously, but I would say it has more to do with my current daily life than anything.

MRR: How did Unlearn start?
Todd: Sam and I played in bands in Calgary. We moved to Vancouver around the same time. I started writing songs about a year later. I wanted Sam to sing, so we asked Matt and our first drummer Jay to jam. Jay played on the first demo and our first show before leaving the band. Someone told me that Nick was moving to town soon, whom Sam and I both knew from Calgary, so I gave him a call and we started jamming with him about three weeks later.

MRR: Are you all originally from Calgary?
Sam: Nick and I are, and Todd lived there for awhile.

MRR: So that's how you guys met?
Sam: Yeah and I used to get drunk and stoned every Sunday at Todd's house.
Nick: [laughs]

MRR: How long have you guys been playing together?
Todd: Since October 2009.

MRR: Where was your first show?
Sam: Upstairs at the Alf House in February. It was before the Olympics and I remember some girl grabbing the mic and trying to rally people against the Olympics, so I turned the P.A off.
[Everyone laughs]

MRR: Do you remember the other bands?
Todd: It was supposed to be Arctic Flowers and Salted City but they were denied at the border. Spectres and Suicide Children played.
Matt: Infamy played too, but they suck.
[Everyone laughs]

MRR: The first time I think I remember seeing you guys was at the Alf House backyard Distort Fest show last year and I remember being really impressed, and thinking finally there's a good punk band in Vancouver. 'Cause I felt like Vancouver was lacking a good straight up punk band. In a lot of other cities the complaint would be the opposite...
Nick: People try too hard to do something new, unique and innovative, but they end up coming out falling flat on their face with too many different influences, and lack a driving sound underneath it all.
Sam: Yeah, I think that raw and simplistic music has a great capacity for delivering some kind of energy or feeling or whatever. There's a reason music sounds good when it's really loud, and 4/4 time never fails to make people dance or freak out or whatever.
Matt: I would rather hear a band that sticks to one kind of vibe/style than a crossbreed of all types of shit bands.

MRR: What do you guys think of the Vancouver punk community?
Todd: The shows are awesome. Lots of people come out.
Sam: I like it.
Todd: There aren't enough bands. It's hard to find committed people to start bands with.

MRR: Why do you think that is?
Todd: Most people don't even have gear.
Matt: A lot of people say they want to start something, but then end up getting busy with other things or just get disinterested.

MRR: Are there any other houses in Vancouver doing shows?
Everyone: The Chateau.
Todd: We've played almost all of our local shows at the Alf House—all except two.
Nick: Besides bars, the Alf House is one of the only other places to play.

MRR: And it's still standing strong?
Sam: It's standing. I'm interested to see what happens when there is no more Alf House.
Todd: It's gonna be a lot harder to book shows.

MRR: What are your musical and non-musical influences and how does that influence Unlearn?
Sam: Crass were probably the first and biggest one. From there, just lots of international hardcore from the eighties like GISM and Kaaos as well as Throbbing Gristle and some of the other Industrial Records/TOPY bands. Modern life is no fun. I don't like it.
Nick: I'm into a bunch of metal, like Judas Priest and whatever, and playing to stuff that's a bit harder than punk has helped me get better at my instruments for sure.
Matt: Motorhead and Discharge.
Todd: Where do I start? Mostly early '80s Japanese and Finnish punk; Stuff like Bannlyst, Svart Parad, Deathside, Disclose obviously, Kansaan Uutiset, Disarm, Disorder and I can't go without mentioning The Smiths, David Bowie, and Neil Young. Daily life is really the only non-musical influence for Unlearn

MRR: What is "raw punk" to you?
Todd: Noisy and loud.
Matt: Blown out.
Sam: I believe the most perfect term in rock n roll history is raw power:

energetic, primitive, simple and anything that will grab people and make them freak out.

MRR: Sam, how are important are lyrics?
Sam: A lot of people write lyrics they know nothing about. People write about shit they've never seen or experienced in all of their lives. Churning out tons of songs describing the horrors of war without any thought or criticism, I think, serves to degrade how awful it really all is. It can trivialize these really awful things. Just for aesthetic. These things still happen all the time, and most people will never have a firsthand knowledge of how fucked up and awful it really can be, or even think about it.

MRR: What about your guys' aesthetic, who does your artwork?
Todd: I've pretty much handled everything. I approach these picky assholes with ideas and then go from there.

MRR: Matt, every time I see you you're wearing a ski mask/balaclava, it certainly lends itself aesthetically to the way you guys sound, but where/when did this come from?
Matt: Ok, so the ski mask thing started when I created a Facebook account because *nobody uses a god damned phone anymore*. So I thought to myself "How can I be on Facebook without actually being on Facebook?", and that was the birth of Mark Hoydan.

MRR: So you've done a West Coast tour and a western Canadian tour. Who were some of the bands you play with?
Everyone: Kruel.
Todd: Nerveskade, Free Radicalz, Vaccuum, In Disgust.
Nick: Verraterisch, Warcry And Burial, Nightgaun.

MRR: What was the best show you played on tour?
Todd: The last In Disgust show ever.

MRR: Where was that?
Nick: The Hazmat in Oakland
Sam: In Disgust's set was insane, they trashed all of their gear after their set.
Todd: They were maybe one of three good grind bands to come out in the last twenty years. A broken guitar was thrown at my head.

MRR: Where are the best places you've played so far?
Sam: Portland and the Bay Area.
Nick: Long Beach.
[Everyone laughs]
Todd: That was one of those insane druggie/drunk punk shows.
Nick: People were smoking crack in the living room and stepping on my face.
Todd: Earlier that evening I told everyone and I was gonna sleep in the van and they all made fun of me and called me a pussy.
Sam: Yeah, we were like "Fuck you, we're real punks! We're gonna sleep where we play!" Matt slept in a piss-covered dog bed. Some poor soul who was up puking in the toilet all night sounded like he was having the worst night of his entire life. Most inhuman puking noise I've ever heard. It was still awesome though, 'cause none of had to drive the next day, Todd drives us everywhere. Big daddy.

MRR: San Diego?
[Everyone Laughs]
Matt: That show was awesome!!!

MRR: We always seem to play with stoner bands when we're down there.
Todd: San Diego is one of the worst shows we've ever played, there was four people there, and some shitty band from Ontario played who were homeless, camping in California hopping on any bill they could get. They were soooo fuckin' bad! Sam and Nick couldn't stay 'cause they weren't twenty-one at the time. We had to stay 'til the end to get paid, so I watched them for a good 40 minutes. After they played two members got into a yelling match while they were loading gear off the stage about one of the dudes' performance. It was hilarious. One dude was hucking shit at the other guy, passive aggressive bullshit for 20 minutes. Great entertainment. On the up side, we did get some good pasta salad.

MRR: What is your connection to Portland?
Todd: I have more friends in Portland than I do here. Punk paradise. There's a huge Vancouver-Portland connection. I try to go down at least once every couple months. It's extremely relaxing compared the craziness in Vancouver. Good shows, good record stores, good people and good weed.
Sam: A lot of bands from down there come up here to play, and vice-versa. I have dear friends who live there.

MRR: What are your current favorite local bands?
Todd: White Lung and Spectres.
Sam: Nu Sensae.
Nick: Infect Propaganda.

MRR: How did you hook up with Deranged?
Todd: I've been buying records off and on from Gord for years. He said he might be interested in helping us out, I sent him the recordings, and he was into it.

MRR: Where do you record?
Todd: With Stan Wright at Buzz or Howl Studios in Portland. We've recorded everything besides our first demo there. We will probably continue to record all of our material with Stan.

MRR: What can we expect for future releases?
Todd: Self-titled 7" just came out on Deranged records. Huge thanks to Gord for helping us out. A split 7" with our dawgz Kruel from LA will be out by the time this interview is printed. As well, a self titled LP will be out in September.

MRR: When and where are you planning to tour next?
Todd: Five-week tour in the fall. A good chunk of the US and Western Canada.

MRR: Last words?
Sam: Punk forever! I love punk!
Matt: Kill me. I love cigarettes.
Nick: I got nothing, fuck it.
Todd: We don't include thanks lists in our records, so I guess now's the time to give some people who have gone out of their way to help us a little bit of credit. Huge thanks to Stan Wright, Dan Randall, Brad Boatright, Gord Deranged, Steven Crucificados, Maus, Emma, Nick Fazzolari, Colin Sanders, Calvin Wright, Camden, Andrea, Lendawg, Foat, Anju, Robert Collins, Alf House, Kruel, Free Radicalz (R.I.P), Bone Sickness, Bellicose Minds, Contagium, Salted City, Spectres.

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THE SECRET HISTORY OF PUNK ROCK AND HARDCORE IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA PART 3

BY FILIP (SEE YOU IN HELL – ORBA@SEZNAM.CZ)

The Birth of Hardcore

As I explained in the previous two parts of my article, (in *MRR* #338 and #339), the cultural isolation from the outside world and the state's censorship both played important roles in the (under) development of the hardcore/punk scene in Czechoslovakia, as it was almost impossible to obtain new records from the West, to see any current Western punk bands live, or to travel to Western countries. The influx of information on independent rock music was very limited and this was, of course, reflected in the Czechoslovak punk rock bands' music, too. For the duration of the '80s, the majority of bands were influenced either by the most famous late '70s UK punk bands, such as SEX PISTOLS, DAMNED, the CLASH or UK SUBS, or by the best-known early '80s UK punk bands, such as the EXPLOITED or GBH. These bands were the most popular punk rock bands worldwide, and had their records widely distributed in normal shops, so when a lucky punk rocker in Czechoslovakia had relatives in the West (usually in Germany or Austria), and asked them to send him some punk rock records as a Christmas present, these bands' records were, of course, the most accessible ones to buy. It was almost impossible to find out about more about underground stuff, such as the UK '80s peace punk on Crass Records and Mortarhate Records or the early American hardcore on Dischord Records, as these records were usually sold only through DIY distros and small independent shops. So, throughout the '80s, most Czechoslovak punks and Czechoslovak punk rock bands knew only these few Western punk rock bands.

The very first hardcore bands started in the Czech part of Czechoslovakia (there were no active hardcore bands in Slovakia before 1989, as far as I know) in the late '80s, shortly before the 1989 revolution, and they were mostly based in the capital city of Prague. But there was one major exception: the band called RADEGAST.

RADEGAST (1981 - 1993)

The very first hardcore band in Czechoslovakia started in the early '80s in Havirov, a city located in the northeastern part of the country, close to the borders with Poland and Slovakia. This whole region, called Silesia, is mostly known for extensive black coal mining, heavy industry, polluted air, and devastated nature. Havirov itself was built from scratch as late as the '50s to provide accommodation for the new miners who came to this region from all over of the country to seek a new life, and the brutal and polluted environment of this part of the country gave birth to a very vital local hardcore/punk scene!

The guitar player of RADEGAST, Milan Jonsta, had already played in a short-lived punk rock band called HLAVY 2000 (who were briefly mentioned in part I of this report) in the late '70s. When he got access to some faster foreign music, he decided to start a new band called RADEGAST (named after the famous local beer brand). Back in the early '80s, he heard the very first US hardcore bands like DIE KREUZEN, MINOR THREAT, YOUTH BRIGADE, BATTALION OF SAINTS, and POISON IDEA from a Polish radio station and from smuggled records, and this music, being a huge novelty back then, had a great, immediate impact on him. But it took three years and few line-up changes before RADEGAST started to play any gigs. They started to play illegal gigs in the mid '80s, and in 1986, they recorded their first thirteen-song demo tape. The whole recording is only twenty minutes long and the band performs great thrashing hardcore, with machine-gun-like drumming and harsh female vocals. The recording was included on an underground tape compilation with other bands from their city. Shortly after this release, the singer left, and the band remained a three-piece until the end of their career, with Jonsta both singing and playing guitar.

In 1989, they recorded their second demo tape, this time with seventeen songs, with a similar length of twenty minutes. Their style became even faster and more brutal, influenced a bit by new era thrash/hardcore bands of late '80s like CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER, WEHRMACHT, and LUDICHRIST. This demo was re-released in Poland in 1991 on a tape called *Nikomu Never* ("Trust Nobody"), with a 1990 live gig from Brno on the B-side. The lyrics on both RADEGAST demo tapes were directly influenced by their surroundings, and dealt with issues like the feelings of despair and alienation caused by life in a cold industrial society, with lack of hope and depression.

Show-wise, it has to be said that the band was never excessively active, as they usually played small illegal gigs in their region. They did manage to play in Prague at the Rockfest 87 festival, where their raw hardcore assault shocked many people in the audience. Even after 1989, they mostly stuck to the Silesian region. RADEGAST played in Poland a few times as well, which is no wonder, as the active Polish scene influenced them heavily.

In 1992, they took the part in the *Fuck Off Major Labels* compilation LP released by Malarie Records as a reaction to big labels that exploited the hardcore punk scene. A year later, RADEGAST recorded and self-released their *Otravena Generace* ("Poisoned Generation") LP, which mostly includes new, professional recordings of their old demo songs. The LP is not so bad, but definitely lacks the rawness and urgency of their demo tapes. Shortly after this release, in 1993, RADEGAST split up for good.

Both '80s demo tapes remain classics of Czech hardcore, thanks not only to the great music and message but also to their great sound. RADEGAST bassist Jiri Proks used to operate a small DIY studio where

he recorded local bands, which he also distributed on compilation tapes in a completely DIY, illegal way. Back then, there was a small and tight punk scene in Havirov, with bands like IQ60, BRACHYBLAST, STREDNE RYCHLE SIPY or KLEC often sharing members and helping each other. All these bands have great recordings from mid-late '80s thanks to Proks' activity.

By the way, none of the original RADEGAST demo tapes have ever been re-released on vinyl or CD. There were some plans for a reissue, but it has never happened. This piece of Czechoslovak hardcore/punk history still remains to be discovered by the outside world!

KRITICKA SITUACE (1987 - 1996)

KRITICKA SITUACE ("Critical Situation") started in 1987 in Prague. Some of the members, who were all teenagers back then, played punk music with some faster parts before this, in a band called P.S. (who split up in early 1988 after recording their very first and last demo tape). While P.S. wrote less serious lyrics, mostly about drinking and partying, the message of KRITICKA SITUACE was more serious and political right from the beginning. Their music was also more mature, as they were influenced by foreign hardcore bands like CONCRETE SOX, MDC, DEPRAVED and HDQ. After playing a few illegal gigs, KRITICKA SITUACE recorded their first demo tape, *Zejtra je nam 20* ("Tomorrow We Are 20") in 1988. As the title suggests, its lyrics deal mostly with the compulsory military service that every young man had to undergo back then (usually for two years). KRITICKA SITUACE had a strongly antimilitaristic, pacifist message in their lyrics. Their music was pretty rough, underdeveloped melodic hardcore with some experimental parts. Their superior second demo tape from 1989, *Stale na uteku* ("Still On the Run"), sounds more mature and straightforward. Their message remained pacifist, but also criticized the passive, fashion-oriented direction of the era's punk scene.

After 1989, and after some line-up changes, KRITICKA SITUACE started to play more regularly. Their singer/guitar player Robert Vlcek quickly became the most important promoter of foreign hardcore bands' shows in Prague. Shortly after 1989, he brought the very first American hardcore bands to play in Prague, including MURPHYS LAW and GORILLA BISCUITS. These shows were a huge novelty back then, as it had previously been impossible to see foreign hardcore acts in Czechoslovakia. From 1991 to the mid '90s, he organized gigs for several hundred bands, mostly bigger US bands like FUGAZI, CRO-MAGS, AGNOSTIC FRONT, SHELTER, and MDC, but also for bands like DISORDER, OI POLLOI, DOOM, SO MUCH HATE, CONCRETE SOX and CHAOS UK. These gigs were very influential on the growing Czechoslovak hardcore scene in the early '90s. Most of them were organized in Prague's 007 Club, which is still active and frequently hosts hardcore/punk gigs.

After the fall of the old totalitarian regime in 1989, it became possible for KRITICKA SITUACE to release their records officially. In 1990 they released the *Epidemie* ("Epidemic") compilation LP, which included new recordings of three older songs. These three songs are probably their best stuff—direct, hard-hitting hardcore/punk with great and catchy choruses. In 1993, KRITICKA SITUACE released their debut LP on a new independent label called Day After Records. They do sound super-professional on this record. The music is very passionate metallic hardcore, but is still good (the LP contains many old songs from the '80s, re-recorded). Thanks to this record, to their many tours not only around Czechoslovakia, but to Western Europe, too, and to bandleader Robert's charisma, KRITICKA SITUACE soon became the leading force in Czech hardcore of the early-mid '90s. In 1996, they put out an EP on Day After Records called "Forgiveness", this time more in the emo style, and shortly after its release the band split up.

In the early 2000s, there was a plan to release a tribute compilation of Czech bands covering KRITICKA SITUACE, but the album was never released, although most of the bands had already recorded their songs for it. There were, and still are, a good number of Czech hardcore bands that play KRITICKA SITUACE covers, such as LAHAR, THALIDOMIDE, and SEE YOU IN HELL. Now, in 2010, there are some rumors that the band has started to practice again after a fourteen year break, so maybe they will jump back on the stage again soon.

SUICIDAL COMMANDO (1987 - 1988)

SUICIDAL COMMANDO also emerged from the ashes of PS. They were musically more mature than KRITICKA SITUACE, but they lacked that band's political stance. Their existed for a very brief time; they played only a dozen or so gigs, mostly in Prague. Their 17-song demo tape from 1988, *Made In Perestrojka*, just kills, musically speaking. Bands like DRI, SUICIDAL TENDENCIES, and LÄRM heavily influenced SUICIDAL COMMANDO's music, and they played super-fast hardcore/thrash. Most of their lyrics were outspoken attacks against the ruling totalitarian regime and the police, but sadly, they had some racist songs as well, as the band members inclined towards the newly rising hooligan and skinhead scenes. By the way, the skinhead subculture started in Czechoslovakia in the late '80s and was initially limited to Prague, but was unfortunately very nationalist and racist right from the beginning. SUICIDAL COMMANDO split up around the time of their demo recording session, and the members joined other bands like PLEXIS, KRITICKA SITUACE, and MICHAELS UNCLE.

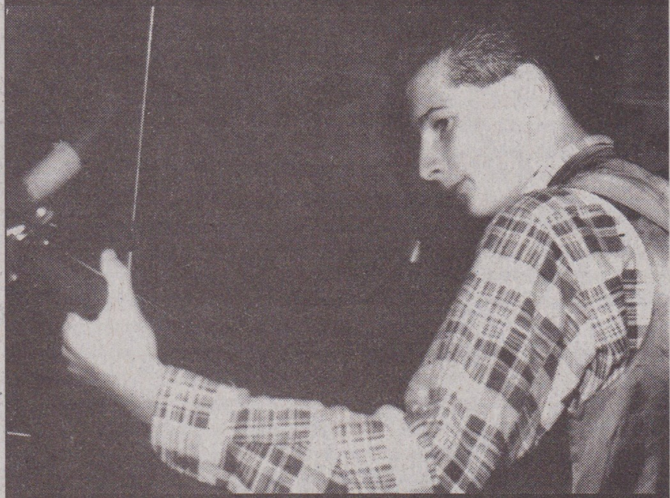
MICHAELS UNCLE (1987 - 1994, reformed in 2004)

MICHAELS UNCLE started in 1987 in Prague. At first they played dark, hypnotic post-punk, but in 1989 they gained more speed and distortion and recorded a great tape called *Svine!* ("Pigs!"), which was later re-released on LP in 1992 by Black Point. They played

mostly illegal gigs and were known for their excessive consumption of drugs, which led to their end in the early '90s.

In 1990, the band self-released its debut LP, *The End Of Dark Psychedelia*. A raw piece of experimental and distorted hardcore, this record is a total classic due to its brutally straightforward lyrics, which deal mostly with the decline of the Communist regime. The band split up due to members' drug problems, but reformed in 2004 and still plays and releases records.

BRACHYBLAST (1986 - 1991)



BRACHYBLAST were friends of RADEGAST; they also came from Havirov and had their music recorded and released by the above-mentioned RADEGAST bassist Proks. They did two demo tapes (1987 and 1987/88) and you can hear rough and aggressive hardcore/punk on both, influenced by bands like DEAD KENNEDYS, CRUCIFUCKS, and DEZERTER. They made one more demo tape in 1991 and then split up. This band was never well-known outside their region, and did not play many gigs.

NASROT (1988 - today)

Originally started by musicians of some local psychedelic/underground bands in Havlickuv Brod-city, NASROT played super-fast and raw punk that bordered on hardcore, with DEAD KENNEDYS being probably their main influence. In 1989, they recorded the demo tape *Totalne Nasrot* ("Totally Drunk") with sixteen short and aggressive blasts of hardcore/punk.

After 1989, they were featured on the *Rebelie* compilation LP and in 1991, they released their debut LP called "Destructive Tour." Though most of the songs on both releases were re-recorded from their demo tape, the final result still sounds pretty raw. Many of their lyrics were about drinking and being out of one's mind, but some of them were also pretty ironic, even poetic. Shortly after the debut LP release, NASROT changed their music completely into some kind of rap-metal similar to FAITH NO MORE or RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE.

INSANIA (1987 - 1989, 1992 - today) and SKIMMED (1989 - 1992)

INSANIA from Brno-city was probably the very first Czechoslovak hardcore band that played super fast thrash-core influenced by bands like WEHRMACHT, SLAYER, VOIVOD, CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER, and NAPALM DEATH. They were probably seen more as metal-heads than punks and their English lyrics were full of Satanist and mythical images. They played just few shows, mostly in the youth club Krenova 75, which was the most important venue in Brno in late '80s for the emerging local hardcore, punk and thrash/black metal scenes. After recording the *Possessed By Insania* demo (1988), the band had to stop due to secret-police intervention. The police threatened the band members with expulsion from their university if they continue to play. Nonetheless, the band continued, rehearsing in the cellar under the name SKIMMED. Their music and message also changed a bit more towards hardcore.

In 1990, SKIMMED recorded and self-released the *New Insanity* LP, with nine songs at 45 RPM. It was one of the very first DIY self-released vinyl records made by a Czechoslovak hardcore band, and it gained them certain level of popularity both in Czechoslovakia and around the world. Later, they took part in the *Son Of Bleaurgh* comp EP released by the US label Slap-a-Ham Records, and in the *Fuck Off Major Labels!* comp LP on Malarie Records. In 1992 SKIMMED split up and INSANIA was reborn, this time with more experimental, metal-oriented music. Currently (since the late 2000s), they play something like nu-metal, albeit with punk roots, and release their LPs on DIY labels.

SRK (1988 - 1992)

SRK also came from Brno and often shared stage with INSANIA and SKIMMED. At first, they played chaotic punk covering THE DAMNED and similar bands, but later, on their debut demo tape, "Extreme Noise Maniacs" (1989) they gained more speed, influenced by bands like SOD and DRI. But they did not stop there. Around the 1989 regime change, they started to play even faster, noisier, and more violent music, influenced by grindcore and noisecore (NAPALM DEATH, BRIGADA DO ODIO, MEAT SHITS, A.C., etc.) and they also changed the name to CZECHCORE SRK.

In 1990, CZECHCORE SRK self-released the very first "rock music" CD in Czechoslovakia ever, on their own Discord Records label. It was called *Only For Extremists*, and included 33 noisy detonations with very outspoken political lyrics. Some of the songs were used for the *Rebelie II* comp LP the following year. They released another CD called *Absurd* (under the name SUBVERTED), and a final tape, *Strcprstskrzkrk*, both recorded with a drum machine.

More hardcore bands which started in late '80s, could be mentioned, such as FAS, OPM, SVOBODNY SLOVO, ZELENI KANIBALOVE, and AKUTNI OTRAVA. In 1990, following the regime change, many other new hardcore bands started, like GUMMY PIG, STRES, ROPNEY PRODUKT, L.D. TOTENKOPF, LUES DE FUNES, MENTALLY PARASITES, LOLLIPOP and SERIOUS MUSIC. Most of them later released LPs or EPs or took part in compilation LPs (*Epidemie, Rebelie II, Fuck Off Major Labels!*).

This was the very first generation of Czechoslovak hardcore. As the years went by, the scene started to absorb more and more

influences from the West. Foreign bands began to play here and their records were distributed much better than they had been before 1989, although their price became a big problem, as our currency, the Czechoslovak Crown, was not worth a shit. There came new influences and message in music, and soon also new D.I.Y. labels and fanzines started. The whole hardcore scene quickly became very political and active in issues like antifascism, antiracism, animal rights, antimilitarism, anarchism, etc. Many demonstrations and direct actions started to take place, usually in the capital city of Prague and in the second biggest Czech city Brno. Also, the very first foreign crust bands started to play in Czechoslovakia (NAUSEA, HIATUS, S.O. WAR, SELFISH, FORCA MACABRA, EXTINCTION OF MANKIND, DOOM, WARCOLLAPSE, DISKONTO, etc.) and influenced a whole new genre of bands over here; the same happened, for example, with grindcore. These changes started to take place in 1991 or 1992 and continued throughout the '90s. After 2000, the political edge of Czech/Slovak hardcore softened, I would say.

Some of the more important political hardcore bands from the period between 1992 till the mid '90s were HEARTLINE (hardcore influenced by SEDITION, who released an EP and a split EP w/ MASSKONTROL), CUL DE SAC (raw punk, released a full EP), AVERZE (fast HC, no official releases), NONCONFORMIST (hardcore/punk in the vein of DISAFFECT, full EP, 10" LP and split LP releases), NIHILOBSTAT (crust in the vein of HIATUS, only a demo tape released), PACEM IN TERIS (DISORDER/VARUKERS-style raw punk, only a demo tape released), LOS SOMMROS (fast HC/crust, no releases, although a split EP w/DISCLOSE was planned), and MRTVA BUDOUCNOST (raw punk/crust in its first years, later fastcore/power violence; split EPs w/COEXIST, PANGS OF REMORSE, ARGUE DAMNATION and split LPs w/GRIDE and LEFT IN RUINS released. I played guitar in this band.).

Czechoslovakian hardcore / punk compilation LPs in the early '90s

As I already mentioned, it was almost impossible to release hardcore/punk records in Czechoslovakia before 1989. After the old regime collapsed, it was only natural that there was an abrupt flood of new releases from bands who had been unable to release anything besides underground demo tapes. Obviously, there was huge demand for this kind of music, which had been almost illegal just few years before.

The very first labels that started to release punk records in 1990 were new, business-oriented labels, often started by very questionable personalities, such as the Monitor label, whose owner used to be an official rock musician in Communist times. Monitor also started to release racist garbage (the very popular nationalist and racist band ORLIK), and later became part of EMI. The other labels (Multisonic, Globus, AG Kult, etc.) were not much better. They all saw financial gain in putting out punk records and soon, when the trend died around 1992, switched their priorities to other kind of music. On the other hand, the very first DIY records also emerged in 1990, mostly self-released by bands. Among theses were LPs by MICHAELS UNCLE, ZEMEZLUC and SKIMMED.

It should be also said that not many of these early '90s Czechoslovakian hardcore / punk records stand the test of time, partly because of above-mentioned short range of influences, when many bands just copied already outdated styles of Western punk bands (usually not so well), and in part because of poor sound, as there were no good studios (or, more accurately, few experienced sound engineers) to record this kind of music back then. When these bands entered huge professional studios after years spent in basements and let the rock or heavy metal sound engineers do their jobs, the final result was often not so good.

Anyway, I will just list a few compilation LPs that I think you should check out. For the complete list of hardcore/punk records, please obtain the excellent *Discography of Eastern European Punk Music 1977-1999* book written and published by Lük Haas on his Tian An Men 89 label. So here we go:

V/A *Rebelie* LP (Monitor 1990) - Subtitled "Punk'n'Oi", this record has some good stuff (SANOV I, DO RADY!, NA SROT) and some garbage (ORLIK for sure). There are also two more volumes of *Rebelie*. Volume 2, subtitled "Hardcore," has good songs by SERIOUS MUSIC and CZECHCORE SRK while the remainder is quite bad, and Volume 3 is melodic punk bands.

V/A *Epidemie* LP (Multisonic 1990) - *Epidemie* has great songs by bands like KRITICKA SITUACE, PLEXIS, TELEX, ZELENI KANIBALOVE, and SVOBODNY SLOVO, and is the best early '90s compilation LP from Czechoslovakia. It also has pretty good cover artwork.

V/A *Akce Punk* (AG Kult 1990) - This mostly consists of live songs from a punk festival that ended in a riot, as well as some studio-recorded songs. It has good stuff by Slovakian punk rock bands like ZONA A and SLOBODNA EUROPA; some Czech bands here are good too (SANOV I, DO RADY!).

V/A *Punk's Not Dead* (Punc 1990) - This record has great songs by TELEX, ZNOUZECTNOST, ZONA A (sadly their only racist song, called "Gypsies' Problem"), and more.

V/A *Fuck Off, Major Labels!!!* (Malarie 1991) - *Fuck Off, Major Labels!!!* was the DIY hardcore bands' answer to compilations released by commercial labels. Malarie was one of the very first DIY labels in Czechoslovakia after 1989, and is still putting out records in 2011! This compilation has four bands that refused to cooperate on the above mentioned records released by Monitor and Multisonic, RADEGAST, STRES, AHC, and SKIMMED. Sadly, it suffers from inferior sound quality, but is crucial to the DIY scene.

OK, that's all from me. If you are interested in learning more about any of these bands or about the current hardcore/punk scene in the Czech Republic, please don't hesitate to contact me. Also, if you are interested in my book covering the Czechoslovak hardcore/punk scene before 1989 called *Kytary a rev* ("Guitars And Screams"), feel free to order it from www.phr.cz. It's written in Czech, but comes with a long English summary and incorporates hundreds of photos.

Last but not least, a big thank you goes to *Maximum Rocknroll* for supporting the scenes in far away, "under-developed," and "exotic" places like Czechoslovakia back in the 1980s!

SRK

EARLY GRAVES

"Goner" LP

Early Graves is a collection of 4 flawed, compulsive, manic-depressive assholes whose only way to cope is to play punk the way it was meant to be played: bloody as hell, swingin' from the fences with iron fists lookin for that 12th round knockout. Shortly after the release of this album, singer Makh Daniels was killed in a van accident while traveling with the rest of the band, in route to Reno, NV from Oregon. This deluxe gatefold jacket + printed insert, limited edition vinyl version of their now classic album is dedicated to his memory. For fiends of: **Trap Them**, **Cursed**, (old) **Napalm Death**.

MISANTROPIC

"Insomnia" LP

Misantropic is a female-fronted, old school crust-core/d-beat group from Umeå, Sweden. They draw their inspiration particularly from the classic bands from the **UK like Concrete Sox**, **Sacrilege UK**, **Anti-Sect** and **Doom**. *Insomnia* is their first full-length album. Semi records released the album on CD and Southern Lord is exciusively releasing this limited edition 12" vinyl.

Sarabante

"Remnants" CD

Sarabante is a hardcore/crust band hailing from Athens, Greece. *Remnants* is the bands debut release. The band was brought to the attention of Southern Lord by **Brad Boatright** of **From Ashes Rise.** This makes perfect sense as **Sarabante** has the same burning intensity that can be heard from those legends. One of the primary focal points of the group is their consistent execution of infectious melodies. This CD is limited to 1,000 machine numbered copies.

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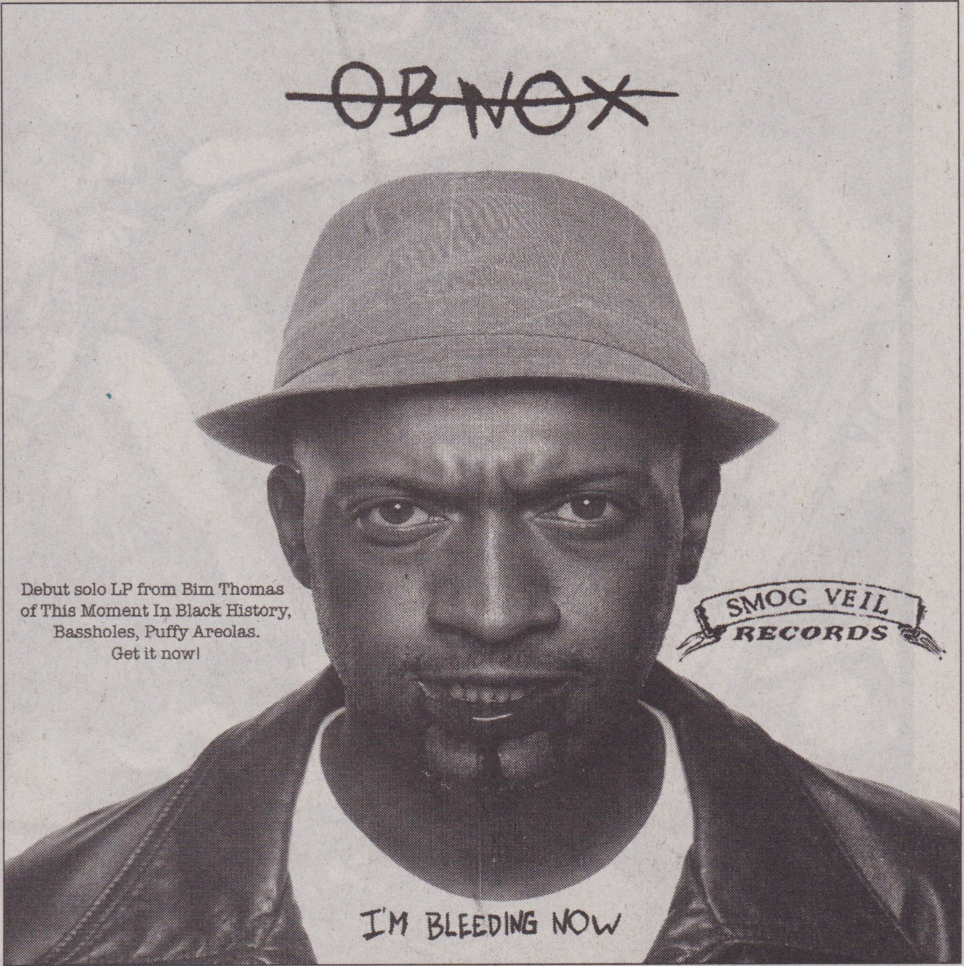
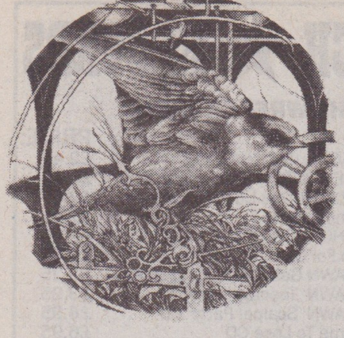




jeremy clark

Jeremy Clark is the only punk I know who can still make a bum flap look good. I met Jeremy when I was living in Asheville, North Carolina back during its "crust or bust" days and he did a lot for the mountain punk community when I was there. I credit him as the glue that held it all together—although in small punk scenes, everyone does their part. Jeremy booked most of the decent punk shows and created sick flyer art and posters for all the shows he put together. Not only did he organize shows, but would get punks together to go caving and do interesting things outdoors. Jeremy was not known for sitting on his bum flap and complaining about the sad state of the nation—I've always seen him as an active punk who contributes in a vital way to whatever scene he is in. Jeremy's art has been featured in Slug and Lettuce, Profane Existence, *and a slew of punk records. Amelia Eakins in collaboration with MRR present to you Jeremy Clark of Hush Illustration*

MRR: We met in Asheville, North Carolina because you were living at the longest running punk house at the time and booking all the decent shows happening in the small mountain city. How long did you live in Asheville and why did you move there? How did you get so active in the punk scene there?
I lived in Asheville NC from 2003 to 2009. I desperately wanted to be back in the mountains and out of the Georgia swamps. I went to high school in Tennessee on the other side of the mountain, so I knew the area fairly well. Rope swings and swimming holes! That's all I could think about while sweating my brains out in Savannah. To hear there was a punk scene in the mountains was a dream come true. I started out booking and promoting shows in Savannah and wanted to continue booking in Asheville. I got to know the people that booked shows and the venue owners. Helped out working the door and did flyers. I knew so many bands that tour regularly that it didn't take long to get my own shows going in Asheville.

MRR: I know you lived in Savannah before moving to Asheville. Were you as active in the scene there as you were in Asheville?
Yes, very active. Savannah had a tough scene. It was like pulling teeth to get people to come out to shows. There was a long drought caused by lack of venues and just burly heat keeping people indoors. So I began having shows in my own house, which led to me booking more shows in bigger spaces. I would throw bands in any nook and cranny I could find. Along the way a bunch of us discovered an out of place flyer on a Wal-Mart door saying "Punk Night at Spirits." Spirits was a strip bar. The flyer sounded more like a trap than anything. As a joke we showed up anyways not knowing if we were going to brawl or what. Just to find a huge scene of kids that had their own scene hidden away in the suburbs. No strippers—just underage punks! They had all the energy and creativity of the videos they had seen of '80s punk bands. They were way too young to have ever been to real shows yet. So I was on the phone calling parents and making promises of safety to get the younger bands to play shows with the older bands. The combination of the two scenes saved Savannah. The young inspired the old and the old taught the young about how the punk life style really worked. There were so many good bands to come out of Savannah and still are.

MRR: Your art was not only on all the flyers for the shows you did in Asheville, but was the heading art for *Slug and Lettuce*—a fanzine that was done by Chris Boarts Larson and pivotal to DIY punk in the '90s up until pretty recently. How did you get involved with *Slug and Lettuce*?
Victoria, singer of Damad turned me onto *Slug and Lettuce*. She was friends with Chris. I was doing flyers for tons of shows so she talked me into sending off some illustrations to Chris. After two covers she wrote me saying "You're Hired!" *Slug and Lettuce* was a bimonthly publication. Over nine years I only missed drawing two covers. It was my favorite illustration job. The pieces I drew for it are still some of my favorite works.

MRR: I understand you were also a featured artist in *Profane Existence*?
Yeah. Issue #59 in fall of 2010. I was so excited to have a spread in their magazine. They printed a big interview and several pieces I had drawn for bands. I had been doing art for DIY punk and metal bands for so long it was really thrilling to be recognized by them. I was a long time *Profane Existence* fan.

MRR: Have you done art for other fests, fanzines and bands?
Slug and Lettuce, my own *Hush* art zines, *Brains, Slackers* and *Layabouts* (NE).... A ton more if you count all the bootlegs. Bands—Accused, Grimple, Contravene, US Christmas, Appalachian Terror Unit, Kylesa, Skeleton Witch, Rwake, Chronicle AD, Iron Lung, Shank, Desolation, Audio Kollapse, Dresden, Holy Mountain, Austin Lucas, Guided Cradle, In Defense, Kakistocracy, Negative Feedback, Just Die, Die Screaming, Unpersons, Words That Burn, Wake Up on Fire, Inure, Withered, Leechmilk, Dead yet?, Hawg Jaw, and Black Hole of Calcutta. That's all I can remember off the top of my head.

MRR: I remember living in Asheville, NC and it was so exciting to have a decent touring band come through. A lot of bands skipped Asheville on tour, so we were starved for bigger shows. I was not only excited for shows, but I would get excited because you would do these incredible posters for the shows as well. It seemed every punk house in Asheville had walls littered with flyers and posters you had made over the years. As I remembered, you were working as a screen printer when you lived in Asheville. How did you learn to screen print?
I started screen-printing the hard way. At Home! All I wanted was a Damad patch. But it seemed they would never get around to making them. So I borrowed the screens and made them. Soon I was making patches for every band in town and several bands in Atlanta. I later had a mail order patch company, "Subvert Savannah." I did custom printing for bands from all over. Would even set up at shows and take the distro on the road with bands. A couple years later I actually started working in a screen-printing shop which taught me everything else.

MRR: When you did the posters for shows, how many did you typically make? Did you give them to the bands that came through? What was their reaction to this? What are some of your favorite pieces that you did for shows?
It wasn't till I lived in Asheville that I started printing posters for shows. It was a rough process. I already spent too much time drawing the flyer. Now I was printing them in multi colors. I printed in additions of 50 to 100. The locals didn't seem to care much for posters. I mostly wanted to impress the touring bands. Screen-printing posters shows that you put real effort into setting up the show. There is nothing worse than pulling up to a venue and finding out the promoter didn't even put up flyers or that the promoter is seventeen years old and his parents are out of town for the weekend. Not fun stuff! Some of my favorite posters were for Skeleton Witch, Withered / Holy Mountain / Kakistocracy, Cop on Fire / Sunshine SS, Valkyrie / Serpents, Religious as Fuck / Teen Age Heart, and the Baroness / Sicari shows.

MRR: Someone pointed out to me once that you use your thumb to do shading. What mediums do you like to use when you produce? What odd things do you do that create that signature Jeremy Clark look?
Crappy ballpoint pens. The kind you find in hotels and banks. They give me more of a texture than a line. I hate clean sterile lines. I use finger printing to build up moody shadows and textures.

MRR: My favorite pieces of yours are of post apocalyptic punks and the wolves that I've seen on your flyer art and at the art shows I've attended in which you have been featured. Punks and animals are good fodder for art. Are there other things that you have a tendency to draw as well?
Why would I want to draw anything else?! Nature and punks are my two favorite things! My least favorite things to draw are cars. Hate them and all their correct angles. If you look back at my *Slug and Lettuce* covers, the only cars you will find are smashed to bits. I steer clear of most technical drawing. I can fake perspective pretty well. But straight drafting is no fun.

MRR: Along the post apocalyptic line, I feel like I remember you being involved in some post apocalypse preparedness while living in Asheville? I remember you caving, as well. It seems like you were

a true anarchist in regard to the back to nature mentality and "no gods, no masters" attitude. I have an old flyer of yours up next to my bed that says, "arm up for the onslaught." Want to elaborate on this?

I live a life of adventure. I travel the world with bands and scurry around in caves. I can't sit still. If I'm at work, my mind is most likely wandering off on its own adventure. Asheville was tucked away in the mountains, which made it a great hiding place for camping, caving, hiking, and swimming. All of it was there—I just had to get up and do it. I remember jumping off train trestles at the lake in moonlight to avoid police. All the best swimming places were illegal. Almost all the punks in Asheville were armed. Not really gun fanatics, just armed. Most people just wanted to learn. I was really into archery. I love that the more you do it, the better you get. It's something that can be made by hand. I think recurve bows have a nice style to them. In Asheville, we would often be in the back woods shooting cans and talking about the world as it nose-dived. Everyone was waiting for it all to break down. The government was a joke; local leaders and law enforcement were completely corrupt. It's still a mess no matter what label it runs under. I never sided with any political groups. Never would. Anarchists have way more rules that right wing Christians do. Right and left wing sides both have too many business interests to really care for anyone but themselves. Then there was us. Running around the woods and jumping on rocks in the creek. I just liked the idea of everyone having to fend for themselves. A more primitive way of life and living outside with nature.

MRR: I know you're very into science fiction a la H.P. Lovecraft. Tell me more about how this has influenced your art because, although it is very nature based at times, there seems to be a fantasy influence as well.

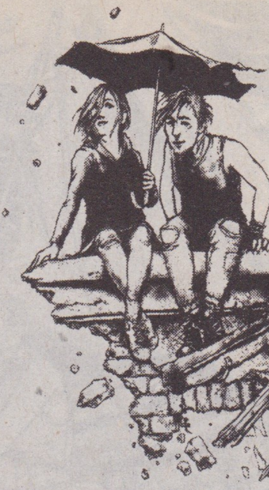
Lovecraft and his "indescribable horrors:" I have an attraction to the strange and unknown. I tie these elements into my work to build up mood of menace and unease. My work is never straightforward. Something is hidden. An action has led to what is seen. There is a narrative at work. A simple portrait is lifeless if it does not provoke question.

MRR: Do you sell a lot of your art? Is it mostly kept within the punk and metal community?

Lately I've had so many art exhibits. In Philly, NYC and LA. I can barely keep up a consistent body of work. Things are selling really well, which is good and bad. My drawings are a part of me. My life at the time is tied to what I work on and can be very personal. At the same time though, I need to get by. I will never stop drawing and it just piles up so fast sometimes that it's good that I have an outlet for it. My work sells to all kinds of people. Thanks to the internet I hardly ever meet the buyers.

MRR: I know you moved to Philadelphia. I remember you going on Baroness' European tour. It seemed shortly after you moved to Philly…you just couldn't stand to be away from those boys? Needed a change after living in a small mountain town for years?

I've been touring with Baroness for over seven years now. I was the first of us to move to Philly. The others followed a year and a half later. I really needed a change. I love the mountains but I wanted to be somewhere with a pulse. I was through hiding. I need to get the city out of my system and someday I will retreat back to the mountains. For now I'm swamped with art shows, world tours and good people. There is a great artist community in Philly that keeps me competitive and working hard.



MRR: You had a punk friendly job in Asheville silk screening—what is your current job in Philly?

Aside from illustration work, I work in a high-end wood shop doing ornate woodworking and loads of faux painting. It's a really interesting business to be into. It's very creative and strange. I work with a small eclectic crew and I really enjoy it.

MRR: Have you been featured in art shows in Philly? It was good to see you at your last show in NYC in the Lower East Side. You were shortly featured in an art show in Los Angeles after, if my memory serves me right?

I've been in a slew of Philly shows. A few in NYC and a few in LA. Twice now I've been in shows opening on both coasts on the same night. It's blowing up so fast. I can hardly believe it.

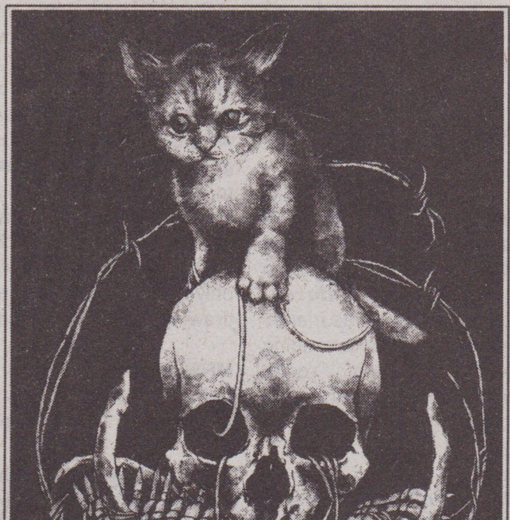
MRR: Where is the strangest place your art has received attention from or been reviewed? Have you received attention from more "mainstream" entities? If you could make a living off of your art, would you?

The internet is so crazy. My work has been posted all over places I've never even heard of. Apparently I'm building up a good following in Indonesia. That is crazy! Now I just need to go visit. I haven't much desire for mainstream attention. I prefer to keep my work my own. I work a day job that so that I don't sacrifice my art to just anything for money. I'm real picky about what I do work for.

MRR: Any upcoming art shows or projects in the works? Going on tour with Baroness anywhere soon?

I have a mountain of projects in the works. I just finished a long stint of art shows. Now I have a little more time to really dig into new work. My next show is in September in San Francisco at Loved to Death gallery, then a Halloween Group show at MF gallery in NYC, Ouija Board group show in San Francisco, and a solo show at Thinkspace gallery in LA in October of 2012. More will fill in along the way. It's all been going really well, but I'm really just getting started!

Jeremy Clark can be reached at hushillustration@yahoo.com and his website is hushillustration.blogspot.com.



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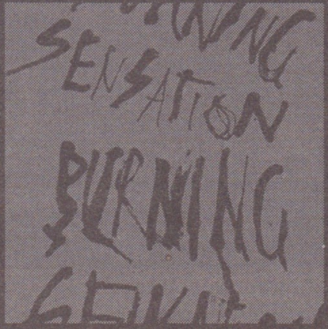

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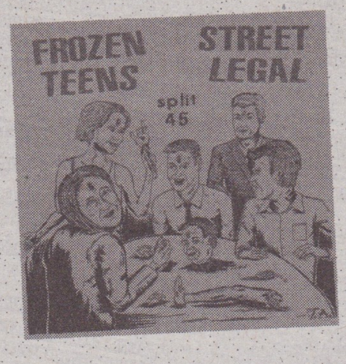

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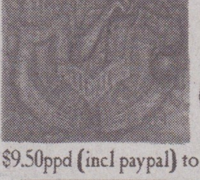

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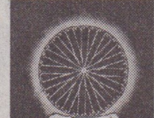

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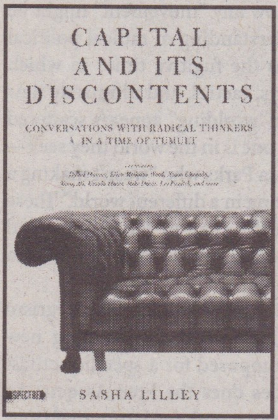


Capital and its Discontents: Conversations with Radical Thinkers in a Time of Tumult
Edited by Sasha Lilley
279 pages • $20.00
PM Press
PO Box 23912
Oakland, CA 94623
www.pmpress.org

Apologies in advance, but I have to begin with a nitpick: can we pretty, pretty please with a cherry-red limited flexi-disc on top have a moratorium on titling books *X and its Discontents*? It wasn't even clever when Freud did it, and if I come across another one I will be forced to compose my own treatise, *The Phrase "...and its Discontents" and its Discontents*.

Whew, now I feel better, and can proceed with the requisite reasoned and substantive assessment of the work at hand, a collection of interviews conducted by Sasha Lilley with prominent leftist critics, most of which originated on the program *Against the Grain* on public radio stalwart KPFA. "The premise of this volume," Lilley writes, "is that, in a moment of crisis of capitalism, a renewed radical project in the Global North would be fortified by these [thinkers'] critical ideas." More specifically, the text is symptomatic of a broader interest in a collaboration between Marxism and anarchism—the "red and the black," as it were. Lilley's text, in a gesture subtly different from other, recent anarchism-heavy texts, finds primarily Marxist thinkers surveying the territory of our current crisis of both capitalism *and* radical leftism and seeing what they might be able to offer to these dejected and increasingly disaffected post-Seattleites. One offering stands out in particular: the affirmation of the need for a broad, mass-based movement of the left, with a Marxist analysis of class struggle at its center—perhaps even with the goal of seizing state power. That is to say, we can take what we can from the various modes of anarchist organizing of the past few decades, but we can't forget that we are engaged in a project of total emancipation, and against not only gendered and racial oppression but also global capital. Now, you could make a case that this was *always* the concern of recent anarchist-inspired organizing, but the book is an olive branch on the part of that sector of the left that has seemed most dismissive of anarchism in general, and the gesture is welcome.

Lilley's introduction to the text is excellent: a lucid negotiation between all her contributor's theoretical perspectives in an attempt to find the kernel that unifies them. As an interviewer she proves able, if often overly reliant upon leading questions—if your subject too often has occasion to begin her answer with some variation on the phrase, "Yes, exactly," the line of questioning itself might need to be rethought. In addition, the interviews would benefit from annotation, as there are moments when the subjects reference their recent works with no indication as to what those works are. This is a consequence, I'm sure, of the transition from radio to page, but a bit more consideration of this loss would have helped.

I lack the space to treat the implications of each individual subject's thought, but suffice to say that the collection is, to use an expression currently in vogue, well curated. Of particular note, for my money, are the conversations with John Bellamy Foster and Ursula Huws: the latter provides a unique take on the history of the service economy, while the former makes a thought-provoking argument that Marxism *entails* environmentalism. Also deserving of props are Mike Davis and David Harvey, who prove, as they always do, theoretically sophisticated, personable, and plain spoken.

Speaking of being personable, the chief drawback of the collection would be its not-even-veiled disdain for the radical European philosophy of the past fifty years—a web of different and complicated intellectual traditions reduced to and then dismissed as mere "postmodernism." I might just be testy on this point because it is my particular bailiwick. Further, I'm abundantly aware that there may in fact be a non-trivial link between my chosen field of study and the relative lack of explicitly political activity in my own life, sure—smash-cut to me in a tux, holding a martini, exclaiming, "But, who *has* the time?" However, it's unfortunate to find this kind of tribalism in a book meant, at least in theory, to overcome said tribalism. It'd be nice to think that all of us digging in our own little trenches could still produce something of political value or import even if it happens to smell vaguely Derridean; we shouldn't underestimate for instance, the influence of Judith Butler's admittedly prolix and "po-mo" *Gender Trouble* on feminist and queer organizing in the 1990s and 2000s.

Still, I suppose you could say that Lilley's collection has done precisely its job, in that in reading it I found myself by turns engaged, inspired, prodded and, clearly, provoked. And that, dear readers, is truly something not to be taken lightly or for granted.

—Maxwell Tremblay

Edible Secrets: A Food Tour of Classified U.S. History
Michael Hoerger & Mia Paltrow; illustrations by Nate Powell
128 pages • $10
Microcosm Publishing
222 S Rogers St.
Bloomington, IN 47404
www.microcosmpublishing.com

What a strange book this is—using food as the common theme for declassified US government documents. From the intro: "By using food as a filter, we have chosen a collection of documents that touch upon important and iconic people and narratives of the last century. Perhaps all of these Edible Secrets are a testament to the obvious: food is everywhere. Or maybe they say the same things about secrecy in our government?" The book is a slight expansion of the previously published zine *The Curious Case of the Communist Jell-O Box*, which I haven't seen but a "poster zine" sounds alright.

To be fair I am *not* the audience for this book. Illustrator Nate Powell says the book is "intentionally written as 'that one cool book that a 14-22 year old somewhere finds at random, and which changes his/her life in retrospect by lifting the curtain.'" So I'm reviewing the equivalent of a Rage Against the Machine CD in *MRR*.

The topics are weighty—the CIA's attempts to assassinate (or at least humiliate) Castro; Coca-Cola as imperialism; the assassination of Black Panthers by government agents, and Ethel and Julius Rosenberg's treason charges. Related issues of the black budget and COINTELPRO should be mandatory learning in high school and college. So, the potential is here for an engaging text.

What I read though was more like an irreverent undergraduate term paper. The problem is the surface level of the writing mixed with jokey, conversational asides. Sure, food is everywhere. The US government conducts covert operations. Corporations have an ungodly amount of power and money and don't give a damn. These are not profound statements in 2011 and I think they deserve better treatment than *Edible Secrets*.

I was confused by the tone throughout. Page 43 has a jig-sawed image of the Jell-O box that the Rosenbergs used as a signifier to identify their contacts. The box itself isn't particularly interesting unless you find Jell-O itself kitschy and hilarious. More to the point, the graphic is presented as a cut out with these instructions: "Follow the government's lead and fabricate your own evidence. Show the defense who's boss by parading these two box halves up and down with the jury box. Or use them to set-up secret rendezvous for your covert missions. Hours of fun with your friends!"

Seriously?

Knowing the intended audience helps a bit with the exclamation points and the "defenders of capitalism finger puppets" starring Reagan, Cheney and Adam Smith. Other graphics—matching controversial leaders with their favorite food—seem equally frivolous. The calendar of War Against the Panthers has pertinent information rendered in a layout nigh impossible to decipher. This is a difficult book to get through.

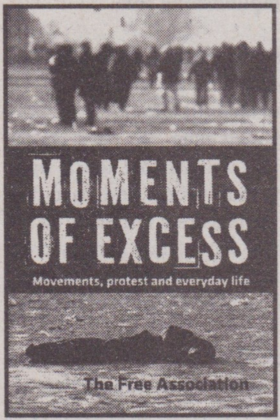
Full disclosure—Nate Powell's been a friend for many years. His drawing of the burning Coca-Cola factory (pg 105) was more powerful than any of the chapter illustrations starring people. I understand that the bow and arrow on Fred Hampton (Ch. 2) is a Robin Hood reference but when combined with an AK-47 and popsicles in the shape of the Black Power fist then the overall effect is a bit much. But I don't think Microcosm publications are often accused of subtlety.

On the positives, the recommended reading list at the end of each chapter is solid and could lead to more in-depth research. The concept of "exceptionalism" is explained well on pg 54. The first part of the Coca-Cola chapter is informative, better written and acknowledges the complexities of global capitalism. The Reagan chapter gives a good example of the cult of bootstrapping and free market evangelism.

Overall, though, the book is like the annoying guy at the show who wants to harangue the captive audience. I do not doubt the sincerity of the authors or their enthusiasm for keyword-searching "doughnuts." The book's all off though. Chapters themselves are slight and erratic. The font size and leading seem desperate to fill the 126 pages. Maybe this should've been a series of poster zines. Even recipe cards with stories on the back would've worked better. Or just a single punk song? Sorry.

To the young people who may be reading this review: I hope the book treats you better.

—Travis Fristoe



Moments of Excess: Movements, Protest and Everyday Life
The Free Association
134 pages • $14.95
PM Press
PO Box 23912
Oakland, CA 94623
www.pmpress.org

It's been over a decade since protestors descended on Seattle screaming, "Kill the WTO!" ushering in what would become a new era for the so-called "anti-capitalist" movements. While confrontations of this sort were by no means unheard of, this particular brand of protest would stand as an archetype of the movement for years to come. The summit-hopping models of direct action spread across the western world, leading to exhilarating and sometimes bloody confrontations with the forces of law and order. And while a new austerity-era of protest erupts around us and begins to take new forms, the values, accomplishments, failures, and lessons from the past eleven years of counter summit action still linger within the activist community.

PM Press' issuing of *Moments of Excess* by the Leeds-based Free Association (comprised of the seceding faction of the now-defunct Class War Federation) brings together a number of essays reflecting on the tumult of the passing era. Written over the course of a decade, the book's various articles, pamphlets, and essays attempt to reflect on the significance of the summit era, and draw out the lessons, questions, and sometimes triumphs of the movement.

Beginning with an article from 2002 about the burgeoning "anti-globalization" movements, the collective begins touching on issues that emerge again and again throughout the book: What is a movement? How do we see ourselves? What kind of world do we want? And what strategies do we employ to get there? Because the articles were all published individually prior to their compilation in this volume, a lot of common territory gets retread across the book. However, the primary theses are interesting and, in some ways, remain strong and relevant.

By referencing a "movement of movements" to refer to the disparate formations and activities of the anti-globalization, anti-capitalist, or global justice movements, the Association attempts to lay out a common ground for understanding what these struggles were, and how any "movement" might be conceived of in the future. Crucial to their understanding of radical political action is this notion of "moments of excess" as the fugitive times in which activists come together to open up new prospects, tactics, and ultimately new problems to tackle. Alongside this, a concept of "worlding" appears scattered through the texts. This idea—of acting as though one is in the world they seek—is exemplified at least twice by the example of Rosa Parks who "wasn't making a demand, [or] even in opposition" but "simply acting in a different world." These three ideas mingle and advance as motifs over the span of the articles, and leave us a message both clear and familiar: be open to new possibilities, remain vigilantly critical, and maintain optimism.

There is a fairly clear trajectory laid here, beginning with a familiar Negrism that slowly incorporates Deleuze and finally reemerges as something new and critical. The majority of the articles were composed for a specific activist community, and not until the final three articles does the Free Association really begin to step up to something contemporary and engaging: questions of antagonism in politics, the new crises, and the future of the new anti-austerity era. In these final pages, a lot of groundwork gets placed for what will undoubtedly grow into new conversation about the coming generation of radical action on new terrain.

All in all, *Moments of Excess* and the Free Association take the history and future of the movement seriously, engaging questions and potentialities that often slide into the background. They eschew lot of the opaque poeticism that seems so common in radical literature in favor of a direct, open, and critical style that attempts to render these ideas clear and available for further discussion. This is not to say that the articles or positions taken here do not raise any contention. Much radical writing tends to romanticize aspects of confrontational politics without honestly questioning the efficacy or underlying motives surrounding these events, and I think that many people might see some of these notions (specifically that of "worlding") as simplistic, and failing to account for the specific material circumstances that these inform these actions. That aside, the Free Association ends their book with some important digging into the future of this movement of movements. Specifically, how will this program function in the new austerity era? The summits presented something of a global villain to pose against, while austerity measures can be much more temporally and geographically specific. Will we see the same kind of hopping from confrontation to confrontation, or will this specificity force the movement to localize efforts and seek solidarity across borders in new ways and with new allies?

Moments of Excess reflects on the passing of a generation of protest, and anticipates the one to come. It's worth mentioning that many of these articles are available for free on the Free Association's website (freelyassociating.org), but for many of those who have spent the past ten years engaged in these struggles the articles here will offer a means of remembering and reflecting on those experiences which have brought us to the brink of something new. And regardless of whether you were throwing bricks on the streets of Seattle in 1999, the Free Association remind us that it's not so much the past that we should turn toward but the future. And for that, it's worth some consideration and time.

—Matthew McKenzie

MOVIES

BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

I WANNA HAVE FUN AND MAKE A STATEMENT AT THE SAME TIME

It is strange to see a documentary about someone you know. Especially when you are forced to come to the realization that you didn't really know the person at all. I knew Marian Anderson from her bands the Insaints and the Ritalins as well as from working at *Maximum Rocknroll* together, but mostly I knew her from hanging out at shows. As it turns out I only knew one small aspect of an interesting and complicated person.

Last Fast Ride: The Life, Love and Death Of A Punk Goddess is a documentary of Anderson's life. It is a no holds barred film. Every bit of good and bad is put forth. This approach makes it a riveting yet ultimately depressing story. Anderson died of an overdose in 2001 at the age of thirty-three.

In her early teens Anderson ran away from an abusive father. She lived on the streets, was sent to foster homes, spent time in a mental institution and eventually went to live with her grandparents in Modesto, CA. While in Modesto, Anderson started performing in punk and experimental bands before forming the Insaints. Insaints moved to San Francisco. As everyone knows playing in a punk rock band doesn't pay that well. Anderson supported herself as a prostitute, exotic dancer and dominatrix.

Anderson came to notoriety through an Insaints performance at 924 Gilman. Anderson had begun incorporating more sexual aspects into her performance. An adult member of the audience didn't like what he saw and particularly did not think kids should be seeing it. The cops were called and Anderson was arrested. Anderson was forced to defend her performance in court. She eventually won the case.

Last Fast Ride: The Life, Love and Death Of A Punk Goddess has a good collection of footage of Anderson performing from the early days through the end of her life. There are a wide variety of interviews including some with Anderson herself in which she smartly discusses her attitudes toward punk and performing. In addition there are interviews with good friends and band mates as well as celebrities who knew her from performances. The film even includes an interview with her ex-boyfriend *MRR* founder Tim Yohannon discussing his admiration of Anderson's talent. (www.lastdastridefilm.com)

It may seem difficult to imagine or remember the time when cable television didn't exist or even when it was just beginning to form. In 1974 Z Channel was formed as an early pay TV station that played movies. It became famous for showing lesser-known films along with commercially successful movies. **Z Channel: A Magnificent Obsession** is the story of the station's brief existence that mostly focuses on the station eccentric and movie-obsessed programming chief Jerry Harvey.

Harvey's story ends tragically when he murders his wife Deri before taking his own life. However, it is Harvey's film expertise and programming deftness that is the main focus of **Z Channel: A Magnificent Obsession**. That is also what is makes the film so enjoyable. It is a constant barrage of interesting film clips. I now have a longer list of films I want to see or need to watch again. Harvey would make deals with directors to allow their films to be shown on Z Channel. In most cases the directors had not had much interest in the film when it was shown in a theater. When Harvey shows the films on Z Channel the films garnered more attention and appreciation. Harvey is also credited for introducing the concept of a director's cut, most famously for reviving the film **Heaven's Gate** after it received a lot of bad reviews and negative publicity.

After its early success Z Channel popularity started to wane as the VCR was introduced and cable television started to become closer to what we know it as today. Movie studios started making exclusive deals with HBO and Showtime and therefore excluding Z Channel. After switching owners a few times the station merged with a sports channel, but it didn't last long. Z Channel morphed into all sports in 1989.

Z Channel: A Magnificent Obsession interviews friends and co-workers of Harvey plus filmmakers and actors who benefited from having films shown on Z Channel. The story is one for any fan of adventurous cinema. While there may not be the need for a Z Channel these days, I really wish there was still one around.

Even though Woody Allen no longer appears in his films it is ingrained into the viewers' minds that the main character is always based on Allen himself. No matter who is in that role we will always picture him (or her) playing Allen. With this prejudice in mind **Midnight In Paris** also becomes critical of what is perceived as Allen's forte, a nostalgic look at the past. It is a very self-aware film. Allen does everything present day Hollywood doesn't. He tells a story that doesn't need CGI. He uses old-fashioned music. He never blows anything up. The guy is living in the past. This is what is clever about **Midnight In Paris**. Allen pokes fun at himself while still making the film the way he always does.

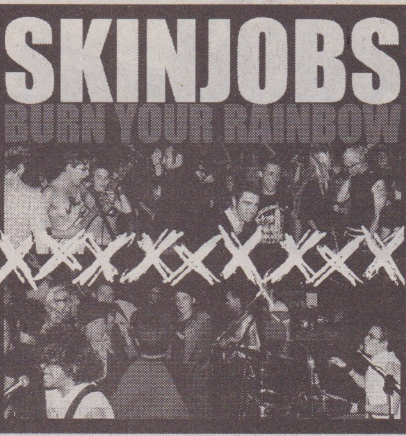
Midnight In Paris is the story of Gil a Hollywood writer who wants to be a "real" writer. That is he wants to write a great novel. Of course, if you obsess about it, it probably isn't going to happen. The great writers allegedly do it so easily. Gil is in Paris with his fiancée Inez and her parents. One night when Gil decides to go for a walk instead of going dancing, he gets offered a ride from Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald and is transported back into Paris in the '20s. There he meets all the writers he admires plus artists, musicians and other well-known people from that era. He gets a chance to live during a time he has idealized in his mind. But meeting your idols is not usually what it is cracked up to be.

Although you are required to suspend your disbelief while watching **Midnight In Paris** the most disingenuous aspect of the film is the relationship between Gil and Inez. It makes no sense why these two would be getting married since they have nothing in common. Movies seem to do this too often. It is such an unnatural conflict. I know people marry for the wrong reasons all the time, but an outside observer can usually see why. There doesn't appear to be anything here between these two.

Mostly **Midnight In Paris** is a cute film filled with a lot of gags about who will show up next. Will it be Salvador Dali or Alice B Toklas? What quick reference will be thrown in for laughs? It's a fun film though the ending made me groan. I could see that coming from a mile away and it was still too cheesy.

A sad event for San Francisco movie audiences was the July 25 closing of the Red Vic Movie House. On its 31st birthday the worker-owned collective theater shut its doors after a final screening of **Harold and Maude**. As someone who still enjoys seeing film in a theater I am very sad to see it go. As someone who loves popcorn I am even sadder to see it go. The Red Vic had the best popcorn of any theater in the Bay Area. My funniest memory of seeing a film at Red Vic was when another patron almost sat on my lap when she arrived after the film had started. It is yet another tragedy for the city that recently has seen closure of the fabulous Eagle Tavern as well as radio station KUSF. What is happening in this town? This should be a reminder to all film lovers to support your local independent theater. Don't wait until it is too late.

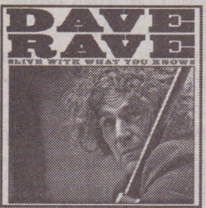
I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com



SKINJOBS : BURN YOUR RAINBOW

Originally released 2003, available again.

Now this is what I call a punk record!!! SKINJOBS are a trio of queer punks who don't take any shit but seem to have fun with it. Taking on both the mainstream queer and straight societies, all while playing a style that reminds me of early COFFIN BREAK... (JF) **MRR, March 2003**



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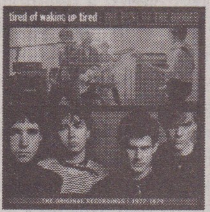

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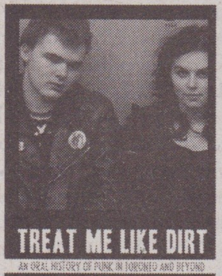

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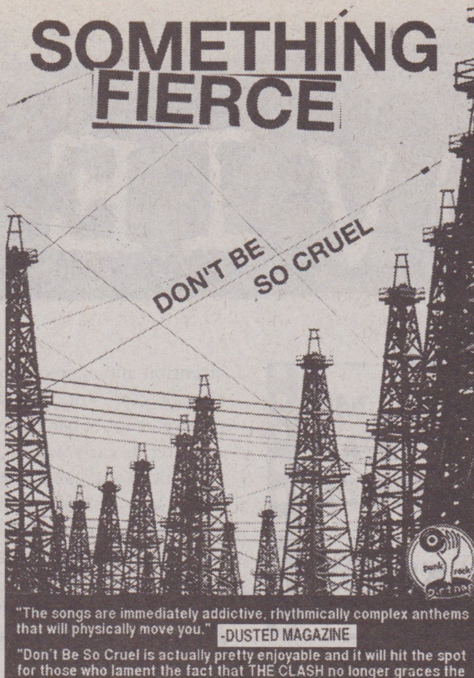

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ABOLITIONIST – "It Used To Rain" CD
Although this Portland band seems to be compared to emo-ish biggies like FUGAZI and JAWBREAKER, they sound like a slower plodding DILLINGER 4 to me. The vocals do have the flatness of Blake from JAWBREAKER. As far as this release goes, I wasn't really into it. J CHURCH and many others have pulled off this sound much better. (RL)
(self-released)

A HEADS – "Discography 1982-2009" LP
The A HEADS released two 7"s on the SUBHUMANS' label Bluurg back in the mists of time, both of which were strong female fronted anarcho punk. The band melded dour peacepunk sounds akin to bands like MOB and ZOUNDS with almost SIOUXIE-esque vocals. While not as stellar as the big names they were/are definitely more than an also-ran, their 7"s are getting pricey, so both on one handy package is a steal. The later stuff is really, really good, same singer, similar vibes—just a little more accomplished… think anarcho bands like TOXIC WASTE from Belfast. It's great that one of my favorite areas of UK punk history is still being kept alive! Bravo! (TB)
(Mass Media)

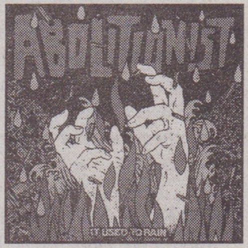
AHEADS – "1978-1983" CD
What's the chance of getting two bands called the AHEADS to review in the same issue! This German band predates the UK band by quite some time. Although this band were one of the first German bands to put out vinyl, as far as I can tell the singer was actually English. This shit is killllllller… Super punchy late '70s punk, sorta SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS or the WASPS but with a dark goth edge like CRISIS. Hot damn, I've never heard of this lot, but this disc is so fuckin good! (TB)
(self-released)

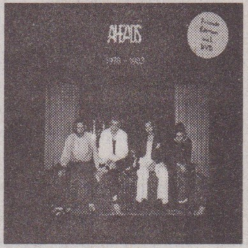
CHARLES ALBRIGHT – "Weight/I am the Counterculture (Drop Out)"
Third solo single from this Sacramento stunner. Charles has been in a bevy of bands, ranging from poppy punk to straight rock to weirdness to, well, you name it. As a solo "dude" he's at the top of the heap, crafting songs that somehow stay poppy as hell amidst a heavy, driving delivery. The title cut is a short, bare-bones rocker featuring only guitar and vox. The flip takes a familiar HAWKWIND tune and updates it for 2011 geeks—both tunes rule. I believe an LP is coming soon on the heels of this single. Hop aboard here and say you knew him way back when. (MC)
(Permanent)

ALL OR NOTHING HC / NAKED AGGRESSION – split LP
Here we have two female fronted HC bands from California (with Meghan Mattox on bass in NA, who I love watching play. I digress…). If you aren't already familiar with either of these bands, what you have here is straight ahead '90s-style political HC. ALL OR NOTHING HC is very basic HC with chorus vocals, simple breakdowns with lyrics dealing with corporations, racism, an admiration for Jack Kavorkian, etc… If you are a NAKED AGGRESSION fan then you will like this. It's the same great stuff that they have been doing as a quintessential '90s political Bay Area HC band, with the same themes of fuck the man and how people need to wake the fuck up, quit complaining and get to the action. I know that a big part of me not disliking this side of the split is nostalgia, but these people have never strayed and hold strong to their ethics and style. That is more than I can say for many current bands after two months… The sound of both of these bands is indeed dated, along with the themes that they sing about, even the simplistic lyrics covering complex themes. But these problems haven't gone away and instead of thinking that this is played out, bands like this are part of the punk legacy and the transmission of important ideas are often open ended; we all learn and communicate in different ways. And, most importantly, wanting to fuck shit up is not a thing of the past. (MB)
(Emancypunx / On The Rag)

ANCHOR – "Recovery" LP
Recovery is the second LP by this straightedge powerhouse hailing from Sweden (and Norway?), and its ferocious heaviness will absolutely crush you. Taking cues from traditional Swedish hardcore punk and blending in vigorous doses of metal and melodic, new school hardcore, the ensuing sound is a harmonious, layered wall of noise with throaty vocals that deliver heartfelt thoughts on society and personal conviction; it's like a perfected update of '90s straightedge metalcore like COALESCE or SHAI HULUD. And the packaging on this is top notch, as well, with a gatefold cover, a high quality lyric and photo booklet, and music etched into solid white wax. Highly recommended for fans of this style. (BG)
(Refuse)

ANFACK – "Boundary Stones" EP
This record is all over the map and not in the good way. It begins with a cool and sludgy riff before heading into '80s thrash metal territory, then goes completely off the rails with a gang vocal chorus that coulda been on the streetpunk record I reviewed elsewhere in this issue. I'm afraid the following six tracks don't fare much better. (JH)
(Black / That Lux Good)





THE ANGEL SLUTS – "Suesie Was a Nihilist" EP

Ramonesclones-type punk band with minor bits of hardcore tossed in…nothing spectacular but much better than the cover / band name / "vibe" would have you believe… Heavily influenced by old New York punk, if I was on tour and happened to play with this band I would probably watch them, which counts for a lot. (BB)
(Fat Sandwich)

ANGRIES / HOORAY FOR EVERYTHING – split EP

The ANGRIES vocals are almost like a screamo, female, American JOHNNY ROTTEN delivered in a style similar to the SHITTY LIMITS. Yeah, wrap your brain around that one. This, partnered with a relentless onslaught of speedy and slightly more aggressive than I'm used to guitars, made the ANGRIES side of this split a little much for my delicate palate! Being called the ANGRIES though, I guess I can't be surprised? On the flip side, literally, I found HOORAY FOR EVERYTHING a little too soft and generic. Again, maybe I should have expected that from their name. They should form one wonder band between them, combining the "grrr!" and the "yay!" then that'd be perfect! (GG)
(self-released)

ANNOTATION – "Vale of No Hope" EP

Vale of No Hope is the killer debut from a German hardcore band that, I'll just cut to the chase and say it, unquestionably worships BLACK FLAG's *My War* LP (and who doesn't?). But the band also adds enough extra touches, such as a few shouted background vocals and fragments of stoner rock, enabling them to have their own sound as well. All five tracks on this debut EP are powerful and have a heavy, driving energy that you can feel creep down your spine when you're blasting them at full volume (the only way to play this record), and the ominous lyrics will lead you one step closer to complete hopelessness and despair with each spin. Sounds pretty fucking awesome, right? It is. (BG)
(Hardware)

ANTIBUBBLES – "Planet Xanax/New Side of You"

A power-pop band from North Carolina that features the standard guitar, bass and drums, but with the addition of a synthesizer, which features prominently on the B-side of this two song single. In fact the B-side with a slow-ish tempo, thick guitar sound and plaintive vocals, reminds a bit of WEEZER. Not that I'm a big WEEZER fan or anything, but you know, I've heard a few songs. The title track is more upbeat and rockin'. Not something I'd regularly listen to, but it had me tapping my toes. Nice colored vinyl. (MD)
(self-released)

ANXTV – "Pietra" EP

Whoa. This is some cool Anarcho peace punk from Italy! Mid-tempo with a perfect, buzzy guitar and flat, cutting, bass tone for this style. It's dark, melodic, menacing, simple and punk as fuck. Not recorded on a tin can, but not frilled up with some bullshit postproduction… The vocals… This woman has a low, gravely voice that ads an extra kick of severity and anger. Yikes… This is the sound of OG peace punk and I love it. The insert fold out into a cool poster, with great art work that is less literal and more thought provoking on themes common to the nature of this type of punk band—anti-religion, nature, autonomy… The lyrics are in Italian and English. The themes vary from how religion is a terrible human construct that has fucked people over for thousands of years, self governance and most importantly how symbols of the past are relevant reminders of valuable lessons from those before us: not in a nostalgic way, but that resistance is part of our continuum as humans, not an outdated concept. Art is either revolution or imitation, people, listen to ANXTV and decide where it is you want to be. (MB)
(Mass Media)

APPALACHIAN TERROR UNIT / OI POLLOI – split EP

So this is the seven billionth OI POLLOI record, and really if you are undecided on this band after their 30-year run you can probably just skip this review because you don't care. I'm trying hard to care myself. I had my time listening to protest punk but realized that all the dreadlocks, 40s, dogs with bandanas, buttflaps, staph infections, bad 'zines, and entitlement in the world isn't going to bring the system down, man. As always the music is decent, no new trails being blazed but you can always count on OI POLLOI to at least sound sincerely pissed about their songs' subject matter. On the other side of the disc is APPALACHIAN TERROR UNIT who sound a hell of a lot better than when I saw them a couple years ago despite starting off their first song with what sounds like the CRASS version of the intro to AC/DC's "Big Balls." I hope that was intentional but judging from song titles like "We Will Continue to Break the Law and Destroy Property Until We Win," I somehow doubt it. But really, is that supposed to funny or ironic? I could get into a long rant about incomplete analysis in punk songs but let's talk about the music for a second. I like the male/female vocal tradeoff and I've always dug the female singer's voice. The guitar work is pretty melodic, a little too much so at times, but I like the riffs on "Meat Punks" better than anything on this record. And the booklet folds out into a cool little poster that is a large version of the cover. I can see a lot of crusties tapping their trust funds to pick this one up. (BL)
(Profane Existence)

ARABROT / OKKULTOKRATI – split LP

Two Norwegian hardcore bands, playing shit that sounds a hell of a lot like old Norwegian black metal—I don't mean some cheesy shit, like they add in a keyboard or do some weak ass tremolo picking every once in a while, this is the shit. OKKULTOKRATI seriously sounds like classic DARKTHRONE, think *A Blaze in the Northern Sky*, *Under a Funeral Moon*, etc… but played with a much thicker sludgy tone. Awesome shit—three songs on their side with the last one being a long drawn out crusher. ARABROT, well they don't really hit as hard for me, this is more some tripped out noisy shit, kind of a weird MELVINS meets ELECTRIC WIZARD spaced out trip. The last song on their side is awesome and is the one that most reminds me of that comparison. (AH)
(Fysisk Format)

ARCANE RIFLES – "Get Up and Off It / Along the Wall"

Two tracks of psyche punk pushed into the red. A nice layer of distortion falls heavy over stabbing guitars that scratch and jerk a pounding groove. It's dark without the coldness, arty minus ridiculous haircuts and retro without living in the past. Equal parts punk, garage and post-punk. The WEDDING PRESENT meets the WIPERS meets THEE OH SEES. I'm digging. (SD)
(Louella)

ARSENE OBSCENE – "Rock Sauvage" EP

A one-man band from France that has everything I like in one-man bands. Four catchy songs played real trashy and dirty. It's distorted and messy plus the lyrics are sung in French. Rock sauvage? Oui, bien sûr. (CK)
(13 O'Clock)

ASSHOLE PARADE / SLIGHT SLAPPERS – split LP

Thirteen tracks from Gainesville's ASSHOLE PARADE show no let up in their thrashed out, stop and start power violence pummel. Like their other recent release, it's not too different from the mid-'90s origins of the band—quick minute and a half or (usually) less bursts of scathing vocals scraping out lyrics about everything from the Rwandan genocide to skateboarding over a flurry of hammering blast beats sandwiched in between quick intros and breakdowns. Vocalist Travis and drummer Jon are the two oldest members of the band, and while the rest of the band has been solid for almost a decade, it's interesting that the drums and vocals are the two elements that really have still defined ASSHOLE PARADE's sound over the years. It's the style though, as all the guitars only have so much time to stop, start and crush within the twenty eight seconds they're given. On the flip the eight slightly longer tracks by Tokyo's now veteran SLIGHT SLAPPERS show them only sped up with age. Delivered with ferocious speed, their yelped screamed vocals, noisy and frantic guitars, rapid-fire drums have now seemingly condensed into a manic pulse signal of thrash!!! Totally savage!!! SLIGHT SLAPPERS last two albums on HG FACT have been exceptional, and this ranks with them as some of their best material. There's always a playfulness to their sound, which surfaces here is some of the crazy song arrangements and when the DJ steps in on the last two tracks. Great split! (KS)
(No Idea)

A-TRUTH / KALAZAAR – split EP

This is a split between A-TRUTH from NYC and KALAZAAR from Athens Greece. A-TRUTH plays some fast '90s sounding anarcho-punk influenced HC with some melodic crusty moments. I like the message of fuck bullshit immigration laws that infringe on human rights more than I like the music. For COJOBA fans, Taina contributes her vocal stylings with Spanish lyrics on the beginning and end of this side. There is a song within a song of sorts with dual vocals. The guitars are a lil fuzzed out, fast strumming palm mutes abound, with tuca-tuca drums and plodding bass. KALAZAAR delivers three tracks, one in Greek and two in English. There is a sample of the sounds of riots and with a quick internet search I found this: "The record is dedicated

in the memory of Alexandros Grigoropoulos, a young boy that was shot dead by the Greek police on 6th December 2008. The murder led to a huge revolt that took place all over the country... Never forget, never forgive." There are male and female dual vocals that sound rad. Seriously, I wanna be in a band with they lady that sings here—she has the urgency and out of control element of classic Finnish HC. The dude has a great voice as well with a yelling, scratchy style. This is raw punk with elements of classic Polish punk, D-beat and peace punk thrown in there. That sound vague, but I think this band could play with FOGNA and SSR. The bass work here is ridiculously awesome. I have been searching for more Greek punk and holy shit…these tracks are fucking good. I am really into this. (MB)
(Bak, no information / Scull Crasher)

AWFUL MAN – "New Ways To Say Fuck Off" EP

My band played with AWFUL MAN in Boston and, boy, were they fuckin' drunk! That's beside the point though. This record is light years better than they were that night. There are five songs of gritty basement punk featuring members of WITCHES WITH DICKS, BRAIN KILLER and SPEAKEASY. You can bet ten bucks that these guys have a few REPLACEMENTS, DILLINGER FOUR and BENT OUTTA SHAPE records in their collections. Totally solid and worth the change you dug out of your friend's couch. (GH)
(Dead Broke/It's Not A Phase Dad)

BAD DADDIES – "Roman Polanski" EP

I wasn't really expecting the first song "Roman Polanski" to immediately exclaim "When will Roman Polanski die?" But it does and it made me smile. Not that I have been thinking that or really anything about Polanski, but I will have to say it did make me like this record right away. The singer's vocals are screechy, grating and slightly out of tune, but she makes up for it with enthusiasm, attitude and dark humor. The music is simple and amateurishly played, but it makes up for that with charm and feedback. Plus side A has six songs that clock in at under a minute each. Yes, I like this a lot. (CK)
(Central District / Finch)

BAND OF BEARDS – "Fuerteventura" LP

I put the headphones on with high hopes...anyone who knows me will know that I want to like this band for very obvious reasons. I do not like them, however, so I will simply describe their music in a dry and impersonal manner: BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN song structures mesh with AGAINST ME vocal delivery and an overall vibe that is like a less aggressive version of '90s mainstream punk, right down to the ska bass lines in "Want vs. Need." I don't say this often, but I think it's time for these dudes to shave. (WN)
(self-released)

THE BANGERS – "Small Pleasures" CD

The BANGERS are a three-piece hailing from Cornwall, UK. They play upbeat, poppy, melodic punk with gruff vocals. On one hand it sounds great and the playing is top notch, on the other hand there really is nothing that sets it apart or gets me excited. Maybe I'm getting too old, but it seems there are a ton of bands out there playing songs very much like this, and it's beginning to sound all the same to me. But then again, sometimes on a long road trip, or even a long walk around the city, it's the small pleasures that keep you going, and this record will fit the bill. (MD)
(Kiss of Death/Specialist Subject)

BANJAX – "Ride the Ever-Changing Wind" CD

This is an all female band from Japan that plays mostly blast beat hardcore mixed in with melodic guitar and some interesting progressive melodic hardcore with some crusty parts and some killer breakdowns. The vocals switch back and forth between girly, high-pitched singing, hardcore growls and throaty, crusty screams. The lyrics and liner notes, which also contain an interview and a US tour diary, are in Japanese. The direction of this CD is a creative one, as the tracks here are all over the place, but this shit is cool. I am a fan of this band since they played the Clitfest we put on in Chicago in 2008. These ladies can play and while they might not have a recognizable straightforward sound, they use their instrument proficiency to do what they fucking want and what they do sounds cool. All ladies should hear this. Into it. (MB)
(MCR Company)

THE BARE MINIMUM – CD

This is a four-song debut CDEP, it appears. These guys are from Toronto and play what I can only refer to as indie pop. I don't even know what to compare this to. I'm not really into this kind of music, nor would I imagine is the average *MRR* reader. I think this might be the kind of music Epitaph deals with these days? (BD)
(self-released)

BEATEN HEARTS – "Red Line Gurls" EP

Watered down '77 punk, boasting a strong reliance on ripping off JOHNNY THUNDERS. You've already heard hundreds of bands do this, most of whom do it better than BEATEN HEARTS. Zzzzzzzzzzzzz. (MC)
(Sonic Jett)

BELGRADO – LP

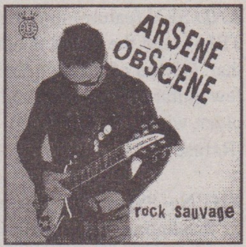
This is a post punk dark wave band from Barcelona with female vocals, featuring members of DRÖMDEAD, INFAME and a few others, that borrows heavily (and I mean very heavily) from PARALISIS PERMANENTE and cold, Polish post punk. It is executed well. The guitar tone is fan-fucking-tastic and spot on for this style—reverb with crunch, but still crisp and slightly flang-y. The rhythm section is a solid unit pushing the music. The drumming is great and simple but with just the right amount of tom fills and ride titters. The vocals are sung, female, high and melodic with effects in parts with a cavernous, moody darkness. The lyrics aren't great, but do not take away from the music. This is indeed goth-y, danceable and dark, but it's punk. I grew up on this stuff, never stopped listening to it and consider this record another of the same family and the best addition to the cold wave, dark wave, goth punk trend washing over punk to date. Comes with a two color screened craft paper outer sleeve with the tour edition, heavy inner sleeve and white vinyl. Very artsy to loop that last bit at the end of the record... Get this if you are cool. (MB)
(Static Age)

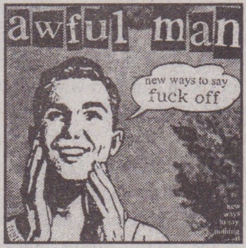
BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME – "A Lifetime of Learning" CD

I am so sick of music like this. Vocals like Fat Mike after the effects of sucking on a helium balloon are beginning to wear off. A relentless, tinny and annoying NO USE FOR A NAME drum beat. People, please! Evolve from 1996, I can't take anymore. (GG)
(Kid Tested)

BETWEEN EARTH AND SKY – "Of Roots And Wings" LP

The insert of this record takes me back to nineties hardcore. The lyric sheet starts with an inspirational essay about living life to the fullest, then lists a bunch of recommended books, movies, and music. The lyrics are in the personal/inspirational vein and again are about living each day. Each song includes a quote for further inspiration. I was a little worried when I first put the record on, as the intro includes keyboard and some finger taping type guitar work. Was this a STYX tribute band? But then the hardcore kicks in and other than a few keyboard flourishes and spoken word parts, the hardcore stays. BETWEEN EARTH





AND SKY features the singer and other members of TRIAL and the sound is not a major departure from that. Get rid of the straight-edge breakdowns, add a few guitar effect pedals and you're there. Kind of an older, wiser TRIAL. (MD)
(Refuse)

BIG'N – "Spare the Horses" 10"
A painting of a white horse on a baby blue background on the cover and the album title in pink?? What will this band sound like? '90s Chicago pummeling rock is what. Think SHELLAC, JESUS LIZARD and/or OXBOW. Very clean, rigid drums and bass with that SHELAC rhythm section sound. The vocalist is aggressive and in your face like the guy from OXBOW or David Yow. Back around 1995 I would have eaten up a track like "Like a Killer," with its driving sound and demented but understandable vocals. Yes, yes, I've said it already but merge SHELLAC and OXBOW. I found myself head nodding but I'm not sure if it's from past memories of this sound or if I'm enjoying this right now. OK, OK, "Like a Killer" will frighten you and that's a good thing. Ha! And with a little searching, it turns out this band is from Illinois and released their first 7" in 1992. They were on splits with OXES and SHELLAC and US MAPLE. If you like pummeling rock you can't go wrong with this release. (MH)
(AfricaAntApe)

THE BLACKCLOUDS – "Pathetic" EP
The first song on the A-side of this record has a total MARKED MEN quality to it, but the rest of the record strays quickly into CRAMPS style rock'n'roll, not quite a rockabilly mood. On the B-side they bring it back to a faster party feel, which has me thinking MEAN JEANS. Back to the CRAMPS we go for the last ditty on this disc. I bet these dudes like to party. (BD)
(Ride the Snake)

BLACK HOLE KIDS – "Dull Conjecture" EP
I wish that local bands would have been half as good as BLACK HOLE KIDS when I was growing up in Birmingham, AL (their hometown and mine) in the early '90s, BLACK HOLE KIDS play some fast-as-shit hardcore mixed with some post-punk-ish harmonic chord breakdowns that do not sound as trite or tired as that statement may lead you to believe. The vocals are blown out and pissed and they sorta remind me, oddly, of early FYP, minus the bratty quality. It's good to know that people are keeping it real and holding shit down in Alabama. Thumbs up! Was that cover picture taken in the Alabama Theater? Sure looks like it. (GH)
(self-released)

B-LINES – LP
Snotty Canadians that remind me of the CARBONAS and LE SHOK if they were hardcore kids, in short the kind of music that will appeal to many punks. Throwaway blasts of MSG, it's the sound of the *Beach Boulevard* comp played all at once, those that can only relate to *Blatant Localism* will wanna put this on at the next pool party before they black out face down in the deep end. The lyrics to "Wealthy Barber" are hilarious, sort of a shit punk on LSD update on "School's Out" by Alice Cooper. This band is really throwaway in a rad way, *Stuckas Over Disneyland* for the new generation of ADD mutants. Seems like it should be on a *Thrasher Skate Rock* tape. (LG)
(Deranged / Nominal)

BOAR HUNTER / RAZORHOOF – split LP
I had only heard about RAZORHOOF before cracking this open and was impressed by their heavy stoner riffs that sound like they could break into a melodic punk rock anthem with only a nudge. They actually kinda do just that with the last song on their side "Melharsher." Vocals remind me a lot of Buzzo from the MELVINS but the lyrics are quite a bit more of a downer. The BOAR HUNTER side is epic as well. The band features members of UZI SUICIDE, SAROS, and APEFACE playing catchy but crusty hardcore. The guitars are melodic as hell but there is an ugly undercurrent to the band's sound that the singer exploits with his raw-throated crust vocals, giving it a WRATHCOBRA sound. Killer split. (BL)
(Vinehell / Oscillator)

BOVVER BOYS – "You Won't Fool Us Now" EP
A skinhead band called the BOVVER BOYS—now that's imagination at work folks! Four tunes, two covers "Bovver Boys" by the GROUP and "Love On The Terraces" by SERIOUS DRINKING. Poppy Oi! done by a bunch of Germans—now that's two ingredients right of the bat that are working right against this band. Germans are generally crap at punk, and Oi! is crap in general. (SD)
(Longshot)

BURNT CROSS – "Break the Law Not the Poor" EP
The two brothers that comprise this band set up some recording equipment a few years ago and have been producing fine traditional anarcho punk along the lines of CONFLICT and ICONS OF FILTH ever since. Influences are certainly worn on their sleeves, and like the canonical bands they revere, BURNT CROSS plays a variety of primitive punk styles that range from upbeat to haunting background sounds while thoughtful, epic diatribes on society give meaning to the chaos. Though not quite of the same caliber as the aforementioned bands, this four track EP, which includes a cover of the APOSTLES' "Mob Violence," is undeniably worth checking out if you dig the genre. (BG)
(Active Rebellion / Arripurri / Hohnie / Loud Punk / Lukket Avdeling / Opiate / Rawby / Rusty Knife / Schizo / Tadpole)

CANNOMEN – "Sex On The Bleach" EP
There are three songs of two different musical styles on this EP. Side A's "Tidal Wave" is a surfy rockabilly-ish tune with a melodic harmonized sing-a-long chorus. Side B goes for two shorter, faster, more straight-ahead punk tunes. Simple melodies and urgent vocals. (CK)
(Fat Sandwich)

THE CAVALIERS – "Wild For Kicks" EP
A nice little nugget of well but not overly produced '60s garage. Any of these tracks could very easily slot into one of those '60s punk comps, no questions asked, very true to genre. There are no surprises to be found here. These guys could open up for the FLAKES and all would have a winkle picking, toe tapping time! First track on "face II", in the words of the CAVALIERS, is called "Dancing Party," this EP is perfect for that. You'd be hard pressed to find any pop lover who couldn't get down to this after a few bevies. (GG)
(Kizmiah)

CHACHI ON ACID – "You Are Sympathetic to the Problems of Others" EP
Reminds me of the old QUEERS or just basic fuck you simplistic punk. This stuff is from '96 and '97. Am I supposed to know who the fuck these guys are?! Great snotty offensive to pussies song titles but most of this gets kinda boring. DAYGLOW ABORTIONS meets ANGRY SAMOANS is what they may have been trying for but failed. They're from Canada where they have good social services so they'll be fine. Buy it or don't. (RO)
(self-released)

THE CHEMICALS – "Don't Cry For Me, I'm Already Gone" EP
To simply pigeon-hole this one, it is trashy rock'n'roll. Lots of noise. Lots of feedback. Nihilistic vocals. Loud, fast and raw, but tight as fuck with really solid wailing bass lines and machine-gun drumming. One of the songs on the B-side reminds me a little bit of the classic English band MENACE for some reason and on the A-side they do a ripping cover of "Burn Warehouse Burn" by the FEEDERZ. Good stuff if you like your punk rock to be raw and trashy!! (ML)
(Sonic Jet)

CITY TO CITY – "Enslavement" CD
The cover of this CD features a striking photo of a commuter train at twilight, which sets the tone well for the music and lyrics contained herein, much of which deal with topics such as frustration with the nine-to-five life, the pressure to get ahead, and the shitstorm that is capitalism in general. Musically, this band plays what could be considered metalcore with gruff vocals, but they sound like they actually have a good grasp of both early UK crusty metal and metallic NYHC, and don't fuck up their sound with too much production. (DG)
(I Hate Money)

COBRETTI – "Trip Down Memory Lane" CD
A German melodic hardcore band with a touch of emo and a dash of poppiness. Something like SMALL BROWN BIKE comes to mind. My favorite song is probably the instrumental "Heart of Your Glasses," but not because of the lack of vocals. In fact the hoarse, screamed vocals work exceedingly well with the music. But this slower song with its pretty intro builds nicely to the heavier ending and is a nice break from an album that's pretty good, but gets a little tired over ten songs. (MD)
(Twisted Chords)

COMMON ALLIANCE – "Nadda Demo" CD
Rough and childish mid-paced street punk with a singer who comes off as whiny instead of snotty. There are attempts at melodic bits and catchy sing-a-longs, but they are out of tune and too plodding to actually inspire any sort of fist in the air action. The thing is…I kinda love this—their ineptitude is in every aspect of the band, from songwriting to recordings, every step is flawed and yet so very earnest. There is something awesome about a band just going

for it, regardless of the results…and that's what COMMON ALLIANCE is doing. (WN)
(Broken Liberty)

THE CORPS – CD
These blokes love ROSE TATTOO from the slide guitar to the cheesy tattoo artwork. I am a major fan of ANGRY ANDERSON and Co. but this really falls limp. The singer ain't got the power and it doesn't feel real. "Snake Eyes" is a total rip of "Alcohol" by GANG GREEN and you should be killed for that alone. If you're a hard drinking tattooed workingman or *want* to be workingman, there's plenty of original riffs and shit to sing about. It just gets worse from there. I'd like to have a needle and some ink to tattoo a big "weak" stick and poke on all their foreheads. (RO)
(Viper Death Lock)

COUNTERPUNCH – "Dying To Exonerate The World" CD
Slick up-tempo pop punk here. These guys sound like a cross between BAD RELIGION and early FALL OUT BOY especially vocally. From Chicago, the faster songs sound much better than the slower "wannabe GREEN DAY on the radio" numbers. Pretty good if you throw out the hits. (RL)
(Go Kart)

CRAZY SPIRIT – "I'm Dead" EP
Fuck, it's hard to write about this band. I feel an overwhelming urge to review this record in the context of the amount of subcultural hype this band has received rather than its own merits, and I'm not exactly sure that's the right approach. At any rate, "I'm Dead" (originally from the demo) is an excellent illustration of why people embrace this band with such rapture. Short, fast, just straddling the line between punk and hardcore with a catchy riff and eminently sing-a-long-able vocal. Like the early FUCKED UP singles, this is as pure a distillation of punk music as has ever been put to wax. The new songs on the B-side are a little more progressive, with a martial almost post-punk-y beat and looser structure as one song bleeds into the next. Clearly this band is progressing, and I'll be curious to see if the hype train follows them into this new territory. If their reception at the recent SF show is any indication, the answer is a resounding yes. (AU)
(Mata La Musica Discos, fuck if I can find an address anywhere…sorry.)

CREAMERS – "Modern Day" EP
Bloodstains Across Texas, only happening in 2011. Along with OBN IIIs, CREAMERS lead the new-look punk charge out of the Lone Star state. The five (!!!) tunes featured here are simple punk rockers, straight, snotty and immediate. Pretty much all I could ask for in a debut single. They had to have known that the band name was already taken though…right? Still, pick this one up at the next available opportunity. (MC)
(Jolly Dream)

THE CREDENTIALS / DEAD UNCLES – Split EP
The CREDENTIALS offer up the kind of song that always makes me uncomfortable: the "woe-is-me, I'm so alone, why did you leave me?" mid-tempo, pop-punk rager. The reason this kind of song makes me uncomfortable is that you, the listener, never knows the whole story. Maybe the singer is a jerk or a stalker. Maybe something incredibly fucked up happened and the subject is also freaked out that there is now a song about them forever etched into vinyl. Maybe it's all very innocent and the subject just moved away and the singer is bummed out. Who knows? What I do know is that this song is good and, discomfort aside; it's worth repeated listening. On the flip side, DEAD UNCLES offers up a song that I interpret as being about losing your faith in punk. Another wasted night of drinking and talking shit. I know what you're going through! It can be better! I swear! Don't quit punk! Their side is also on the mid-tempo end of the pop-punk spectrum and is best listened to loud, live and in a basement. Not bad! (GH)
(86'd)

CRIME WAVE – "Savage Reaction" LP
I can't really compartmentalize this record—I hear DICKS and NEW BOMB TURKS while I sense that these mostly adrenaline fueled garage tunes are coming from a hardcore background more than from the bar. The guitar fukkn' shreds, a mandatory component for bands like this, and the songs are catchy as hell with short concise verses flying by almost before you can even start to rock. Snarky and smart, and presented with a knowing and intentional air…CRIME WAVE know exactly what they are doing, and they are very good at it. (WN)
(Agrowax / Torture Garden Picture Company)

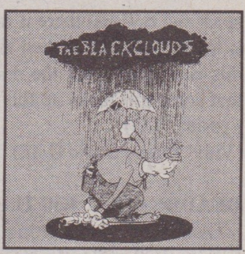
CRIMINAL CULTURE / WAX PHANTOM – split EP
CRIMINAL CULTURE is boring me to tears. They sound like track number twenty on the No Idea Fest sampler CD. Go check 'em out. They're playing at 2pm at the Sidebar on Sunday. Imagine the bleak landscape of Tampa, a sea of empty Pabst cans and a scruffy beard nuzzling a microphone. That is what their side of this record sounds like to my ears. WAX PHANTOM is, thankfully, better but doesn't excite me too terribly much. The pop sensibilities are intact and appear to be informed by some certain bands from Gainesville and Minneapolis, but they have their own East Coast flavor. (GH)
(Kiss Of Death)

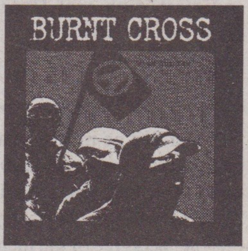
CRIPPLED FOX / LEI DO CÃO – split EP
CRIPPLED FOX play some great hyper adolescent thrashy hardcore with a heavy dose of crossover riffing, metallic overdubbed guitar leads, and a crunchy guitar tone that's not too produced. Fans of early MUNICIPAL WASTE take note: this is far better than the average *Stoned Age* wannabes that generally attempt this style. LEI DO CÃO has a similar sound, but foregoes the metallic aspects for a more straightforward hardcore sound with somewhat of a Y2K thrash flavor, which is supported by the bandanas being sported by at least half the band in the live shots in the insert. Both bands win! (DG)
(Death Crush, no contact / Hiroshima, no contact / Satan's Penguin / Suburban White Trash)

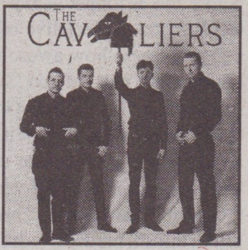
THE CROISSANTS – "Braindead Airhead" EP
This is some bratty pop punk. Short songs, quick execution and minimal lyrics. Four songs straight out of the RAMONES play book. All that is missing is the 1-2-3-4 count before each song. (CK)
(Sacramento)

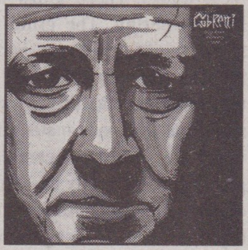
CURBBITE / GOLDUST – split EP
Who is this GOLDUST band? Their tracks jumped off this 7". Huge sounding raging hardcore in the vein of BURIAL YEAR with some PULLING TEETH. *Damn*! I'm so floored by their two tracks I can't come up with anything to write. They change speeds, stick to hardcore, sound huge and are spewing rage. CURBBITE is slower, noisy and down-tuned but keeps the hardcore sound. Both bands are from Germany. This is a crappy review for a record I like a lot. (MH)
(Hardware)

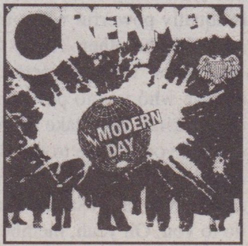
DARK LION – "For Scotty" EP
Really cool posthumous release from a Pensacola punk band from the beginning of this century… It reminds of a more aggro FISTICUFFS BLUFF mashed up with the YAH MOS. Politically charged in sound and lyric, and Sarah's vocals are tuff as shit, this record is punk as shit, you're a shit! It's catchy but snotty, distinctly a fuck you not a singalong. The lyrics are really witty, but perceptive and smart and radical, and it's all falling











apart and raw and there is no bass. As someone who is totally sick of polished girl singer sounds in punk this is exactly what the doctor ordered and I hope that some girl picks up this 45 and makes a band as a result. (LG)
(Vinyl Rites / Static Gold)

DEADBEATS – "Kill The Hippies" 10"
A new one from Artifix on their continued quest to reissue all of Southern California's OG punk heritage. Originally a four song 7" EP on Dangerhouse from 1978, this was one of the first early US punk 45s I ran across that really got me hooked… "Kill the Hippies" is an undeniable aggro punk classic, but before you know it you're swallowing all four tracks of art school weirdo wave thanks to GEZA X's super fuct synth punk distorto production. This release adds the track "Let's Shoot Maria" which I think was unreleased until it showed up on Frontier Records' early '90s *Dangerhouse Volume 1* LP compilation. I'm happy to see Artifix chose to mostly stick with the original cover art, simply tinting the photo a bit different, since I could live without some of their other more "creative" covers. Sounds clear and great, with cool Dangerhouse 10" labels and photo insert. (GB)
(Artifix)

DEAD LANGUAGE – LP
I feel like no matter what I say about this record everybody is gonna argue with me so I will preemptively say, fuck you, this is punk, live the chaos. Now the review…this is *frighteningly good.* Before I list the pedigree of the members involved I will say straight up, this is the summit of the Mount Olympus of this genre of music, it will be a very long time before this is topped—hype be damned. While I am tolerant and appreciative of other people's tastes, if you don't hear how awesome this is then you are a moron and I will cut you. Someone told me that this sounds like "IRON LUNG with the dude from NO COMMENT singing over it. That's it." I call bullshit and I will beat that dude up when I see him next. This is a culmination of years…no, decades…no… the primordial rage that has fueled powerviolence, grind, thrash, hardcore ooze that every band has ever wanted to capture: paranoia, sadness, rage, confusion, claustrophobia, fear, and heaviness lie within these tracks. These songs are unmatched and truly soul shattering. The grind parts are razor fucking sharp, while the sludgy parts make my heart ache, the bass delivers a hell of a beating, the guitars are menacing and the drums, where do I start. My descriptions are inadequate. This shit is ridiculous. The vocal are almost unbearable with anguish and anger with some really crushing lyrics. It's the feeling of watching something terrible happen or witnessing some sort of disfigurement, including my own. When he screams, "You never cared," I believe him, yo. There is no dominance of any one component in this recording. Every instrument, including the vox is equally powerful with out the competition of any one with the other. This is one solid, sonic wall of destruction recorded perfectly. I recommend it to anyone who is into powerviolence, or heavy music of any kind, but I take no responsibility for what it does to you. I have to say that the album artwork is amazing. It's all the lyrics sliced, flipped and rearranged, which is exactly what the sounds within will do to you. Oh yeah, members of IRON LUNG, SOLUTIONS, WALLS, PIG HEART TRANSPLANT and NO COMMENT. Don't read blogs, don't listen to your friends, don't even listen to me, just get this and see what happens, I dare you. This is the sound of nightmares. I have heard some killer records this year, but this is number one. (MB)
(Iron Lung)

DEAF MUTATIONS – "Crash the Clubs" EP
Here's a fun little platter from CAREER SUICIDE drummer Davis Brown, who appears to have put together and recorded this project in Toronto a couple years ago, before his self-imposed exile to the land of Novia Scotia. Side A is a driving KBD stomper with insane-o vocals in the vein of the infamous FREESTONE single, while the flip features two more aggressive hardcore cuts that wouldn't be out of place on the last CAREER SUICIDE LP, though a little nastier and more lo-fi. A highly recommended mess. (JH)
(Static Shock)

DECHMAN AND THE GARDENER – LP
Don't be fooled by the psychedelia-meets-HEADCOATS album art…actually wait a second, that's probably in the right vicinity. If you like dudes singing out of fuzzy amps, organs over guitars, and boogie music not from the '60s, but from KING KHAN and/or BBQ, then oh, happy day! Having said that, I am pretty sure these guys are from France and thus their effusive, yet template-derived take on Southern Soul / American '60s music is to be taken with a grain of salt. Not much here, unless the aforementioned bands were your gateway to the Blues. (JS)
(Kizmiaz)

DECRANEO – "Heil Vaticano!" EP
Sounds like we're at the Mabuhay Gardens and it's 1979, get out yer *Hardcore California* book cuz these punks have, and they clearly know what to do with that info! DECRANEO make anthemic spiky top punk that is somewhere between BLITZ and SIN 34! I think they are from Mallorca, Spain, but they sound like California in the late '70s with some added spiky top special brew. The singer's voice makes up for the couple songs with terrible wanky guitar leads that make me think I am stuck watching a generic bar punk band with ADICTS back patches… The rest of the record compensates for that swiftly though; they put all their ragers on the B-side. This 7" will make you wanna gob on squares after you puke out your warm lager. (LG)
(Metadona)

DERBY DOLLS – "Extreme Probleme" LP
Nue Deutsch Welle, meet snotty Midwestern garage punk. DERBY DOLLS manage to take the instantly addictive sounds of bands like the SOVIETTES and infuse them with the dance friendly hooks of German new wave acts like EXTRABREIT and IDEAL. Maybe it's the other way around, but no matter which came first in this equation, the result is brilliantly written and undeniably good. Female vocals and smart lyrics sit on top of jangling aggressive guitars and a meaty rhythm section. This might be the biggest surprise of the month, a must for fans of HANS A PLAST and the BOMBETTES alike. (WN)
(Erste Theke Tonträger)

DESGUACE / MOSTROS – split EP
Both of these bands appear to be from Spain, but I have been wrong in the past, so don't take that as fact. MOSTROS play somewhere between poppy rock'n'roll and slower '80s skate punk with lady vocals sung in English. I think one of these songs ("Coast to Coast") might be a cover, as it is credited to two dudes who do not appear to be in the band. DESGUACE have a sort of pogo sound, but I wouldn't throw them under that umbrella. I'd maybe compare them to a more melodic, less drunk BLANKS 77. (BD)
(Disundead / Flying Peluca)

DESPERAT – "Suicide Attack" EP
Svensk Mangel executed with experienced precision. Searing guitars and pained vocals front a relentless D-beat attack. More words are not needed—if you want to start a D-beat band, please consult this record first. (WN)
(World Funeral)

THE DIALS / IDIOT VOX – split EP
The first I heard of the DIALS was a 7" released earlier in the year. I decided immediately that it would be one of my top ten records of 2011. This one continues in the very same style. It's sort of mid-tempo, extremely catchy punk rock with just a hint of new wave and a healthy dose of rock'n'roll. IDIOT VOX play a similar style, which is steady and straightforward. Both tracks are catchy as all hell. This record might be tough to find, but it'll be worth your effort. Goddamn this is good stuff. Money back guarantee: If you buy it and don't like it, I will buy the record from you. (KK)
(Dialogue)

DIRTY TACTICS – "The Divine Middle" EP
Maybe it's just me, but I don't get the fascination with BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN amongst supposedly "punk" bands. At least I have to assume that this band is being presented to us as a "punk" band since this EP has been submitted to *MRR* for review, and we all know that *MRR* is a punk zine. Punk as fuck in fact! To me this sounds more like fellow BRUCE-wannabes the GASLIGHT ANTHEM than anything remotely close to what any reasonable individual with an iota of knowledge of "punk" music would define as "punk." That's about all I gotta say about this one… (ML)
(Say-10 / Kiss of Death)

DIVINE GRAVE / 3D MONSTER – split EP
DIVINE GRAVE is so fucking terrible that it commands respect. I salute them. "She Rocks" is probably the single worst song I have ever heard pass through these walls, and that's coming from a dude who once listened to nine assorted UNHOLY GRAVE records in a row, assigned them all to Rob Coons and then attempted suicide. 3D MONSTER has to be the same dudes, as it has the same totally depressing laptop production and confused post-Glenn MISFITS vibe. Luckily, they've added the whole "3D" angle to match the wave lean they puke out during the switcharoo. Naming the song "Vampire Girls From Outer Space" isn't a dead fucking giveaway or anything. Way to sell the fuckin' sizzle! I hate everything about this record. (MC)
(Starsonic)

DIVORCED – "Separation Anxiety" LP

Melbourne's (yeah, Australia, you hippie) DIVORCED serving up their debut full length platter for your listening pleasure. I don't know shit about the current batch of Aussie bands, but these guys are apparently homies of UV RACE and shit. I am constantly uber jealous of Australian punk (a.k.a. *rawk*) bands' innate ability to sound so thuggy and tough. It's crazy I can spin a new record in 2011, still hear traces of the '70s fuckups like FUN THINGS, or '80s boneheads COSMIC PSYCHOS, but also know this is 2011 and shit is new and a bit different. Hell there's a friggin' '60s TROGGS cover. I'm not gonna claim these guys are reinventing any wheels, but I'm glad to hear somewhere in the world it's still possible to crank up your guitars, play loud rock and roll and not give a fuck. Especially while the rest of the world's rock underground secretly wants to sound like U2. (GB)
(Untapped Resources)

DOLLY MIXTURE – "Remember This: the Singles Collection 1980-1984" LP

Yes! Well, the bad news is Germs of Youth Records never heard the cries of pop nerds 'round the world over to re-press the *Demonstration Tapes* LP (300 copies sold out). The good news is the fine folks at Rough Trade Shops (here as For Us Records) gathered up our tissues and turned out this singles collection on creamy-swirly colored vinyl in nicely graphic designed screen-printed sleeves. Thank you record dorks for gifting such a nice production to the other record dorks! (For all my spastically devoted glorifying of this seminal '80s all-girl indie pop band from England, see my interview with the great Debsey Wykes in *MRR* #333). Essential, mind-blowingly perfect pop songs from three teenagers who weren't from London and weren't allowed into the tuff-in-leather feminist expression seeping from the fall-out of late '70s British punk (though from the comfort of the retrospective couch, is loved just as well!). True outsiders, though you'd never guess it from how agreeably sweet the tunes are. The MARINE GIRLS, the MODETTES, the RAINCOATS, the BATHROOM RENOVATIONS, DEVIL'S DYKES, and FAMILY FODDER were never their friends, but it'll still sit well next to those up on your classics shelf. Credit due and served! (JS)
(For Us)

DOPECHARGE – "Kill Cops Dead" EP

After years of banging out reliably awesome shows (well, aside from a few stinkers) as the Bay's best d-beat band, these jokers finally have a record out though sadly well after the breakup. Shit happens, I guess. Still, it's great to have a vinyl legacy for these cats as they really were an excellent band. Unlike a lot of bands who play this style, DOPECHARGE infused their DISCHARGE influence with a bit of rock swagger, mostly thanks to the swing in Nate's drumming and the lunatic vocals of Mackie while the riffing is nice and heavy without succumbing to metal influence. As usual Greg at Earhammer makes the recording sound massive without sounding over-produced in the slightest. I'm going to continue to miss this band (though MERDOSO carry on the tradition with several members-of), but I'm glad some spiky jackets outside of our city now have the opportunity to enjoy our local gem. (AU)
(Roehrs)

DOPECHARGE – "Kill Cops Dead" EP

Well, these guys finally got a record out; too bad it happened after they broke up. Better late than never. I feel like this band was always kind of underappreciated and taken for granted around here. Six tracks of pretty fucking brutal '80s UK / Swedish styled hardcore with some seriously great vocals. Mackie always helped this band stand out from the crowd with his deranged sounding voice and manic stage presence, and I'm glad to see it isn't lost in the studio. The layout is killer, total Riot City style cover with red foil stamping and shit. A really great record that actually does make you want to cave in a pig's fuck-ing skull. R.I.P. Bruce/bros. (AH)
(Roehrs)

DOUBLE NEGATIVE – "Writhe/Cunny Hop" EP

DOUBLE NEGATIVE's first LP completely knocked me on my ass, and although I was a fan of the *Daydreamnation* LP in theory, I couldn't get into it for whatever reason, even when mentally separating it from their first two records. This two-song 7" is in a similar vein as the second LP, but descends even further away from straightforward, riff-driven hardcore into their own esoteric sound. "Writhe" listens like something in slow motion, and consists of two alternating riffs—one guitar-driven and another carried by whirlwind drumming—for about half the song, before what could be characterized as a quasi-psychedelic jamout within the context of a hardcore song, including backmasked drums for a moment. "Cunny Hop" is considerably faster and about a minute long, and reconciles the band's present sound with quick-and-dirty hardcore (HÜSKER DÜ at their fastest, perhaps) for those that might not get it, before ending unresolved. This 7" is called *Hardcore Confusion Volume 1*, and will be followed by *Volume 2*, so this chapter of the DOUBLE NEGATIVE experience is *to be continued*... (DG)
(Sorry State)

DOUBLE NEGATIVE – "Fat City Address/Face Jam"

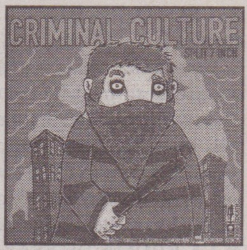
North Carolina's DOUBLE NEGATIVE are easily one of the most exciting punk bands to emerge over the last few years and with their most recent LP, *Daydreamnation*, still on constant rotation, I swear they are just hitting their stride. This release—the second in a planned series of four 7"s—deviates a bit from previous material which, to my ears, takes heavier American bands like *Animosity*-era C.O.C. and classic Japanese hardcore and filters it through a weird and offbeat lens that is both deeply satisfying and a little perplexing. Here, the noise-drenched rock of the JESUS LIZARD is a bit more prominent, and yet it somehow manages to still be 100% intense hardcore—a rare combination that few bands can convincingly pull off. Unlike many of their peers, DOUBLE NEGATIVE's greatest strength is the ability to channel outside/non-hardcore influences into their songwriting, resulting in a manic energy that is entirely their own. So yes, this is hardcore confusion, indeed. And you really don't want to miss out. (JH)
(Sorry State)

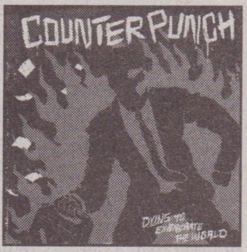
DRUGS DRAGONS – "The Miloganight" EP

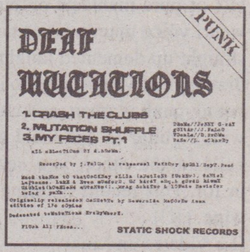
Second 12" from Milwaukee's kings of druggy abrasion. Although I've been a fan of the Tonys' previous outfits (SAGGER and NIGHT TERRORS), DRUGS DRAGONS manages to up the ante in the song department without trading in an ounce of noisy menace or damaged tomfoolery. It's heavy too, that's the key. The emphasis is most definitely on rocking...the weird smears are there just to add a lil' bit o' color. Fans of CLONE DEFECTS and FUNCTIONAL BLACKOUTS could really use a dose of DRUGS DRAGONS. Start here. (MC)
(Dusty Medical)

DRY SPELL – LP

All over the place punk/hardcore from RVA. Sometimes "all over the place" can be a good thing, as the music would be either so unique you can't really describe it, or the band does a great job at pulling in different influences to create their own distinct sound. Unfortunately, I can't sing any of those praises with this one. I can hear bits of *Pick Your King* era POISON IDEA, but they lack the speed and tightness of said record. There is also a similarity to the fast hardcore that was on top around the very late '90s/early '00s, but again, this lacks that extra oomph that made that eras bands so accessible. This could be an awesome record, but it's coming up a bit shy in the hardcore department. (BD)
(No Way / Vinyl Conflict)







ESCROTO DE RATA – "Punk Rock Sex Basura" LP

Sometimes music is great because it's adventurous and fresh and new and other times it's great because it's classic and/or timeless and simple. This LP falls under the latter category. The majority of this record tows a PISTOLS-esque line of London '77 and even Madrid '82/'83 right down to the overly bratty, Mr. Rotten influenced vocals with elements of LA BROMA DE SSATÁN and TOREROS AFTER OLÉ, as well. ESCROTO DE RATA occasionally picks up the pace to an *almost* hardcore tempo on a coupla trax, but spends most of the time sort of plowing along. My rudimentary knowledge of Spanish (with the help of Google Translate for some of the naughtier words) tells me that they didn't call this record *Punk Rock Sex Trash* for nothing, with the lyrics covering all three of these subjects, and often at the same time/in the same song. With that said, this really is an insane record, and I use the word "insane" with more of the dictionary definition in mind than a purely dramatic adjective to describe wild music. I say this because the general flow of *Punk Rock Sex Basura* is occasionally broken up by bits of pure maniacal outbursts taking the forms of weird voice manipulations, eerie synth lines, or just straight up demented laughter. Couple that with the drawings of Venus de Milo in bondage, wild masturbating punk women, and a cover featuring a punker with a guitar in one hand and a severed cock-and-balls in the other, you should know what you're in for. This record is ruling and the snot flows like wine. (JU)
(La Vida es un Mus)

FOREIGN OBJECTS – "No Sensation" LP

Record of the month here, you fucking punks and skins (and all the rest of y'all too)!! Boston's FOREIGN OBJECTS manage to defy easy categorization while sounding alternately like classic punk and the end-time punk of 2011. I hear traces of the BRAT, BLACK FORK, and even some youth crew shit, but they never sound like they are trying for a historical reenactment. This LP sounds fresh and exciting. Track down everything that you can by this band because everything I've heard by them so far is fucking great. My only complaint is that this record is too short. I want more! (GH)
(Vinyl Rites)

FRIDAY NIGHT SISSY FIGHT – "The Minimum Wage" EP

I am down with this simple, fast, catchy hardcore record. They switch up their songs just enough—adding a mammoth breakdown, eerie dub guitar, searing lead, etc—to make 'em distinctive, and also to make the fast parts hit it that much better. The lyrics deal with the frustrations of life and society. This record has been done ten million times since 1980, but I still like the good ones. The band is from Haifa, Israel, and will be on tour in Europe this September. (JM)
(self-released)

THE FUCKING BONESHAKERS – "1995 Masturbation Sessions" LP

Apparently the first punk band outta Rockford IL since the MENTALLY ILL. I saw I was scheduled to review this and assumed from the band name it was gonna be shitpunk or bar rock. Instead it's super raw garage miscreant punk, emphasis on the word punk, and also the word miscreant, with members of VEE DEE, the FUNCTIONAL BLACKOUTS and the SNEAKY PINKS. Recorded (just about) in 1995, by three teenagers who wanted to do something like the GORIES or TEENGENERATE, this is like a party in a glue factory, moron drums beating fucked up tin guitars into a pulp, while random voices chime in with unnerving suggestions. In short they were successful in their endeavor. The FUCKING BONESHAKERS sound like they excelled in destroying themselves and music and who doesn't want rock to die in such a manner? Truly sounds like you are in the apartment next door while a band is practicing, and it's somehow… enjoyable and terrible at once. The *real* basement tapes. Essential. (LG)
(Certified PR)

GAGGERS – "Rip You Apart" LP

First off, this does not "channel the same dysfunctional spirit as the PAGANS, early GG, the HEARTBREAKERS, WEIRDOS, [or] the GERMS," as suggested by the write-up that the label taped to the copy of this LP that came in for review. Looking at the trio on the cover of this LP makes me think of walking around Seattle's Capitol Hill eleven or twelve years ago, and seeing all the rock'n'roll revival doofuses that probably thought Spencer Moody was the second coming of Stiv Bators, but I digress. This band plays contrived yet catchy '90s-style garage stuff that's energetic and hooky, with instrument tones that could cut through butter, and they even incorporate cool piano and tambourine parts at times, but the high-pitched vocals get on my nerves, and nothing on this record really stands out. If you zone out while listening to this, you're not gonna miss anything, nor will you if you pass over it in favor of something better. (DG)
(Dead Beat)

GAS CHAMBER – "Corpse With Levity" EP

While it at first seemed like this EP was too smart for its own good…and then I let myself sink into it. GAS CHAMBER are a hardcore band first, and their 12" from last year was one of my favorite releases, but they have grown up, and these tracks are presented in a lofty and almost inaccessible manner at times, though the pure rage is always apparent even in the decidedly non-hardcore segments of the record. The bass drives the whole release, whether by accident or design, and it takes some time to get used to a hardcore record not lead by guitar—but the bass is paramount on this recording and it does not suffer as a result. Like many bands from the same family (geographical and spiritual), you get the impression that GAS CHAMBER make these sounds out of necessity as much as desire, and that mandatory quality to their sound is apparent. The vocals sound like aural razor blades slicing their way through songs made of skin. An intense record, and one that requires a listen more in depth than most of us probably give most music. Take the time—it's worth it. (WN)
(Warm Bath Label)

GAY KISS – "Dumpster Rules" EP

They utilize a tom-heavy, constant pounding rhythm and the singer screams like back when emo meant "going off" and hardcore meant "mid-tempo." This shit was the big sound towards the end of the '90s. I don't really miss it, but it's on right here if you do. The Gravity-inspired aesthetic continues with nonsensical lyrics scrawled all tiny next to a giant pointless graphic, and a sleeve which seems to lack the band's name. These Phoenix, AZ youth do get a pretty good sound on their record, kind of cheap and rough, and excepting the instrumental track, do a fine job of kicking up shit in the tradition of their forebears. (JM)
(Anxiety Machine)

GIUDA – "Racey Roller" LP

Ex members of Italy's TAXI, that will do me nicely son. I'm half a song in and already this is my record of the month with a heavy chance of getting that Christmas number one *Top of the Pops* spot. Sharpie, meets suedehead meets boot-boy glam. Like taking the fun of SLADE, the decadence of the SWEET, the aggro of the COCKNEY REJECTS whilst adding the hooks of the KIDS. Swimming in their '70s influences, ripping off the greatest riffs ever invented, stealing the look and owning it, but still managing to sound and strut way better than every single band that they've ever done over. Originality has been thrown under the bus, but who cares, cause it's 1974, Liverpool FC are top of the league, T-REX are number one, and my dad just got a new Ford Cortina. (SD)
(Dead Beat)

GRADINATA NORD – "Valtellina Boyz" CD

Oh gawd… I hate being this kind of reviewer that craps all over someone's pride and joy, but I'm afraid I really don't have much choice on this one. First of all… *anytime* that "boys" is spelled with a "z" is a huge red flag! So based on first impressions, this wasn't boding well. Next, cue up the music… WTF? This sounds more like some kind of failed attempt at an '80s LA strip metal band like MOTLEY CRUE, but sadly, not nearly as good as the CRUE!! Really, there isn't much else to say about this one… (ML)
(Bacio)

GRUDGE – "When Christine Comes Around/I'm Gonna Smash Your Face In"

Ahhh, finally an opportunity to spin this 1973 UK Junkshop Glam wantlist staple. I've heard enough hubbub about these guys on messageboards and whatnot (hi Termbros), so I had higher hopes than usual, especially with a flip entitled "I'm Gonna Smash Your Face In." Sadly (for me) this is at the wussier end of the glam spectrum with brief flashes of teen angst—an uber-early lightweight '70s powerpop contender even. Personally I'll stick with the tuff stuff like the STREAK and IRON VIRGIN, but if you're going hogwild for the early '70s, this is a rated classic by genre fans, and an original is a tough pull and will prolly set you back at least $100. Near exact replica complete with push-out centre (nice touch), look out for the tiny "Mighty Mouth Music" logo on the label (GB)
(Mighty Mouth Music)

HANK WOOD AND THE HAMMERHEADS – "Shoulda Listen (to Mommah)" EP

Good ole fashioned sludged out, drunkin' drugged out, sludgy sorta garage-y, voodoo punk. Don't know where they're from but it reminds me of Australia. They got those kiddy Fischer Price sounding keyboards and razorblade growly fuck you up and get high vocals. There's some dude killing a chicken or something fowl-ish on the cover. *Fuck*. I love this. (RO)
(Toxic State)

HATEFUCK – "When Time Takes Over" EP

Tuneless and no-fi shit punk spread out over one lumbering A-side and three snotty numbers on the flip. This grates on every last one of my nerves; out of tune and poorly played, vocals that don't give a fukk in all the wrong ways and a guitar who has spent more time researching effects pedals than writing riffs. And the band is called HATEFUCK. The last tune on this record is called "The Real Rock 'n' Roll Letdown"—yeah dudes, mission accomplished. For those who like their punk rock fukkd up and phoned in….sadly, sometimes I put myself on that list. (WN)
(Negative Guest List)

HATEKRUSHER – "Annihilation//Salvation" CD

Blistering Midwest crust from PYROKLAST and WARTORN members. Using those two bands as a reference will get you pretty close, but HATEKRUSHER add healthy doses of metal into the mix, and the result comes off like later ENGLISH DOGS playing '90s US political crust at hyper speed. This is an insanely productive crew of punks, and it comes as no surprise to me that this rips. (WN)
(Armed to the Teeth)

HEAD ON ELECTRIC – "Ghosthunter" EP

This sounds like NIRVANA playing JOY DIVISION. That about sums it up. (MM)
(Terror Trash)

HERETIX – "Obdobie Neistoty" CD

I am always so troubled by these ones… This band is from Slovakia and sing in Slovak (Slovakian?) which is totally *not* a bad thing, but I am always thrown for a loop when I can't understand the lyrics or sing along to the catchy parts of the song!? So it is due to my own pathetic unilingualism that I am unable to enjoy this CD to its fullest, because it is really catchy! There is that typical "Euro" feel to the sound that HERETIX has, but my favorite part is the occasional use of an organ that gives this a kinda MURDER CITY DEVILS vibe at times!! (ML)
(Two Fingers In The Air, no address / Heretix)

THE HOLY MESS – CD

Apparently this is a compilation of previous released EPs and other odds and ends from this Philadelphia quartet. Instead of lyrics the insert includes interesting little stories from two of the band members about writing the song and/or the inspiration for the song. The HOLY MESS plays catchy, melodic punk—some songs are more mid-paced, while others move along at quite a clip. These are tunes for basements and warehouses on hot summer nights, where everyone is sweaty, knows all the words and are bouncing off the walls. LIFETIME seems as good a point of reference as any. (MD)
(Red Scare)

HOMEWRECKER / THE LOVE BELOW – split EP

LOVE BELOW checks in with one long sludgy number and a pretty speedy hardcore song. I can't really get into the vocals and honestly this is just kind of lackluster. HOMEWRECKER on the other side is about ten times heavier and louder sounding, probably due to the MARS studio production. It starts off pretty slow, kind of like HARMS WAY or something I guess, you know this isn't really a style I'm that well versed in. They pick up the pace and bust out some pretty cool hardcore with some nice thrash riffing. The second song is just a straight up rager more along the lines of APT 213, HAYMAKER or some shit. A389 definitely has this style of heavy, metallic hardcore on lock these days. (AH)
(A389)

HOW DO WE JUMP THIS HIGH? – "Funny/Not Funny" EP

A melodic punk band from New York that had me hooked with the first verse, "At the vanishing point…" It just works so great after the intro part. Then the hooky chorus with a chorus of vocals and the plaintive vocals, the nice little guitar leads, then the big ending. Man, what a song. The rest of EP is pretty good too. HOW DO WE JUMP THIS HIGH? has multiple lead singers, which adds a bit a variety over this four song EP, but the songs are all catchy and the song "En Route" is worth the price of admission. (MD)
(Answer Key)

HUNGER PAINS – "Blind Spot/Therapy"

Straightforward sloppy punk hardcore from Syracuse, NY. Members are part of a handful of other bands including WHITE GUILT, OAK&BONE, SHOPPERS and MAYFLOWER. They throw in a tiny bit of electronic noise but the rest of it is hardcore by the numbers. I did a little searching on the band and a lot of reviewers and distros selling this release are just damn lazy. Most regurgitate what sounds like a press release or something they cut-n-paste from the label site. Metallic crust? You kidding me? There is nothing crusty or metal about this EP. It's just as much simple punk as it is hardcore. It's sloppy, noisy and simple. OK stuff, but I probably won't listen to this again. (MH)
(Feeble Minds)

IN DEFENCE – "Party Lines and Politics" CD

Although not entirely my cup of tea, being more of a pop reviewer here, in keeping with my tastes, I enjoyed this to some extent. It's refreshing to finally have a CD that doesn't make me think of Fat Wreck Chords circa '98. MUNICIPAL WASTE like thrashy / punk / metal with doses of good humor. Worth checking out if any of the aforementioned is of interest to you. (GG)
(Profane Existence)

IDENTITY – "Rise to Power" EP

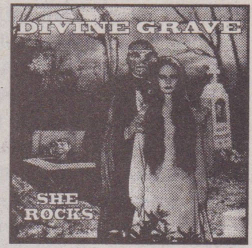
Surprised how much I like this record. I don't wanna call IDENTITY "youth crew," 'cause it's not, but this is one of the best records I've heard in a while that would appeal exclusively to the "Youth Crew" types. The pacing and flow of the songs have a major CRO-MAGS influence, which is probably why I like it—it's "hard" but not modern-mosh-y or compressed and one dimensional, it's more like 1990 mosh-y with an '86/'87 twist while remaining unmistakably 2011. If you're into this kind of stuff… Bust! (JU)
(In Our Hands)

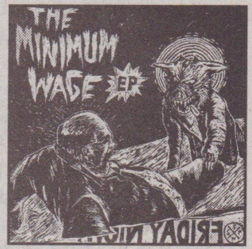
INDIAN WARS – "Walk Around the Park" LP

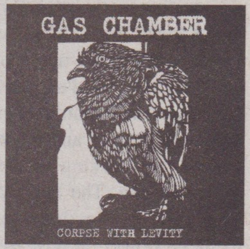
Ah…I was really hoping these guys were from Europe (Austrian label) so I didn't have to use a heavy you-should-know-better hand with the name and/or their weirdly co-opt-y primal horse "art" on the cover. But yeah, the lazy reference to American Indian imagery / history pairs nicely with the bland music. All of which is probably the least of their problems compared to this crap watered down indie-country (what kinda drawls do they have up in Canada?). The only way mankind will forgive this snoozefest of a record is if their girlfriends start a band about how boring INDIAN WARS was. I couldn't even tell if I'd flipped the goddamn record. Likely to be of no interest to the *MRR* reader. (JS)
(Bachelor)

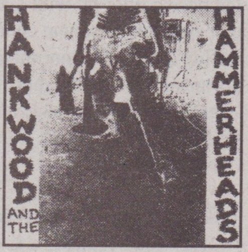
IRON GUTS KELLY – "Killology" CD

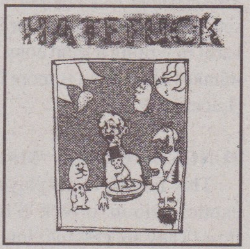
This is the kind of ugly Oi! bar-punk/hardcore rock 'n' roll that angry dudes who smell.like booze punch each other about at live shows. The songs are mostly about beating people up and I get the feeling that it's really important to these guys' self image that they be perceived as physically tough. The music is pretty generic, it's like if you took an early BLOOD FOR BLOOD record and subtracted everything interesting. (BL)
(Violent Pacification)

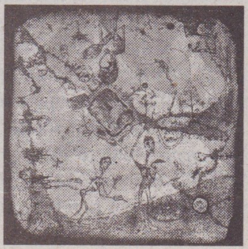












THE ITCHIES / THE MINISKIRTS – split EP

Wow. I am self-admitted total sucker for female-fronted punk rock music. A total sucker. The MINSKIRTS track is a catchy ode to '60s girl group sing-a-longs that they manage to pull off quite nicely. Your toes will be tapping from start to finish. While not female-fronted, the ITCHIES cut is also a '60s rocker. Instead of going the girls group sing-a-long route, these guys went with the organ/keyboard. (KK)
(That's Cool That's Trash)

JOE JACK TALCUM AND THE POWDERS / SAMUEL LOCKE WARD AND THE BOO HOOS – split LP

Most punks will know JOE JACK TALCUM from his years playing in the DEAD MILKMEN or even in the LOW BUDGETS. His voice is instantly recognizable and takes me back to that special time in 6th grade when I heard "Bitchin' Camaro" for the first time. Once this nostalgia wears off, I realize that it is not 1988 anymore and Joe Jack is not writing the same kinds of songs, which is fine. I prefer old punks to move onwards and upwards rather than resting on their laurels (yes, I know that DEAD MILKMEN have reformed to play shows again). Honestly though, I don't know if this could be categorized as onward and upward, since most of these songs are self-loathing downers. Joe mostly sticks to singing with only an acoustic guitar as an accompaniment. His backing band supplies some flourishes where needed. The bouncy song, "Come Ride My Funnycar" feels embarrassing and out of place next to these slower, almost folky numbers. Overall, it comes across as depressing and somber. SAMUEL LOCKE WARD AND THE BOO HOOS picks up the pace a little bit with a polished garage-rock feel that employs dissonant chords and lively vocals. I'm having a difficult time staying interested in this. It's not great. It's not terrible. The song "Fine Was The Night" would have made an excellent single. It's the best song on the whole record. (GH)
(Grotto)

JOE Q CITIZEN – "With No Due Respect" CD

This band reminds me of mid-career DESCENDENTS, minus the songs about their farts. There are a few decent songs on here surrounded by songs that just repeat the same fuckin' lines over and over ad nauseum. If you only have four lines for a song, there's no harm in writing a short song. Don't drag it out to three minutes! This band is more like ALL. (GH)
(Lecurie)

JUNGLE FEVER – "Maja Thürüp" CD

This French outfit plays some of the finest surf-exotica primitive rock n'roll I've heard in a long time. They successfully manage to combine a smidgen of a melodic punk with a psychobilly meets Hangman Records and DICK DALE sound, creating something fresh yet conventional as a result. I sort of grew tired of the surf garage type of bands towards the end of the Las Vegas Grind era, but hearing JUNGLE FEVER has seriously rejuvenated the spirit. Maybe it's the mesmerizing guitar reverberations floating through the songs, or maybe it's the fantastic vocals (sung in French) that oddly remind me a little bit of the STALIN's Michiro Endo at times, but whatever it is I'm totally digging it. C'est étonnant! (BG)

(Kanal Hysterik, Karameikos, Radio Stryckhnine, Stygmate, Trauma Social)

THE JUNK – "Alright/Never Had a Chance"

Hostage Records is back. You know what that means? More ninth tier STITCHES clone bands. I'd probably be all over this seventeen years ago, sure, but I'm repulsed by it today. (MC)
(Hostage)

KIBA – "Violent Liberty" CD

It's hard to believe this huge sounding band is only a three-piece (with a guest on studio backups). This rocks like a more metallic DSB, with razor-sharp guitars (I *love* this guy's tone), slick melodic leads and drumming that pounds with the intensity of a jackhammer. This is the best out-of-nowhere release I've heard since the ILLYA demo, just note-perfect, thick and heavy Japanese hardcore in the Tokyo style. The title track and closer ("Exploitation") will be mix-tape staples for quite a while, I'm sure. If this doesn't make you want to put on *tabi* boots, move to Japan and kick ass in the pit I really don't want to know where you're coming from. Massively recommended! (AU)
(MCR)

KOENIGSTEIN YOUTH / STRONG AS TEN – split EP

France attacks! I dig the intricate, beautiful/ugly artwork supplied by Ivan Brun for this release. KOENIGSTEIN YOUTH are fast as fuck, mixing it up a touch while keeping the thrash turned up the whole time. Their lyrics are in French. STRONG AS TEN have a cool, fat and distorted sound, racing through six songs. They sing in English (and an Eastern European language on one track) with explanations in French. Maybe the (brief) explanation to "Cunt Slaves" makes clear that they are attacking not embracing the ideas in the lyrics—"Another spot, another pretty girl, you know my pants are on fire, you're cunt, I'm slave, we're all cunt slaves." Let's hope so. This savage assault of an EP is not quite kick-ass enough for me to buy one. (JM)
(Kawaii / Los Discos De La Bestia)

LOVE CUTS – "Hi Smile Wave" EP

All-girl jangle scratch pop from Vancouver. Fans of Heather's BEAT HAPPENING or the MCTELLS will throw this on the turntable with confidence. The sleeve art looks kinda garage but this is genuine stripped down dreaminess—points for the insert, where a drawing taught me that Kaity plays guitar, Tracey plays bass, and Cheryl plays drums. Could live without "Lone Wolf" but overall I am fan, I will look for more of their records, and I hope they play SF soon! (JS)
(Nominal)

MAGNUM FORCE – "Self Loathing" EP

Chaotic, changing speeds grindcore. Slow feedback into slow heavy riffs into fastcore. There are those points where this band puts their heads down and grind and at those moments they blew me away. A great sample I've never heard before: "the most frightening experience of my life. Talk about frightening experiences, have you ever tried slam dancing?" Think MAGRUDERGRIND or IN DISGUST. Great release. (MH)
(To Live A Lie)

MALA IN SE – CD

Overwrought post-CONVERGE core that I want to turn off immediately. Mathy chugga chug that dudes with three thousand dollar track bikes, *Jane Doe* tattoos and ear plugs will love. This CD apparently contains moogs, banjos and a xylophone. Ouch. (LG)
(Phatry)

MARCHING ORDERS – "Nothing New" CD

A CD comp of all the early releases by Melbourne's wrecking crew MARCHING ORDERS. Straight up aggro-punk done by a mixed crew of buzz cuts and mohawks. No frills no spills punk rock'n'roll. Played straight and tight with a solid beefy sound that compliments their solid beefy attitude. Australia has this genre down, maybe it's their rich musical history and knowledge mixed with a tougher than nails honesty. What ever it is, it surely works. (SD)
(Longshot)

MEINHOF – "8 Drops Of Blood" CD

A Euro-crust juggernaut from Poland, this three piece is packed with grit and intensity and songs that easily shine beyond their influences. Elements of WOLFBRIGADE compete with occasional NOW DENIAL guitar leads, and Rosy's vocals are like chards of glass spewing forth disdain and contempt. MEINHOF are fukkn pissed, and that anger shines through the melodies that hide in their songs. This is perfect music for the black clad set... powerful and engaging modern hardcore with a purpose. Excellent stuff. (WN)
(Nikt Nic Nie Wie)

MIDNITE SNAXXX – "A Guy Like That/Jackie"

Featuring members of the BOBBYTEENS and the LOUDMOUTHS, to name but just a couple of other bands these girls have been in, here are two solid tracks of lady punk rock. You know, the kind that's got a bit of grit to it: a hole in the fishnets, a smudge to the red lippy and a bit of whiskey on the breath. Covering classic topics such as boy craving, MIDNITE SNAXXX sound like they recorded this in a tin can (which isn't a bad thing, if you were wondering). Though I do think what side A needs is more "Oooohs..." (GG)
(Total Punk)

THE MIDWEST BEAT – "Gone Not Lost" LP

Not my bag. I'm not even sure this should be in *MRR* to be honest. Twangy competent Guitar Center lounging Dude Rock. File under Rock. Influences: Rock Music. Do you guys watch *Parks and Recreation*? This is Andy's band. (JS)
(Dusty Medical)

THE MOLESTATIONS – "Big Money Deal" EP

This sounds like what OPERATION IVY would have sounded like if every member suffered from severe brain damage. If this isn't a parody of punk ala CRUCIAL YOUTH than I pity and despise all parties involved in equal measure. I've seen other reviewers say that a given EP should have been a demo, but I'm going to go one further and say this never should have been recorded at all. (AU)
(self-released)

MOSKWA – "Studio '84" EP

This is the inaugural release from Warsaw Pact, a label dedicated to reissuing '80s Polish punk. This EP is the first session from MOSKWA, tracks that were recorded months after 1984's Jarocin festival. These songs are face ripping Eastern European hardcore played at a breakneck pace, with a high EQed and bizarrely affected guitar that could not possibly be more perfect for this music. I am at a loss for words listening to these tracks—classic and absolutely essential music that absolutely smokes nearly everything that has come since. I blast the MOSKWA LP often, but these tracks are untouchable. Mandatory. (WN)
(Warsaw Pact)

MOST DEAF – "By 1994!" EP

I'm tryin' to figure out what the title of this EP is supposed to mean, cuz this shit sounds straight 1994 emo summer to these ears. I don't know if there is a current rehash of bands going for '90s sounds, but this is pretty much it, like CURRENT and ORDINATION OF AARON and some of those Midwest later '90s want-to-be-on-a-pseudo-major-label indie rock bands; although both songs have an uncharacteristic thrashy noise breakdown in the middle. The cover is sick, this one's on purple swirl vinyl. (GB)
(Kiss of Death)

NASA SPACE UNIVERSE – "Across the Wounded Galaxies" LP

The cover art is a total bummer. It looks like a weird mix of a Take Me to Your Dealer poster and an airbrushed sexy nun. I mean the artwork was clearly done by someone who is a competent artist, but if I saw this in a record store I would think it was an ALIEN ANT FARM record or something. (Though Mariam, who is sitting next to me, thought it ruled and started spouting obscure horror movie poster art so…). The collage on the lyric sheet has lots of images of teenage Latina girls, amongst a bunch of wacky robots and American flags, which struck me as a bit weird. What are they trying to say? Probably not very much. NASA SPACE UNIVERSE evokes the spazziness of WRANGLER BRUTES whilst also reminding me of ANGEL HAIR, though they are way more retro in a late '90s/early '00s manner than the classic Gravity records era. We're talking WRANGLER BRUTES and SKULL KONTROL with 75% less hooks. The lyrics are bits of random text, in a LOCUST style, without the devastating critiques and jokes apparent in Sam McPheeters' or Chris Thomson's lyrics. "Piece of mind stained with ink / Guess I might as well throw it away / What could a stain convey?" We are in manila envelope emo territory… Jeez. I really liked this band's 7", and would probably like it if this had been released in that format, because over an LP it just got to be a boring and relentless listen. This isn't a bad record at all, I am sure lots of kids will dig it, but I just expected more from this band and was disappointed. In short, I didn't like it but maybe you will? (LG)
(Shogun)

NATURE BOYS – "Rabies" EP

Shit, this is awesome. I thought it would be funny if I just left it at that, but if I want you to part with money for this 7", so you'll probably want a little more information here. The female fronted NATURE BOYS sound is jangly and melodic without being wimpy *at all*. They have the intense sloppy tightness of a pair of nun's knickers and the early QUEERS laced with guitar leads that lean towards theatrical metal. I know that sounds confusing, but just trust me, this is great. (GG)
(San Huevos)

THE NICO BLUES – "Blame the Boredom, Blame the Basements" CD

Dear NICO BLUES: Have fun with your MTV videos and offers to open up for BLIND MELON at vapid, shallow rock clubs in NYC. I threw this CD across the room after three songs and it landed next to the SYSTEM SHIT *Kill That Fucker* EP. Now, I am listening to that record and everything is much better! Fuck everything! (GH)
(Tiny Giant)

NIGHTBRINGER – "One of These Days" EP

No, this is not the black metal band, it is the killer hardcore band. I like this fast and aggressive record by a crew of angry dudes brooding about the shitty nature of life. There is a certain aesthetic to hardcore that comes from the types of places that are not classified as "nice," and while I've never set foot in Ann Arbor, I've been through Michigan a couple times and most places there seem like some good hardcore can come out of them. It's a little weird and often not pretty, but so is life, which is why we bang out this kind of music in the first place. Featuring members of RUINATION and EARTHMOVER, this band is a little heavier than most modern hardcore with a bit of a dirty rock'n'roll feel to the songs. It is the sort of music that makes you want to shake your fist and push other people around in front of a stage. (BL)
(No Idea)

NOLLKOMPETENZ – "Back To Basics!" EP

Terrible pixelated cover… I mean *terrible*… but there's something really arresting about this record. It has a very early Oi influence, kinda like those bands on Beat The System records like DEATH SENTENCE or even early UPROAR mixed with a little early 4 SKINS as well as a helping of early Swede punk like the RUDE KIDS. It's really skint and basic, but has a ton more hooks and charm than most of the glossy skin and street-punk bands around now. No idea how you find this record, but it's worth the hunt. (TB)
(self-released, no info)

NOTHING – "Double Dose of Negativity" LP

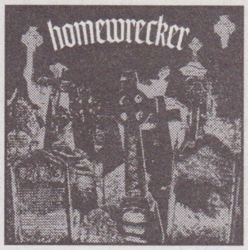
Eight blasts of technically proficient, slick sounding hardcore that uses a lot of speed picking in the faster parts, with no deficit of solos and leads from these German 'core junkies. This record is pretty much a mish-mash of everything—there's even a surf-y part—and decent in a Youth Crew meets later POISON IDEA meets TURBONEGRO way, but nothing I will pull out to play all that often. (JU)
(Refuse)

NUCLEAR CULT – "Better Nightmares" EP

Fuck yeah, some vets of the German Hardcore Wars just annihilating motherfuckers on this fourteen song seven inch. I reviewed their demo about a year ago, and was hoping to hear more from them, so this has made my day. I know mentioning ex-members may seem stupid, but when it's people from Y, and I think PINK FLAMINGOS, and I say this pretty much steam rolls over that shit, it seems relevant. Basically this is like both sides of the STACK / CAPITALIST CASUALTIES split melding together like some fucked up *Voltron* shit, do you fucking get it yet? One of the gnarliest things I've heard this year so don't be a fucking chump / herb / mark etc… (AH)
(Warm Bath)

NUKKEHAMMER – "Soviet Rust Belt" EP

Oh how I love this band. These Ohio turkeys play some of the ugliest, squealing, rotten sounding, white-hot, original music out. The tone that comes from the bass and guitar combo always reminds me of GAUZE, so combine that with, I don't know, maybe the fast parts of CELTIC FROST's "Visual Aggression" (?), a shitload of originality, and two weirdos yelling (nee, grunting) at each other, you'd be in the ballpark of what NUKKEHAMMER sounds like. Like someone's just literally cramming shit in your ears and their fist occasionally makes contact. It's that good. This EP features some re-recorded trax



from both demos—three from the first and two from the second—and two new joints. So even if you have the demos (I need the first one!!) get this, along with the demo LP that also just came out. (JU)
(Solar Funeral / SPHC / Hesitation Wounds)

NUKKEHAMMER – "End It All Demos" LP

Compiling remastered versions of two of the band's self-released demo cassettes from 2008 and 2009. Musically this Ohio band's twelve tracks demonstrate a strong developing combination of DEATHREAT styled brusque hardcore soaked in the current NERVESKADE / MORPHEME styled take on the Japanese re-interpretation of DISORDER among other Japanese hardcore influences. The sound fidelity of the 4-track demo recordings are surprisingly good, and this limited to 500 12" is nicely packaged in a two color silkscreen sleeve with an insert. My main fault with this release however, is with the lyrics about nuclear war, the Soviet Union, Reagan and the Berlin wall. While not as laughably corny as NERVESKADE's SWANKYS styled idiocy, it just feels like a huge in-joke of finding mom's punk clothes under the bed, dressing up in them and laughing at what was once people dead fucking serious about what they had to say. It cheapens the music to basically take the piss out of what was a genuine reaction to the world around them—early hardcore drew as much power from the immediacy of the music as the immediacy of the reaction to current events. 2011 doesn't feel like imminent nuclear war with Russia, but in 1984 it was a huge, real shadow on reality, the same way global warming and looming environmental devastation, fanatical religious terrorism and assertion of American Military power, class warfare of the elite and any number of things you can pick up a newspaper and / or news website and get pissed off about color our current reality. As the Japanese hardcore influence sinks deeper and deeper into the US punk scene, people forget the one point where original '80s and '90s US and UK hardcore was thousands of times better than the majority of Japanese hardcore was these direct, pointed and powerful lyrics. At least as an outsider to the culture, the struggle of Japanese punk is of individual identity in a conformist culture with a strict social order, so the lyrics are largely declarations of individuality and freedom. Here those pressures don't exist in the same magnitude. Maybe the band views lyrics like "Bloody nosed generals trade nukes for coke, warheads for coke, warheads for coke" as a tribute to the '80s. Maybe they're just jokers, or maybe current politics are actually really depressing to sing about and became so gauche within this current scene that it's irrelevant to the broader whole of what this release is about. These lyrics don't really kill the enjoyment of the otherwise cool music, but do tinge it saccharine. (KS)
(Hardware)

NÜ SENSAE / WHITE LUNG – split EP

These two Vancouver bands already have a number of records under each of their belts, all of which have a potency that's rarely matched these days, and here they've teamed up for this two-song 7" that I believe was released for their recent tour. WHITE LUNG's song is similar yet faster and lighter than those on their other records. While I don't dislike this, or anything else they've done, I also don't feel the need to listen to their side of this split in addition to their absolutely killer *It's The Evil* LP from last year, which is a good starting point for those unfamiliar with the band. NÜ SENSAE's song, on the other hand, builds on the strictly harsh, stark chunk of their other records with a solid mellow groove that sets the contrast between the subdued riffing and the urgency of the vocals. About two thirds of the song is structured around three riffs that repeat themselves in order: with the first setting the tone, the second building up the momentum with a chromatically ascending riff, and the third being the climatic bashing of drums and screaming of one line. As the song draws to a close, the speed drops a notch and noise takes over before the song ends in a whimper of feedback. I really hope this is a taste of the direction that this band will take. (DG)
(Deranged / Nominal)

NÜ SENSAE – "Tea Swamp Rising" EP

So good! Bass and drum bands always make me think of GODHEADSILO, but NÜ SENSAE are their own thing at this point. Bratty and vicious, creepy and cutthroat... Manson girls dump Charlie and start a new musical destruction force. Venomous vocals pierce your throat, scratch your eyes out whilst a doomed drum beat beats round your skull. This has an end of the world Death Valley scum bag feel, it's dense and otherworldly at once. The title track is an incantation; the rest is a secret ceremony where you won't know if you are a participant or a victim. Makes me wanna drive to the end of the world. (LG)
(Fast Weapons)

OBN IIIS – "Mark On You/Heavy Heart"

Distorted psych garage, done with a twisted acid edge and an under current of menace. Not straying to far away from the punk rock formula whilst still keeping its BUTTHOLE SURFERS meets *Killed By Death* vibe. A repetitive thud keeps the groove steam rolling along, whilst some space jams minus the hippy hash glow help add an evil dimension. A sound track to a bad trip. (SD)
(Tic Tac Totally)

OBNOXIOUS YOUTH – "The Eternal Void" LP

Huh, not quite the metal onslaught I thought it would be, actually this sounds a lot like MIDNIGHT, but with Blaine from FARTZ / the ACCÜSED with a slight head cold singing. Basically, a slightly sped up VENOM sound with an almost absurd amount of guitar solos in every song. The lyrics are pretty rad in a fucked up teenage hessian way, which is pretty right on in my book. Pretty relentless metal/punk probably best enjoyed after rapid consumption of cheap beer and doing a few lines of cheap coke that you realize is really just speed after it's too late. Not for wimps! (AH)
(Adult Crash)

OLDFASHIONED IDEAS – "Fight Back!" EP

No hooks and no choruses make jack a very dull boy. Basic, boring street punk that pays zero attention to the art of song writing. (SD)
(Switchlight)

OLDFASHIONED IDEAS – "We're In This Shit Together" LP

Ughhh... I could tell by the cover this was going to be the kind of record that old Roehrs and I used to argue about. He would have said something like "FUCK YES!!!!! Classic Oi! from these Swedish hooligans...songs about drinking, fighting and being skins... Get this now, ruffians." I, on the other hand, would say, "bass heavy, one dimensional Oi! which bored the fuuuuuck out of me, yaaaawwwwwwn." (TB)
(Switchlight)

ON THE JOB – "A Bag Full of Brew" LP

Jesus Christ, just shoot me in the face already. I can't believe anyone is still making singalong-y *Clockwork Orange* street punk. Twelve songs about hanging tough, drinking with the bros, and standing proud. Favorite lyrics: "My heart is pumping to a punk rock beat, this is the sound of the streets!" Mild props, though, for the saxophone on track number two. I didn't see that one coming. (JH)
(Contra / Longshot)

ORIGIN OF M – LP

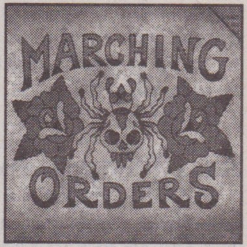
This is a reissue of their 2008 CD on Under the Surface records, plus their track from the *Demented Anthem Hardcore Assemblage* comp, and as many East Coasters and Chaos in Tejas visitors now know, it's 100% anthemic Japanese hardcore at its finest. It seems lazy to make a Godzilla reference when you're talking about a Japanese band, but Guy's *massive* vocal presence really does call to mind a giant lizard stomping cities while being driven ever forward by the huge riffs and backing vocals. Like contemporaries PADLOCK, ORGANISM and CLOWN, ORIGIN OF M are upholding a tradition of hardcore that draws inspiration from '80s / early '90s innovators like BASTARD and DEATH SIDE while adding new melodic twists and stylistic turns that keep the style fresh and interesting. When it all comes together like it does in the twisted groove of "Twins" there's nothing else in the world that comes remotely close to sounding like it. This is just a fantastic record, right down to the classic Sugi cover art. (AU)
(Burai Core)

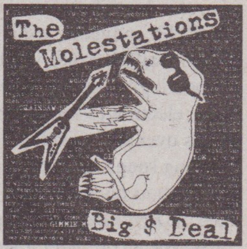
PALA – "We Don't Exist" LP

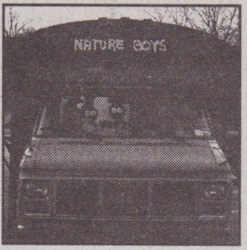
This band straddles the line between punk, screamo and stoner rock and somehow manages to pull it off. Sounding like a more punishing PELICAN and other times like BULLETS IN with hoarse screamed vocals and discordant guitars. I'm usually a little squeamish about bands that try this hard, but I really dug this album. If you used to get *Heartattack* you should look this up. (TB)
(A389)

PANZRAM – "A New Mental Disorder for Youth in Disapproval" EP

Wow, what a breathe of fresh air. Maybe it's because I've been listening to a lot of melodic punk, it's nice to hear something that's different. PANZRAM are a band from Florida and this three song EP is a winner in my book. Side A is a mid-tempo beat down. The guitars are loud, thick and noisy with vocals that are equally noisy and which switch from screaming to talking and the heavy, driving ending will have you tearing apart your room. Side B starts with a short, fast song, which doesn't work quite as well as side A, but is still pretty killer and noisy. They wrap things up with a awesome cover of an







early PSYCHEDELIC FURS tune, again with the heavy, distorted guitars, and thus it doesn't sound anything like the original, which is good because I prefer when a band makes a cover song their own. Lyrics tend toward the negative side of humanity, as might be expected with music like this. A nice screened cover just adds to the whole package. (MD)
(Drugged Conscience)

PEZZ – "Wicked Leading the Blind" EP

Melodic punk that sounds like it was created in a BAD RELIGION vacuum. This Memphis band has been around for twenty years, and are or were on BYO, I think that contextualizes them sufficiently. The dual vocals are distracting, but the lyrics are more interesting that I would expect of a band in this genre. Not my thing, as they say, and not something I would listen to by choice. They do a LEATHERFACE cover, also not a band I love, but a band that is leagues above this seven inch. (LG)
(Fat Sandwich)

PHTV – "PHTV" EP

So this is PHT remixing the recent VACUUM EP on Lengua Armada. My experience with noise/industrial type stuff is extremely limited (I liked that one intro on that old NAPALM DEATH LP), but I really am quite impressed with this. Side A seems to be composed mostly of sampled feedback and Robert's vocals and vocal reverb, while the reverse "reconstructs" new tracks out of the bits and pieces of the originals before sliding into an apocalyptic bass-heavy dirge. I don't really have much of a frame of reference for this kind of thing, but the A-side was really fucking cool. (AU)
(Rescued From Life)

POLICE BASTARD / WAR//PLAGUE – split LP

Birmingham's POLICE BASTARD's six tracks draw from the older tradition of CHAOS UK styled thrashing, but drenched in heavier crustier hardcore grime. Five of the six tracks comprised last year's *It's Good To Hate* CDEP, but this adds an interesting cover of RUDIMENTARY PENI's "Blasphemy Squad" on top of the cover of the MOB (UK). Melody and some modern rock influences occasionally surface from the four originals, but when set on basic straightforward, full tilt throttle hardcore attack, POLICE BASTARD are in their strongest suit. Lyrics attack globalization, racism, and the pressures of conformity to a normal life. On the flip, Minneapolis's WAR//PLAGUE feature members of PROVOKED, PONTIUS PILATE, CALLOUSED and crank six tracks of mid-tempo hardcore dirge, with vomited guttural vocals spitting lyrics of resistance and anger. There's no reinvention of the crust wheel, but it's a solid carrying of the torch of a tradition that dates back to the late '80s/'90s and bands like MISERY and STATE OF FEAR. Indeed, there's similar punk/metal sludge and depth charge blasting- as well as very dark '90s-ish recording and primal musicianship that makes this familiar and listenable. A solid, compatible split with kudos to the label for recycled vinyl and a low "Pay no more than…" price! (KS)
(Profane Existence)

POOR LILY – CD

Although not on the same level, this trio has a little DEAD KENNEDYS and MINUTEMEN thing going on. Spastic punk lives on. This is raw and un-commercial by my wimpy standards. Musically, these guys have some chops going on too. A good release and a good new band from New York that I can recommend. (RL)
(self-released)

PRAYERS FOR ATHEISTS – "New Hymns For An Old War" CD

Tremendous politically and socially charged punk rock with a real fuckin' message. I guess a nearest comparison would be if early ANTI-FLAG was actually good and not super clichéd, or if No Idea bands weren't so introspective and from Florida. The music just bristles and the lyrics are totally on point, well researched and concise. The song "Guns Up" about the Harlen County miners had me on the edge of my chair. This is what punk with a social conscious should sound like. Boss. (TB)
(self-released)

PRESSURE – "Your Rage" EP

When I was in this band's hometown of Faro, Portugal (a beach town of 41,000 on the country's south coast) last summer, I remember seeing some sick "Faro Style Hardcore" graffiti by the train tracks, and remember thinking to myself "that's pretty rad, I wonder what this style is like." Fast forward a year, and I get this 7" for review, which sounds more like it draws heavily from CARRY ON's *A Life Less Plagued* than anything: from the frustrated-sounding riffs and vocals to the clean production style and abrupt opening song, though this record doesn't have the same desperation or attention to songwriting. It's obviously easy to fail at writing youth crew that's worth a shit, and the line between straightforward and generic is about as delicate as the sobriety of an impressionable 20-year-old Bridge Nine fan, but this band passes the test, and writes some high-energy stuff that makes me wish I'd caught them while I was in their town. (DG)
(Demons Runamok / Monument / Refuse / Salad Days)

P.R.O.B.L.E.M.S. – "Buzz Off/It Don't Have to Be Like This"

This has a picture of Bruce Roehrs with Kelly from PIERCED ARROWS who plays bass in this band on the label with a nice memorial so I'll be kind. Actually there's no need to pull punches. This is beefed up guitar CANDY SNATCHERS or HOOKERS style speed rock'n'roll. I don't listen to this kinda music enough anymore but these guys do it right. Makes you want to smash a quart bottle of cheap vodka over some hipsters head. That cheap vodka's for you Bruce. (RO)
(Rock 'N' Roll Disgrace)

P.S. ELIOT – "Sadie" LP

This LP sounds like the '90s. It sounds like something released on Kill Rock Stars in 1997. It's more on the indie side of punk things and keeps it straight, simple and tuneful throughout its thirteen songs. Some of the songs remind me strongly of THROWING MUSES and BELLY in subtle ways. It's engaging and thoughtful, but they begin to lose me with the song "Jesus Christ", which has lyrics like "I only love Jesus Christ" and "Have you thought about your afterlife?" I am from Birmingham, Alabama (the original hometown of this band) and grew up southern Baptist. I probably stepped foot in the same churches as these people. I learned early on that Christianity is responsible for a whole lot of misogyny, hate, and homophobia and is used as the justification of a whole lot of fucked up behavior. Do you really believe in this? Is this really a belief that you can find solace in? Can you really find comfort is worshipping an entity that would cast off his subjects to an eternity of damnation just because they made a few mistakes in their lives? I really want to know. This record is not bad, but that song really threw me off. (GH)
(Salinas)

PSYCHIC LIMB – "Queens" LP

After a lengthy discussion about the negative aspects of the ambiguous space dub astral spirograph image that makes up the cover, the back cover and the entire gatefold of this one sided LP, I have my mind blown by twelve of the most sinister bursts of grind tinged violent hardcore that I have ever heard. It's all here—precise, deliberate and controlled chaos. I hated the way this record looks, but after listening (three times, back to back), I now cannot think of any other image that could possible repre-

sent the mania contained in these grooves. Fucking brilliant, with enough space weirdness (all within the context of lightning fast hardcore punk) to justify the cover art. (WN)
(Claivoyant)

PULLING TEETH – "Funerary" LP
PULLING TEETH is a band I always intended to check out, but for one reason or other never did… until now. On first listen I liked it okay, but it irked me how the whole first half of the songs are shorter and fast, in the style that I'm sure people expect from this band from all the early talk of their INTEGRITY influence (which actually isn't that apparent, at all), but then you hit a wall in the form of a meandering ten-minute title-track, with ambient and power electronics sounds and all that jazz. Once that track's over there's still 23 more minutes of sludgy, brooding songs that also just meander and never really seem to go anywhere. Which is shame, cause I liked the first handful of songs, that are a nice mix of classic metalcore with a stronger lean towards melodic death metal guitar shredding, but I just don't have the patience for the doom-y stuff. (JU)
(A389)

PUSSY DOGS – "Ain't Nothing but a Pussy Dog" EP
Shit on me, this is great. I can't believe it, surprise of the century. When I saw "PUSSY DOGS," you know—maybe not a great name considering the glut of bar rock in these bins on any given month, but the cover to the EP makes them look like English teens so maybe it's OK, I figure, maybe, you know, this isn't gonna be terrible. And then, hell, then I listen to it and it's, well it's likely one of the best records I've ever been given to review at this magazine, I mean it's really terrible, these guys can't play, if they know how to write a song then I know how to write an opera, but it's a thousand times better than anything else I've had to review ever. Sounds like the PANICS covering the ZEROS, singer has the greatest voice of his generation and if they aren't still in highschool I don't wanna know about it. 100% punk. (BB)
(Piss Drunk)

RAD COMPANY – "Bottom Shelf" EP
Well, the stupid internet stopped working on this fine piece of technology I type on, so maybe I won't tell you where these guys are from. I wanna say Dayton or Cincinnati, I'm fairly certain it is one of the two, but I'm too lazy to jump on that computer right over there and find out for certain. I reviewed this band's split with fellow Ohio band SOK a couple years ago. That record was aptly titled *Thrash-pop*, and I remember it bearing resemblance to early DESCENDENTS. This one holds to the thrash/pop label, but I don't get the same early '80s SoCal influence I remember from that last one. This is a lot like what I would expect if JAWBREAKER and I-SPY merged to form one melodic hardcore/pop punk band. (BD)
(Teamhuman)

RAYOS X – "Sufrimiento" EP
I must say I'm a little under-whelmed by this second RAYOS X EP. While it doesn't sound all that different from the first 7", it somehow lacks some of the urgency, energy, and aggression that made that record so great. Which is strange cause they were both recorded at the same time. Hmmm. With all that said, *Sufrimiento* is still a good record of meat'n'taterz punk rock in the style of a lot of the early Spanish language/Latin punk—simple timeless riffs, no fancy-schmancy solos, the vocals are cool with some *wohh ohhhs* here and there on the choruses, just not up to snuff with the first one. (JU)
(Damaging Noise)

RAZORS IN THE NIGHT / STRONGBOW – split EP
As Dougie always says "good Oi! is just punk," and Longshot always seem to keep their head above water releasing quality *punk* records. RITN don't really sound like BLITZ, but its in the same SKUNX ballpark. I'm not gonna be handing out any originality medals, but you could do worse with these two, songs of burly East Coast streetpunk. STRONGBOW (one of my favorite tipples) kick off with some faux Irish song, which is "meh," but then kick down and beerhall punk number that had my foot tapping. Neither band is going to be wearing out the turntable, but if you like the shit Longshot does this is another one in the chamber. (TB)
(Contra / Longshot)

RECKLESS – "Ocean" LP
I want to start off by apologizing to RECKLESS, and stating that I'm not the right reviewer here. July is a tough month as people, even punx, do like them summer holidays. Cliff Richard was right; we're all going on them. That is why I think I ended up with this. Clearly a lot of work has been put into this LP. The outside of the sleeve looks like it's been screened, one by one. The inside of the sleeve is a high gloss CRASS visits Hot Topic with DISCHARGE and the POGUES type track listing/art depicting pain and fear affair which upon trying to open up to have a good look at, a small RECKLESS business card with a download code on it and a 4"x5.5" lyric and candid band/friends photo booklet drops out it and down to the floor. I snap it closed quickly before further investigation, in case a bat takes flights from within it into my face. Before even getting this thing on the decks, I'm overwhelmed. And it doesn't end there. Frankly, I don't know what's going on here. After twenty or so minutes of cheesy electric and acoustic guitars, the occasional synthesizer sound effect and dramatic softly sang to screaming female vocals, the only comparison that springs to mind is EVANESCENCE and I'm sure no one wants that. That being said, my job isn't to be disparaging, I'm sure there are people that love this kind of thing. Unfortunately I'm just not one of them. (GG)
(self-released)

RED MASS – "Crawlspace/Suicide"
Suicide is another in what appears to be an endless series of puzzling, varied and always-interesting RED MASS releases. There's no fucking rulebook with this band. "Suicide" is a folk-y, bleak and danceable number dealing with (surprise!) killing yourself. The flip, "Crawlspace", comes off as a metallic CRAMPS punker, wound up tight and covered in gloop. Although I've been a fan of just about everything Choyce has been involved with up to (and including) RED MASS, I gave up trying to keep up with their release schedule (which is quite heavy). They've simply put out way too much shit. Hearing this, I fear I've missed out on some winners. (MC)
(Certified PR)

RESIST – "Another Day in Paradise" EP
On one hand, I really appreciate RESIST's politics and their long-term involvement with the anarcho-punk scene. On the other hand, this record is kind of boring. It's not terrible; it's just neither fast and raw enough to be memorable nor catchy enough to stick in the mind, though the title track gets a kind of CHOKEBORE/Am. Rep. thing going that's pretty unexpected. This is far from the best "comeback" record I've ever heard, but it's not the worst either I guess. (AU)
(Profane Existence)

RISK – LP
So there are about a thousand bands called RISK out there but I believe that this one is from Brooklyn (according to their bandcamp page: risknyc.bandcamp.com). The band plays slow and melodic hardcore that I'm not going to call screamo but I can easily see them playing with bands like COMADRE. The guitars do that spastic hardcore thing that makes you want to bang your head on faster songs but there are also quiet parts where the singer yells out of the silence and then everyone breaks back into the song to a chorus of pumping fists in the audience. Melodic guitar leads abound and I'm sure that a lot of the fans of this band have cute haircuts, but this is just gnarly enough to charm this old crusty jerk. (BL)
(self-released)

SATURDAY'S KIDS – 10"
Not sure if they're named after the JAM song, but this Welsh quartet do not sound like the JAM. In some ways SATURDAY'S KIDS sound is somewhat hard to pin down, because over the course of these six songs, I was beginning to wonder if this was a compilation, especially side A, which is all over the map. It starts with a typical emo song, quiet pretty intro with soft, spoken vocals that builds to loud guitars and shouted vocals. There's even a little piano. The second song had me scratching my head. It's a weird, funky number. The third song is an upbeat, rockin' tune. Side B has a little more consistency. Following more of the emo formula, though the vocals are more generally sung throughout and the buildups aren't quite so big. Perhaps a band still finding their groove, several songs hold promise of good things to come.
(Bombed Out / Time As A Color / Art For Blind)

TY SEGALL – "Goodbye Bread" CD
It looks like TY SEGALL has found his sound. I like it. It's a sunny Californian take on grunge. It's not quite full on distorted, but it utilizes the classic loud-soft structure. There are also slightly psychedelic tinges and acoustic guitars. Segall's voice is breathy and flirtatious. Segall always had this type of songs on his albums, but usually there would also be two or three really catchy, more straightforward garage stompers. There are none of those this time. It is not so much unexpected, but it is slightly disappointing. But I'll get over it. I always do. That said every song on this CD is amazing except for one. When I heard Segall perform an early version of "Comfortable Home" last year on KUSF radio I was really shocked at how lame it was. Which makes it

weirder to hear it here. It is flushed out more, but the lyrics are still the same. He is singing about buying a couch and making a comfortable home. Yes, I know people think about it and those same people will eventually do it. But I don't want to hear a song about it. Maybe if I had never heard that radio version I wouldn't notice as much, but I have. There are some nice vocal harmonies at the end. Aside from that one meaningless complaint, "Goodbye Bread" is a great album. The songs have a similar sound that makes it one of those albums you want to listen to straight through from start to finish. However they are not too much alike that they start to blend into each other. If every music fan hasn't already fallen for Segall this album is destined to make it happen. (CK)
(Drag City)

THE SECRET – "Solve et Coagula" CD
The first song is a grating ambient number, which caused me to reflect that it is a little early in the morning for another nearly unlistenable black metal record, but it was a feint. Sure there is a significant black metal influence in there, but this is a crust band who frequently delves into the realm of grind as well. If you can blend those three genres anywhere near as well as the SECRET, then you have a sound that gets me shaking my dreads. This record is unrelentingly brutal, just when you're thinking the band is awesomely heavy they break into a blistering grind part for your face melting pleasure. The lyrics are dark as hell and I get the picture that these dudes are not happy with the world, but when they lapse into the second person it is a little goofy. Take for instance a selection from "Antitalian," the fifth song on the record: "This is the truth they have sold / But you're gypsies looking for more gold / You grab ash, you lose everything / You grab ash, you choose to lose / You're waste hidden behind prayers." Now maybe they're not talking specifically about my ash-grabbing activity but I feel accused of something that I'm pretty sure I've never done. (BL)
(Southern Lord)

SEVERE SEVERE – "Break Up The Dance" CD
Dark wave punk played with a heavy wink and a nod to the more musically inclined bands of the early '80s Anarcho punk scene. A bleak tribal groove mixed in with some scratching post punk guitar. 1981 meets EMPIRE with the morose feel of the MOB and dance goth quality of the BANSHEES. It feels old but certainly not overly retro, bringing a new energy into the formula. I get cold just listening to this CD, images of bombed out wastelands, urban decay, evo-stick, dingy beer soaked back alley bitter nights and unemployment. The best post punk band that I've heard in a long long time. What INTERPOL never had the balls to sound like? Brilliant. (SD)
(Bad Archer)

SHARK? – "Hip Hip Hooray/You Don't Love Me Anymore"
Side A delivers a strange hybrid of surf and a shoegazery early '90s Manchester sound with enough bass fuzz to rupture the acne of the bowl haircutted, bespectacled boy I can imagine listening to this. Side B is better. As catchy as scabies, in that way a well executed pop song is, with a feel good and almost anthemic ending—actually, I really like this song. Hi-fives all around! (GG)
(Oops Baby)

THE SHITTY LIMITS – "Speculate/Accumulate" LP
A 12" EP from the best English punk band going, possibly the best in the world. I know that's hyperbolic and a Real Big Statement, but I like almost nothing and I really love this band. In fact, everyone I know who has heard them or seen them has not only enjoyed it, but nearly shit over it, from denim-type garage turkeys to Successful Musicians to Mohawk freaks, all of them, and me too. The best lyrics in punk today, great music, and if the rumors that they've split are true then I give up. Buy it. (BB)
(La Vida Es Un Mus)

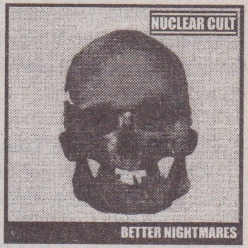
THE SLEAZE – "Called You Once/Retro Sexy in Blue"
One of two singles this month from the SLEAZE. This music sounds too good to be made by kids. Yet apparently it is. "Called You Once" is a bratty, quick, simple punk tune. Sloppy musicianship and high-pitched vocals filled with attitude. "Retro Sexy In Blue" is the hit on this. It is catchy as hell. The melody is slower. The vocals are more musical and the attitude is reined in just enough to make it even cockier. Great stuff. (CK)
(Total Punk)

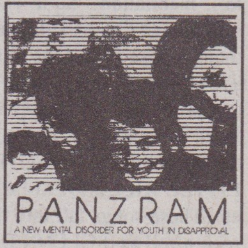
THE SLEAZE – "Weird Truck/Splotch on Something Clean"
This is a little slice of lo-fi heaven. Normally, when you talk about lo-fi heaven, you're talking about garage rock. It's not garage rock, though there is every possibility that this was recorded in a garage. Make no mistake about it, this is snotty-as-fuck punk rock, stripped down to its core. Both the slightly stilted musical arrangements and the vocals remind me of the FALL, but I wouldn't say that the band sounds like the FALL. It also reminds me of O LEVEL and SATANS RATS. Oh, and it's got a certain Australia 1977 quality. Excellent. (KK)
(Three Dimensional)

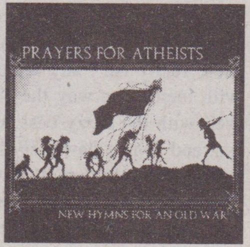
SLOWMOTIONS – "Operation Anagram/Panic and Spoiler" EP
I missed these guys when they were just here but heard good things. They're from Japan so I don't know what the fuck they're singing about. Reminds me at times of the later REGISTRATIONS, but that's a weak comparison just because they're both Japanese. Kinda new wavy but hard, not wussy. "Operation Anagram" is my fave with its "Cherry Bomb" meets "Bloodstains" intro. Great sing along choruses about who knows what. There's English translated lyrics—I'm not getting it, but it don't matter. The other song has almost more traditional Asian rock vocals but way more wack. This is a long review for me, but just fucking buy the thing. It rules. (RO)
(540)

SMOGTOWN – "Dictoria/You Don't Like What We Do For A Living… See How We Die"
WTF!?! Hostage Records is releasing new stuff! Fuck yeah! Hostage was hands down one of *the* best fucking punk labels from the USA of *all* time! Of course that is just my humble opinion, but any label that basically launched the career of bands like BONECRUSHER and oh… SMOGTOWN is fucking legendary! This new single from SMOGTOWN isn't breaking any new ground or re-inventing the wheel, but that is not what I want from this band or anything else on Hostage records for that matter. I want punk-as-fuck So-Cal beach punk that would jump out of the speakers and punch ya in the face while dragging you into the circle pit (not a mosh pit!!) And that is what this delivers; snotty, aggro vocals, crunching guitars and pounding bass and drums and the odd ripping guitar riffs and pick slides. Basically chaos on vinyl that you can jump up and down to and run around in circles bouncing off the walls (and other people assuming you are at a SMOGTOWN show!) (ML)
(Hostage)

SON OF MAN – "Blind Omnipotence" EP
The word on the internet is that this debut recording was made before the band had a full roster of members, but I can see how putting out this record could be a good way to find some people to fill out the group. I kind of want to play bass for them after listening to it; too bad you dudes are in SoCal. Fans of INTEGRITY and GEHENNA will dig on these four metalled-up hardcore jams. The songs are heavy with crushing bass tone and competent guitar work. The programmed drums are pretty basic







without many fills or other trickery. I'm curious to hear what they sound like with a live drummer as the beats are the weakest part of the songs. (BL)
(Good Times)

THEE SPIVS – "It's True/Taped Up"
While he's no longer around to argue with me about it, I think this would have been one of the two or three records a year that Bruce Roehrs and I would have agreed on. It's catchy enough for me and I think it's rough enough and street enough that he would have enjoyed it. It's got a certain TOY DOLLS / COCK SPARRER quality that I just can't resist. (KK)
(Almost Ready)

THE STALKERS – "Lady Sonia/When We Get There"
When I saw that I had this 7" to review I was like "Fuck yeah!" I was excited cuz when I lived in NYC this was one of my favorite new bands at the time! I loved their previous 7" and LP that I have, and they put on a good show (if not in quality, due to inebriation, then in entertainment value due to... inebriation!) So it was good to see that Andy Animal and Co. are still going strong to this day. Although these two songs didn't quite blow me away as I had hoped they would, they are still really good and bring back good memories of my days in NYC when the scene was obnoxiously awesome with all the bands like SOME ACTION, STAR SPANGLES, LITTLE KILLERS, ELECTRIC SHADOWS, etc., etc. These songs fall into that realm of swaggering rock'n'roll as if GLENN DANZIG was fronting the NEW YORK DOLLS thanks to Andy's booming baritone vocals. This is how '50s doo-wop would have sounded if it had been allowed to be as depraved as our modern society has become! (ML)
(Oops Baby)

STATIC VOID – "Monosyllabic" CD
It took me less than 30 seconds of listening to this before I asked myself, why? Mid-'90s alterna-rock in a thin wrapper of hardcore and NYC straight-edge. Not unlike QUICKSAND but nowhere near as good. Or BOY SETS FIRE or later melodic tracks from bands like ENDPOINT. The points where they "groove" are awful. The chuga-chugga guitars and odd, not-really-rapping vocals on "D'Or" are embarrassing and the vocals sound exactly the same on every track. Yuk. (MH)
(Cobra)

STREET EATERS – "Rusty Eyes and Hydrocarbons" LP
Hopefully STREET EATERS need no introduction at this point. Chances are you have either heard them or seen them more than a few times. For the uninformed, this is a two-piece from Oakland consisting of drums and bass. Honestly, I must say that two-piece bands have been done to death in the last few years. I am rarely impressed with them anymore, but STREAT EATERS do it so well that there really isn't any argument against the format with them. The way the simplistic drums meld so well with the fuzzy bass, with the addition of Megan and John's flawlessly harmonized vocals make it impossible to deny the awesomeness of this duo. Fans take note – this is a test press packaged up in a hand screened/hand numbered sleeve limited to 50 for their summer tour. (BD)
(Bakery Outlet / Plan-It-X)

STREET JUSTICE – "It's Your Move, Creep" EP
This is a six piece from the Bay Area, featuring two vocalists, two guitar players, one bassist and a lady killing it on drums. These five songs have a spiky, street punk element to them with more menace than sing-a-long and have a bit of the ANTI-SEEN flavor with some melodic, rock'n'roll-y guitar parts. The song "Trapper Keeper" has some IRON MAIDEN dual guitar work that rules and there is definitely some blues-y moments here. Musically, it's not exactly my jam, but I like this because it is earnest, the songs are very creative in a way that absolutely works for the, giving them their own sound and seems like they have sense of humor, but are not a "joke" band. This straight up reminds me of the '90s Midwest punk scene I grew up in. These guys could play the Kenosha punk picnic, a basement in Chicago or a bowling alley in Minneapolis. I could see this band playing with ASSPISS. There are no lyrics included and the cover is screen printed with an illustration that includes some deadly animals including a shark and a lion. Sweet. (MB)
(self-released)

SYDNEY DUCKS – "Stray Dogs/He Lives for Today"
There's been a new wave rising over the last few years that, in my eyes, is keeping punk legitimate in an era threatened by being mired in nostalgia and mediocrity. With such disparate bands like YOUNG OFFENDERS and CRIMINAL DAMAGE and now the SYDNEY DUCKS, this new generation (made largely of people from older generations) manages to create a fresh, new blue-collar punk sound while staying purely traditional at the same time. SYDNEY DUCKS achieve this by doing away with the repetitiveness common to Oi! and replacing it with dashes of influences ranging from mid tempo hardcore to a bit of first generation post punk. The resultant sound is like the TEMPLARS crossed with IGNITION or something. Both tracks on this debut single are killer and will leave you awaiting further releases. Definitely track this down. (BG)
(Sydney Town)

THIS CITY AWAITS – "Code Red: Urgency" CD
A poor man's RISE AGAINST? Unfortunately, I don't like either—a mix of acoustic guitars, guitars with effects, and heavy build-ups. Is RISE AGAINST the new BLINK 182 as far as potential copycats go? Maybe a lesser SICK PUPPIES, who nobody knows anyways. Horrible. (RL)
(self-released)

THROWING UP – "When I Touch You / Toothache"
Holy shit this is so fucking good! NIRVANA riffage, DEAD MOON darkness, FRUMPIES shrill scream, WIPERS despondence. I feel like this description doesn't really do it justice. This band seems like it came from the fog of the Northwest (though they're from England) to fill in all the gaps, borrowing every perfect element of before mentioned bands and writing a couple songs that I've always wanted to hear but didn't exist yet. At occasional moments a record comes along that blows my mind so hard that all I can do is sit around and play it again and again whilst gawping at the turntable. Total year-end top ten material. The only fault in this record is that there are only two songs. Again, really fucking good. (MM)
(self-released)

TINO VALPA – "Walk the Walk" EP
This is the second EP by TINO VALPA, a band that absolutely does not hide from the fact that they play stripped down, fast hardcore along the lines of VIOLENT MINDS or the FIX and don't give a fuck about trying to create something new. *Walk the Walk* is simply fifteen aggressive in-your-face blasts of hardcore energy that will leave you wallowing in pessimistic thought when the needle finally lifts. I wouldn't want to exaggerate and say this is completely mind-blowing, but it's not far from it; in fact I've listened to it four times already and I haven't even had it for 24 hours yet! Killer. (BG)
(Kangaroo / Way back When)

TOUCH ME SATAN – "Not Respecting the Dead" EP
My band just played a house show with TOUCH ME SATAN in Seattle last weekend and I thought they were cool. Trashy punk that reminds me of fucked up basements, spilled beer, and flailing punks. It's more on the poppy side of things and it's full of energy throughout. Send your hard earned money to these punks now. (GH)
(Artificial Limb)

TOUGH TITTIE – "Stomach Transplant" CD
If you're going to name your band TOUGH TITTIE it better be some kind of rad riot grrrl outfit or something that at least brings it. This, on the other hand, is total bar punk 'n' roll shit. I find everything about this band sophomoric and obnoxious. Don't listen to it, I only did so I could write this review. (BL)
(self-released)

TRAUMAHELIKOPTER – "Prey/Predator" EP
This is the second release by these Dutch potheads, who play primitive garage rock'n'roll with hints of lo fi psychedelia and punk, and all three songs are fucking great. There's a twangy GORIES-style stomp mixed with a gloomy punk attitude that creates strange thoughts in your mind as you listen to it. The guitar work is crisp yet distantly haunting; the vocals sound subdued yet frantic. There's something really catchy about this; I've listened to this three-track EP over and over while drinking Greek ouzo and it keeps sounding better and better with each spin; it sticks in your head when you turn it off. Very nice. (BG)
(Kogar, no address)

TRAUMAHELIKOPTER – "Wolf/Murderer"
Catchy '60s style tunes dusted with a fine layer of fuzz. Not too much to bury everything, but just enough to make it sound dirty. There are blown out vocals and pounding drums. It also sounds like there is an organ in the mix that raises above the cacophony every once in a while. Almost like a less manic CRAMPS, but they still retain the melodics and the

primitiveness. Nice. (CK)
(Kuriosa)

ULRIKES DREAM – "Van 9 Tot 5" CD

This Belgian outfit plays intelligent and captivating political punk fronted with wonderful female vocals, but there's an overall dominating metal sound that I can't figure out if I like or not. I usually can't stand anything too metal, but there's some interesting variation going on here that keeps me listening, like amazing drumming, a voice that switches from beautifully melodic to frenzied and pissed, and several perfectly placed guitar riffs. A few tracks are straight up punk thrash, but most are sort of metallic crust with a few even bordering on grindcore; almost all build in intensity as they develop, sometimes jumping from mellow to maniacal, which I really dig. (BG)
(Kapotte Radio / Maloka)

VAGINA TOWN – "LSD" LP

OK, I really can't take a band called VAGINA TOWN seriously. The music is pretty bad too, like some shitty mish mash of all the worst parts of DEPECHE MODE, NINE INCH NAILS, the DANDY WARHOLS, QUINTRON, and the CRAMPS that they then drown in deep pit of boring embarrassment. Possibly not the most terrible record I've heard ever (I've had to listen to some mega shit sandwiches, like the time I got some horrid smooth jazz influenced adult contemporary album from *Punk Planet* for review) but it's definitely in the top three. But then you go and name yourselves VAGINA TOWN? Seriously? Get the fuck outta my face. (MM)
(Kizmiaz)

VERVAL DIARREA – LP

It is always refreshing when a band releases a full length and it's not full of tracks that all sound the same. VERVAL DIARREA starts out with an aggressive hardcore track with multiple vocalists, including one who does a deep growl. Later we get a track that's got some blues guitar—then a simple punk track with the deep growl vocals that turns into a hardcore anthem. Before I'm finished listening to side A, I get a rock'n'roll punk track with clean vocals. "Paint the Wall" is one of the few tracks sung in English, and while the rock'n'roll sound is hard to place it can be found someplace on the rock side of HUSKER DU or ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT. And refreshingly the next track is a multi-vocalist hardcore track. VERVAL DIARREA keeps changing it up throughout the entire LP. We get some hardcore, some punk and some rock'n'roll. The band is from the Balearic Islands off the coast of Spain. (MH)
(Tudatuda)

VIOLENT PARTY – "End of Existence/Parasitic Culture"

This is quick little two-song disc from a husband and wife studio band. I like the first track "End of Existence" more with its classic Scandinavian hardcore style and structure. The vocals are screamed and there is some kind of distortion on them so they sound blasted out and great. The guitar work is competent but I'm much less impressed by the B-side track "Parasitic Culture," which has more of a generic street punk cadence. It allows me to make out the rhymed lyrics like hear/fear, question/oppression, and stand/command. Rhymed lyrics are one of my pet peeves about older punk rock and I'm going to have to withhold the gold star on this review but the record is otherwise solid. (BL)
(self-released)

VISIONS OF WAR – "Shit Parade" LP

I wish that this record was really bad so I could make a shit parade joke, but once again VISIONS OF WAR have delivered an epic crust record. This outfit from Belgium has been crushing it for fifteen years now and everything I've heard by them has been pretty fucking good. This has throat killing dual vocals over fast, heavy, and somewhat metallic D-beat that batters relentlessly at your eardrums. The sort of music you listen to while studding up your vest. Awesome artwork on the cover and I dig the samples too. (BL)
(Aredje / Deviance / I Feel Good / Ravachol Prod / Undislessed / Symphony of Destruction / Tanker / Bes AK47. no info / Blackout Brigade)

VOYTEK – "Saturday Night Again/Voytek Party"

Another amazing rocker. What a great month for records. This one is very catchy, very garagey and possibly even a little poppy and has the great male/female vocal trade off. Mid-tempo and straightforward, the sound is full, but doesn't leave you with the feeling that it was over-produced. Highly recommended. (KK)
(Big Action)

WARCOLLAPSE – "Crap, Scrap and Unforgivable Slaughter Vol. 2" LP

Swedish veterans WARCOLLAPSE spit out this five song LP taking on the '80s Nordic world! So you like PURRKUR PILLNIKK, MISSBRUKARNA, BANNLYST, WAR OF DESTRUCTION and RATTUS? You wanna hear them crusted out with crisp, high end production and glass gargling vocals through an AMEBIX cheese grater? You got it! I am never sold on covers, but I have to say that I think this interesting. I found myself dorking pretty hard, listening to this a few times and then pulling the songs covered to compare, "What did they do there? Did they do that?" This is not mandatory at all, but it's fun and geek worthy. (MB)
(Blindead Productions)

WEB DATING – "Lovin You, Freakin' Easy" EP

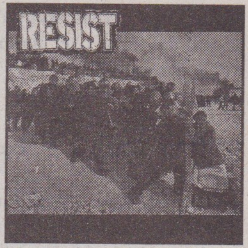
This is bullshit. Figures it's from New York. Here's my advice: move back to the Midwest, shave, give up on the Art History BFA, and never, ever, ever tell anyone you made this piece of shit. If you're not already embarrassed by this atrocity you might be an actual retarded person. My only consolation is that you paid money to send this record to *MRR* so that I could give it this bad review. (BB)
(Oops Baby)

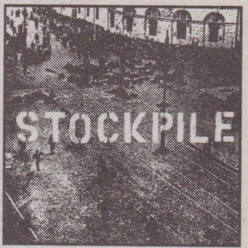
WICCANS – "Skullduggery" LP

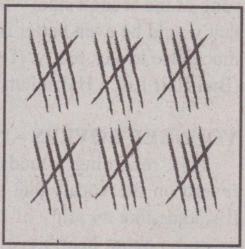
Really didn't know what to expect from this based on the cover art, but it took me by surprise and I like it a lot. The trademarks are huge, gruff vocals in a Joe DeNunzio/INFEST kinda way and lots of tempo shifts that keep you guessing what's gonna happen next. One minute it's raging early '80s hardcore, the next it's driving punk with melodic guitar leads, and then they're piling on a sludgy powerviolence-like mosh part. All of which would have me scratching my head if it weren't so damn cohesive and compelling. Like the STRIPMINES *Sympathy Rations* EP reviewed a few months ago, this record defies easy categorization and the results are no less impressive. Great record and a cool label; check em both out. (JH)
(Katorga Works)

WITHDRAWAL – "Faith, Flesh, and Blood" EP

It didn't take long to sell me on this record. I was digging on the heavy but still somehow respectably fast hardcore of the first track "Shapeshifter" coming in through my ears and then instead of a guitar "solo" they do some kind of tremolo guitar squeal before smashing back into the song. It was like something DIMEBAG DARRELL would have done but totally in the best way possible. I was in love after that. On some parts the band plays about as fast as hardcore this heavy can be played without resorting to some kind of thrash metal crossover shit. There is a bit of a death metal chug going on but these guys have the good sense not to overdo it, keeping their feet firmly rooted in hardcore. A few melodic guitar leads throw some contrast on







the crushing rhythm section and flesh out the sound. Looks like there's yet another A389 band for me to watch out for. (BL)
(A389)

WITHIN WALLS – "Demolition In Progress" CD

The '90s were a great time if you liked bro hardcore with dumbed-down SLAYER riffs, chugga breakdowns, double bass, and dramatic gang vocal choruses. While this band is not from the '90s, you can re-live those special moments with this CD. (JH)
(Cobra X / Final Exit)

WOMANKIND – LP

This is rock'n'roll in a JESUS LIZARD manner. Listening to it you can imagine a bunch of beards jamming out as they play, really *feeling* the groove, man. We get three or four records a month invoking this style, and I wish *any* of the bands were as good as say CIRCUS LUPUS, but none are even close! No desperation or craziness just bro-dawg licks and a pro sound. It's fucking coworker rock, not even friend rock, total bro beer koozie core, with the wailing guitar licks all dirged out. We're stuck in an era where the best bands can do is make a perfect simulation of a couldabeen band that wished they were the COWS in 1992. (LG)
(Nominal)

YDINPERHE – LP

This Finnish band plays speedy hardcore with almost continuous 1-2-1-2 drumming, rapid-fire vocals that rarely lets up for even a second, and elongated riffs blaring out of a buzzsaw solid-state amp. There's very little variation, except for the first song of the second side, which is a decent mid-pacer that would be even better if it went somewhere. Not much else to say, really. (DG)
(Bad Hair Life / Hakaniemi Hardcore)

YOUNGER LOVERS – "Rock Flawless" LP

This recording sounds fucking weird—heavy reverb on the vocals that are so super layered that it sounds like an army of confused and lonely boys crooning about heartbreak. Power pop with a slight taste of bubblegum. This is a band that I catch playing live a lot where it comes off more as sped up power pop ballads played wasted, sloppy and desperate. Though it's made up of the same songs, this record sounds more like the RONETTES recorded with BEACH BOYS *Pet Sounds* era production. Rock'n'roll in the classic sense influenced equally by the REPLACEMENTS and the PLATTERS with just touch of African dance influence. It's like the saddest beach party record I've ever heard. (MM)
(Bachelor)

V/A – "The Astounding Freak Party: Dance With the Ghoul" 10"

Ten rawer than hell unreleased garage tracks from ten rawer than hell garage bands. Taking in the straight up surf garage sound, swinging it all the way round to the frat boy stomp, bring it back to the psyche garage fuzz, whilst tweaking the nibbles of Mr. BILLY CHILDISH. Not one bad track, each one loose and wreck less with a callous disregard for proper studio edicate. Bands from DECHE RIGHT ON BIRDS, the ROYAL PREMIERS, and the SWAG to the KITCHENMEN. A bunch of nomarks, making big sounds, not one throwaway track and not one throwaway band. A comp that works. (SD)
(Rigolboch)

V/A – "Broken Aris / Fist of the North Star / Mighty Midgets / Revenge of the Psychotronic Man: Four Band Split" CD

A four-band split with the above bands. MIGHTY MIDGETS from Denmark have a youth crew hardcore thing going on. REVENGE OF THE PSYCHOTRONICS MAN from the UK is more thrash hardcore circa 1985. FIST OF THE NORTH STAR from the US is more metallic with lots of riffing and harmonic guitar lines. BROKEN ARIS from Sweden is hardcore with some melody. Twenty songs in all. Not a bad release as all four bands are decent at what they do. (RL)
(5 FeetUnder / Stikman / TNS)

V/A – "City Limits: Down and Out in Toronto and Montreal" LP

This compilation of 23 hardcore bands from Toronto and Montreal leaves me feeling like I've had my head in the clouds when it comes to most of these bands. Of all the bands on here I had heard of or listened to, I didn't know a single one was even from Canada. The ones that standout from Montreal: FOREIGN BODIES (girl vocals!), INEPSY (I seriously thought this was a grind band?), VILE INTENT (Slap-a-Ham hardcore), and DEAD WIFE (awesome sound quality, or lack thereof). What happened to COMPLICATIONS? Are they not a band anymore? I would have expected to see them here. Standouts from Toronto: BAD CHOICE (more awesome sound quality with a bear on vocals), PURITY CONTROL (what the fuck just happened?) SNAKEPIT (balls-out fast hardcore from the gut), MOLESTED YOUTH (fast, sloppy and fucking rad). There are bunch more, fifteen to be exact, but you'll have to pick this up to find out who they are. (BD)
(High Anxiety / No Idea)

V/A – "Shell Noise Eat" EP

A diverse four track, four band compilation of Toyama, Japan bands. It starts off with one of Western Japan's veterans ULTIMO RAUSEA, who have had a number of CD and 7" releases since the mid '90s.Their track is less blistering than I remember the band, but still aggressively storms with a pounding sing-a-long punctured with quick fast thrash blasts. EXCERETE! EXHAUST! pulse similar fast territory with stop start thrashing that crescendos to a melodic end. Following their 2002 *Hardcore Boogie* CD on Straight Up records, UPSET BEHIND play an intense metallic modern hardcore with breakdowns in their breakdowns. The FELLARS round out the comp with a fun poppy, garagey sing-a-long. A solid and diverse comp in the best way a small scene can produce, where what binds people together is stronger than what could keep them apart. Cool! (KS)
(Floid)

V/A – "Speed Kills... But Who's Dying" CD

It's pretty funny that Nicki Sicki is on a comp of this title. Don't know if he's on the shit again, but growing up in SF, I have always loved his bands and been a sucker for his vocals. You get the new VERBAL ABUSE, SCHEISSE MINNELLI, and the SHINING on this thing. An even more thrashed out version of Nicki's VERBAL ABUSE does four new ones and a super fast "3 Seconds" from SICK PLEASURE. I've been out of touch with this band but it's better than I thought it would be. SCHEISSE MINNELLI is a little too cheesy crossover hardcore, but the song "Mindless" is good. Lots of songs about getting wasted. The SHINING is straight up '80s Bay Area thrash metal á la EXODUS or VIOLENCE. Good shit. A common theme of getting wired on your substance of choice conveyed throughout. You may not give this a look but it's worth a listen for sure. (RO)
(Just 4 Fun)

V/A – "A Tale of Rotten Orange" 2xLP

Holy crap!! This is an insane yet impressive compilation!! 39 previously unreleased tracks from a shit-ton of shit-hot bands, all DIY and from California and all on a nicely packaged double LP... color vinyl even!! Damn. I can only imagine the massive task it was to get all the tracks from each of these bands as well as band photos, logos, contact info, etc. There are even lyrics included! If nothing else, Orange Fight deserves *huge* props for getting this beast of a release out *and* on vinyl!! But the best part is that this ain't just a pretty face... The bands and songs on this are all for the most part top-notch! Of course there will always be some lemons on every comp (yes, that was meant to be a pun: lemons on a comp called *Rotten Orange*. Get it?) Anyways... it's not worth pointing out the weak spots on this as they are few and far between, but rather to highlight the bands that stand out such as SMOGTOWN, the STITCHES, the DOGS and BONECRUSHER of course!!! And an extra special detail about this record for me is that there is even a picture of our beloved and dearly missed friend Bruce Roehrs on the insert in a live crowd shot of the band I-9 from their show here in SF about two years ago or so... This is the kind of record that Bruce would have loved, so if that's not a good enough reason for you to wanna check this out, then in Bruce's colorful way with words, you're probably a dribble-dick, pencil-neck anyways!! (ML)
(Orange Fight)

V/A – "Thirty Strikes" EP

Released for a label fest and in honor of the label owner's thirtieth birthday and label's seventh anniversary, this Great eight track Norwegian compilation 7" EP comes housed in twenty page booklet that's 95% in Norwegian. I think it details the history of the label as well as contains pages for each of the five bands featured. ALLTID JAGET, ABSINT, SUMMON THE CROWS, MANSTERS and MACHETE all deliver one to two exclusive tracks culled from various demo recordings from 1996 to the present, and it's classic doses of Norwegian hardcore. Varying in the levels of melody, vocal gruffness, driving lead guitar, complexity and speed, but all threaded with those elements that largely are signatures of the style. ALLTID JAGET might get highest marks for the frenetic attack of all five elements, but there are winners throughout! Congratulations on seven great years of releases!! (KS)
(Nakkeskudd)

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Loud Punk: www.loudpunk.com
Louella: arcanerifles.bandcamp.com
Lukket Avdeling: myspace.com/gravdal_punkalag
Maloka: www.malokadistro.com
Mass Media: www.massmediarecords.com
Mata La Musica Discos: no information
MCR: www.dance.ne.jp/~mcr/
Metadona: www.metadonnarecords.com
Mighty Mouth Music: www.mightymouthmusic.com
The Molestations: johnmeagher@mail.com
Monument: monumenthq.com
Nakkeskudd: www.nakkeskudd.com
Negative Guest List: dirtyalley@msn.com
Nikt Nic Nie Wie: PO Box 53, 34-400 Nowy Targ POLAND, www.nnnw.pl
No Idea: PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604 www.noidearecords.com
Nominal: recordsnominal.com
No Way: 324 S. Pine Street Richmond, VA 23220, www.nowayrecords.com
On The Rag: www.ontherag.net
Orange Fight: www.orangefight.com
Oops Baby: oopsbaby.wordpress.com
Opiate: www.opiaterecords.co.uk
Oscillator: web.me.com/jbfindlay/oscillator/Home.html
Permanent: www.permanentrecordschicago.com
Phatry: www.phatryrecords.com
Piss Drunk: thepussydogs.bandcamp.com
Plan-It-X: PO Box 2312 Bloomington, IN 47402
Poor Lily: www.poorlily.com
Prayers for Atheists: www.prayersforaethiests.com
Profane Existence: www.profaneexistence.com
Radio Stryckhnine: www.radiostryckhnine.com
Ravachol Prod: futurenoir.propagande.org/label_en.htm
Rawby: www.rawby.se
Recess: recessrecords.com
Red Scare: www.redscare.net
Refuse: www.refuserecords.prv.pl
Reckless: recklesschainer@yahoo.com
Rescued From Life: rflrecords.blogspot.com
Ride the Snake: www.ridethesnakerecords.com
Rigolboch: 79, Boulevard Ernest Dalby, 44000 Nantes, FRANCE, rigolboch@rigolboch.com
Risk: risknyc.bandcamp.com
Rock 'N' Roll Disgrace: rocknrolldisgracerecords.bigcartel.com
Roehrs: c/o 1301 17th St., San Francisco, CA 94107
Rusty Knife: rusty-knife.pagesperso-orange.fr
Sacromento: Charlesalbright@gmail.com
Salad Days: saladdaysrecords.com
Salinas: P.O Box 2802, Detroit, MI 48202, www.salinasrecords.com
San Huevos: natureboysrocknroll@yahoo.com
Satan's Penguin: myspace.com/satanspenguinrecords
Say-10: www.say-10.com
Schizo: www.myspace.com/schizodistro
Scull Crasher: scullcrasherdis.blogspot.com
Shogun: 3 Rue De Lavoir, 51140 Bouvancourt, FRANCE
Solar Funeral: www.solarfuneral.org
Sonic Jett: 4926 E. Burnside St., Portland, OR 97215 myspace.com/sonicjettrecords
Sorry State: 111 Old Pittsboro Rd, Carrboro, NC 27510, sorrystaterecords.com
Southern Lord: www.southernlord.com
Specialist Subject: specialistsubjectrecords.co.uk
SPHC: sphc.bigcartel.com
Starsonic: 619 Brookstone Ct Freeburg IL 62243
Static Gold: PO Box 811, Pensacola FL, 32591
Static Age: www.staticagerecords.com
Static Shock: www.staticshockrecords.blogspot.com
Stikman: www.stikmanrecords.com
Street Justice: streetjusticesf.blogspot.com
Stygmate: stygmate.propagande.org
Suburban White Trash: PO Box 270594, Fort Collins, CO 80527-0594, suburbanwhitetrashrecords.com
Switchlight: www.switchlight-records.com
Sydney Town: 1301 17th St., San Francisco, CA 94107
Symphony of Destruction: symphonyofdestruction.org
Tadpole: tadpolerecords.blogspot.com
Tanker: www.tanker-records.cjb.net
Teamhuman: teamhumanrecords.com
Terror Trash: www.headonelectric.com
That Lux Good: myspace.com/thatluxgoodrecords
That's Cool That's Trash: PO Box 1941, Ketchum, ID 83340
Three Dimensional: 2541 S. Colfax Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55405
Throwing Up: throwinguptheband.tumblr.com
Tic Tac Totally: www.tictactotally.com
Time As A Color: www.timeasacolor.com, Daniel Becker, Buschingstr. 63, 81677 München, GERMANY
Tiny Giant: www.tinygiantrecords.com
TNS: www.tnsrecords.co.uk
To Live A Lie: c/o Will Butler 2825 Van Dyke Avenue Raleigh, NC 27607-7021, www.tolivealie.com
Torture Garden Picture Company: myspace.com/torturegargenpictures
Total Punk: totalpunk45s@gmail.com
Tough Tittie: myspace.com/toughtittieslc
Toxic State: toxicstate.blogspot.com
Trauma Social: trauma-social.propagande.org
Tudatuda: PO Box 1582 Medina Mayurqa Illes Balears 07080, tudatuparecords@hotmail.com
Twisted Chords: www.twisted-chords.de
Undislessed: undislessed.e-monsite.com/
Untapped Resources: www.divorced.bandcamp.com, craig.dermody@gmail.com
Vinehell: www.vinehell.com/label.html
Vinyl Rites: www.vinylrites.net
Violent Pacification: www.violentpacification.com
Violent Party: violentpartyva@yahoo.com
Viper Death Lock: www.viperdeathlock.com
Warm Bath: PO Box 652 Buffalo, NY 14215
Warsaw Pact: warsawpactrecords.gmail.com
Way Back When: Taskinlaan 9, 2361XM Warmond, NETHERLANDS,www.waybackwhenrecords.com
World Funeral: 3429 15th Ave. S., Seattle, WA 98144

DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Mariam Bastani, Robert Collins, Layla Gibbon, Dan Goetz and Brad Lambert.

AMERICAN SUN – NY garage punker girl sound, reminds me of the PLEASURE SEEKERS and the PANDORAS, it's got a cool '60s otherworldly garage girl style, and the vocals are desperate yet knowing like a SHANGRI LA. It's really typical garage, but in a rudimentary CREEDENCE way rather than some JAMC-d out poser stance... (Layla) (7-song cassette, no lyrics, americansun.tumblr.com)

AYE NAKO – Happily melancholy music that teeters on the line between polished region rock and emo indie rock. The guitar and vocals share the musical spotlight, with top notch (but subtle) leads trading off with lines like "comb your fingers through your hair / it's not neighborly to stare." Imagine a female fronted WEAKERTHANS (the guitar comparison is unavoidable), but a little more to the point. High quality and undeniably sweet, for lack of a better word. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, $3 ppd from: PO Box 50055, Brooklyn, New York 11205, www.ayenako.org)

BEAT SURRENDER – Syrupy sweet pop/indie music. It's cute, and there are strange combinations of '70s garage pop sensibilities and mainstream alternative guitar melodies. BIG STAR comes to mind. (Robert) (5-song CD-R, no lyrics, iancat87@hotmail.com)

BRAIN TUMORS – Side A of this demo is rowdy, trebly hardcore with throaty, hate-filled vocals and a retro '80s flair crossed with some Japanese nastiness and shredding, like if early CAREER SUICIDE had relocated to Cleveland and made a sport of chucking cinder blocks at each other and the crowd. Side B is a different recording and is more straight up burly Japanese hardcore with mangled vocals that are buried in the mix, and cumbersome riffs that are executed well. Those who are more of connoisseurs of this style may find things about this demo to pick apart, but I think it's great. (Dan) (11-song cassette, no lyrics included, teenageimpotents@gmail.com)

BLACKEST WOODS – In(s)anely pretentious and calculated lo-fi kilt black metal shits...and that's giving them a compliment. Intentionally primitive sounding and mysterious, these mostly slow jams just haunt and taunt the listener, who may find him or herself waiting for the music to go somewhere. It won't. It will just hang around and be creepy, like that weird dude who used to hang out in the back of the Burger King when you were in high school. Yeah... this sounds like that dude, but in a misty forest. And I like it. (Robert) (4-song cassette, no lyrics, deathsquadbandmarch.webs.com)

BLOODSHOT AND DILATED – Fast and furious thrashing black clad hardcore with metallic guitar wanking. There are no slow downs on this disc—just full throttle blazing punk, and I confess that I am digging this more than I thought I would based on the presentation (judging book by cover and so on...). Dual and constant vocal attack a la BEHIND ENEMY LINES, but with a youthfully earnest approach that you can't really fake. These kids are from the Bay Area, but I've never heard of them until tonight, which either means they don't get out enough, or I need to broaden my horizons. (Robert) (9-song CD-R, no lyrics, bloodshotanddilated.bandcamp.com)

BRAIN TUMORS – Fast, shitty and snotty hardcore from Chicago. I don't mean "shitty" as in "not good"—this shitty shit is fukkn great. I just mean "shitty" as in "shit ass wasted" and fumbling all over the basement trying to figure out how to plug in your guitar and then trying to tune it up and it sounds like total shit and then the drummer throws a beer at your head because you are acting like a shithead and says, "Come on you fukk, let's fukkn PLAY!" and then you play and the basement goes batshit crazy while you rage. And oh yeah, you rage. Despite the alcohol haze, you blaze through your set with your right hand flailing all over the strings making the most glorious shitty racket and the place is wet with sweat and beer and full of shitiots going apeshit and it goes by so fast because you played everything faster than you remembered ever playing before, and your singer is bleeding and no one is sure how that happened but the drummer is still kinda pissed at you because he has to drive your drunk ass home tonight and you are probably too hammered to even help load the equipment, you piece of shit. Yeah, it sounds like that. (Robert) (11-song cassette, no lyrics, % Kevin McCaughey, 2048 N. Albany Ave., Chicago, IL 60647, teenageimpotents@gmail.com)

BUCK GOOTER – What happens when that crazy ass redneck playing acoustic guitar on the corner of Main & 4th in the dilapidated shell that used to be the downtown of some broken Virginia mountain town joins forces with a punk rocker and a drum machine so he can see his musical vision realized? Just a guess, but I'm thinking that BUCK GOOTER is what happens. (Robert) (10-song cassette, no lyrics, PO Box 113, Harrisonburg, VA 22803, www.buckgooter.tk)

CHESTER VOMIT AND THE DRY HEAVES – Catchy garage punk that comes off like a more immature M.O.T.O. (I know, you are wondering if it's possible for M.O.T.O. to sound less mature than they already do, but I swear, it is possible, and I am listening to it). The main dude responsible has been making this nonsense for decades, and it shows when you hear songs like "The Fear Express." Sure, it's a childish take on snotty punk rock—but a great song is a great song, right? It strikes me that perhaps M.O.T.O. stole their action from CHESTER VOMIT, and not the other way around – but never mind who came first, just get in to this kindergarten punk action because it rules. (13-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.spleenventingmusic.com/cvhome.htm)

CHUBBY BUNNY – Really awful poppy punk with trumpet leads and contrived faux aggression. I fully realize that my ears are being negatively influenced by the string of mediocre demos I have reviewed this evening, but I literally can't find one aspect of this release to compliment except their desire for me to drink more beer and the bass noodle in the fourth song "Surgeon's General." The worst aspects of current rock club punk combined with off key vocals and leanings in the ska direction...and they are pretty sloppy. Ooof, this one hurt, one of the worst things I've ever heard – and I think I am done reviewing for the night. (Robert) (5-song CD-R, no contact info – it's better that way)

CIGARETTE – Excessively mellow shoegaze from Virginia. Certainly this would not be considered punk if submitted on vinyl, but the standards seems a little more lax in cassette world (and no one is here at my house to argue). Think CODEINE, or perhaps modern FLAMING LIPS whispering out children's music. This could be a hit. (Robert) (13-song cassette, no lyrics, Richard, 4511 S. 6th Street, Arlington, VA 22204, slowmoans.blogspot.com)

CREEM – Early '80s Boston styled hardcore from New York, CREEM kill it on this demo. Everything is short and to the point, with tough as fukk but completely discernible vocals that are more that a little reminiscent of bad ass legends like Choke and that dude from SSD. Remember when FUCKED UP used to make good records that harnessed so many elements of '80s USHC and made them feel new again? Yeah, CREEM are doing that now, and turning it into a sound all their own. Sick. (Robert) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, Katorga Works, 538 Johnson Ave. #203, Brooklyn, NY 11237, katorgaworks.bigcartel.com)

CRIMINAL CODE – So I got this four song tape a couple months ago about three days after the only tape player in the house broke so I've been sitting on this thing for a while. So long in fact that CRIMINAL CODE will probably have their first 7" out before you read this. The band hails from Olympia and is part of that fresh crop of newish bands that are making some noise in the Pacific Northwest. They are a three-piece that plays killer midtempo '80s throwback hardcore. I like that they aren't afraid to let the rhythm section hold it down while the guitar does a bit of rock 'n' roll noodling in most of the songs. The band is on tour this summer and I'm making it a point to see them. You should too. (Brad) (4-songs, Taiga Dinger, 7710 54th St. W., University Place, WA 98467)

CULO A BOCA/THE ERUPTORS split – An attempt at offensive shit punk from CULO A BOCA with songs like "Blow Up Doll Rape Victim" and "Glory Hole," totally inane and forgettable music. THE ERUPTORS are slightly less objectionable but even less interesting musically. Both bands play the kind of punk that should be presented in quotation marks (as in "punk" as opposed to punk), the kind of band that guy you work with listens to (or plays bass for) and tells you "yeah bro, I'm into punk too, our bands should play together sometime," and you know that you should never talk to that co-worker about

music again. Ever. (Robert) (11-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.eruptors.com, www.culoaboca.com)

DARK TIMES – Raw and distorted '90s alternative rock from Oslo, this DARK TIMES tape could have just as easily been dished out 20 years ago by some post high school teens yearning for Olympia gold (choose your own reference here: Kill Rock Stars, K Records, riot grrl, NIRVANA), and there are definite SONIC YOUTH leanings as well. The female vocals are half spoken, half shouted (that's where the SONIC YOUTH reference comes from), and the songs are excellent, with guitar work that I can only describe as "thoughtful" within the context of what are basically simple proto-indie rock songs. I enjoy. (Robert) (5-song cassette, no lyrics, ormeyngel.bigcartel.com, deathsquadbandmarch.blogspot.com)

DESERTER – Intense and metallic political hardcore/crust from Florida. Dark quiet parts a la CONTRAVENE, and then full on rage with harsh and almost '90s emo vocals (I'm talking about the good kind of emo, like Ebullition and Gravity and URANUS). There are a few parts that spend too much time meandering for my tastes, but it's a minor criticism, as a lot of time clearly went into this tape, and the result is excellent. This is a cassette version of their upcoming 12", which will apparently be remixed and remastered, and sound even better. I look forward to it. (Robert) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, Never Give Up, PO Box 436, Waldo, FL 32694, nevergiveup.shutterfly.com)

FAMILY STONED – Psychedelic space rock a la HAWKWIND or PHARAOH OVERLORD, presented in a manner that makes me think that jam bands could work if they only chose to do it right. FAMILY STONED does it right – moody and serious drawn out music that fades into the background as much as it seeps under your skin. Occasionally they delve too deeply into jangly alt rock stuff like DEAD MEADOW (which reminds me, DEAD MEADOW totally sucks), but weed will do that to even the most well intentioned psych rockers, and the good songs are more that capable of overcoming their misdirections and indiscretions. This is of particular interest to the punks of the world who have realized that early PINK FLOYD is fukkn killer. (Robert) (? song cassette, no lyrics, % M.M., PO Box 835, Olympia, WA, 98509, thefamilystonedolympia@gmail.com)

FANTASTICHESKAYA ZHABA – I have no idea how to say the name of this Russian band or what it means. The guy who sent in these tapes helpfully provided a spelling with English characters but I couldn't read some of his handwriting. I hope I didn't mangle it too bad. There is a band listed when I typed the name into Google so I'm feeling pretty good. The title of this tape is TSVETY ZLA STASA NAMINA (I hope that's it anyway) and there is a drawing of frogs wearing clothes and guitars on the cover, I like it so far. The recording is raw and echoing like it was done in a public bathroom. As in the stick clicks at the beginnings of songs sound like the drummer is counting off with baseball bats. The music is fast and noisy with two basses and a horn blasting over the drums. The effect is muddy noisecore that is abrasive to listen to and great to piss off the neighbors with. (Brad) (?-song cassette, no lyrics, diyhc@yahoo.com, D. Ivanov, PO Box 30, St. Petersburg – 9, 195009, Russia)

FRSKE – Dark and noisy instrumental sounds with manipulated drums/drum loops and droning instrumentation. You might need to sit down with this one and spend some time, but it will be time well spent. (?-song cassette, no lyrics, www.ihadanaccidentrecords.com)

GARBAGEMAN – Hats off to GARBAGEMAN. While much of this tape is filled with familiar elements, they don't bring any specific bands to mind...taking sounds we all recognize and making them your own is no easy task, but it's the one that new bands forging out under the limiting punk umbrella are unfortunately saddled with these days. Noisy and chaotic punk with moments of meandering and vaguely self-indulgent post-hardcore. '80s DC comes up as often as '90s Seattle when trying to find the words to describe this, but in the context of an aggressive fast hardcore band, and GARBAGEMAN are their own band, urgent and insistent in their approach with song structures that command attention. An excellent release. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, $6ppd, pollution.c6@gmail.com)

GENERAL BASTARD – One man synth driven cartoon metallic surf punk from Michigan that seems obsessed with television. Touring with the MENTORS as I type this. Seriously. Normally, retard punk is something that I am drawn to, and try to celebrate... but I cannot get behind this. (Robert) (10-song CD-R, no lyrics, Dean Carls, SEG Media, 6420 Bailey, Taylor, MI 48180, www.segmedia.com)

GENERATION SUICIDA – This is punk; rudimentary, eloquent and powerful. Dualmale/female vocals over music that sounds like it coulda come out of LA in 1979 or yesterday. I have listened to this everyday on my walkman since I got it, walking round town, volume up as high as it'll go, a different world in my head as a result. The riffs are so eternal, like an imaginary *Bloodstains Across California* and this music makes me realize why I am a punk, and what punk *is*. It's hard to write this off with a list of musical reference points, but it's as charming and fuck you as the BRAT without the a pop edge, or as vicious as SILLA ELÉCTRICA with less brattiness and a more doomed feel. This band is so good! I hope they make a 45 ASAP. I usually hate singing drummers, the EAGLES ruined that shit you know? But Kiwi is the exception, her vocals are incredible, as is her drumming. South Central punx are making punk on their own terms, endlessly inspirational. (Layla) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, Anthony Abarca, 730 E 88th Pl, Los Angeles, CA 90002, raxosxpunx@gmail.com)

GHETTOBIRD – This band plays some great, unique hardcore that's both irate and groove-laden, with a great bass sound holding up everything. They have a penchant for SABBATH-influenced interludes, and the music is otherwise divided between mid-paced stuff and more thrashy, abrasive fast stuff. Vocals range from affected scum to elongated screaming to sounding like those weird high-pitched FLIPPER backup vocals, and it all rules. This is evidently half of an upcoming LP, so I'll be on the lookout.
(Dan) (7-song cassette, no lyrics included, myspace.com/666ghettobird)

GOOD THROB – Woah so London girls got the NO TREND 7" and made a band. This tape is so good. Where the fuck were these ladies when I was a bored teenager living in London!? Like listening to the *Time Clock Equals Hole in Head* tape comp all at once. There's a swaggering aggression, for some reason it brings to mind NOG WATT, tho there is no thrash on here, just underlying threats of violence. This music is nasty, it's fucking with you, laughing at rather than with. Get it or regret it times one hundred! (Layla) (8-song cassette, no lyrics, goodthrob@gmail.com)

THE GUILT – This is considerably more in a modern hardcore punk vein than their SCREAM/DAG NASTY influenced demo of a few years back, but it's still a decent effort with relative variety in the songwriting. After the first couple of songs, I was expecting a straightforward but decent modern youth crew tape, but the melody and catchy songwriting chops seep in more and more over the course of the next few songs, giving the next few songs a definite poppy flavor within the context of being hardcore songs. Some of the eclecticism seems forced and gratuitous, but the unexpected twists and turns that some of these songs take helps keep them from sounding too same-y. I believe this band is done now, which is too bad. (Dan) (7-song cassette, no lyrics included, 4712 Alton Place NW, Washington, DC 20016, jamesdoubek@gmail.com)

HAUST – Sinister black metal vocals are a harsh toke fronting this drug addled punk/metal hybrid, but HAUST make it work. Imagine KYLESA's riffs rammed simultaneously through two machines – one creates mysterious guy hardcore, and the other creates Scandinavian black metal. Yeah, it's totally weird, and I'm not sure what to think, but the good parts are great, and my interest is piqued. (Robert) (12 song cassette, no lyrics, ormeyngel.bigcartel.com)

I MAKE A DIFFERENCE – It's all recorded by one dude and sounds rather comical at times. There are acoustic numbers which are actually nicer than the punk tunes...most of the stuff here comes off like Southern California punk gone weird with heavy influence from commercial heavy music. Elements of A GLOBAL THREAT style street punk and clean cut hardcore are audible as well, but the majority of this demo is hard to pin down (which I guess is a compliment?) and lyrically I.M.A.D. are politically charged, socially aware and uncompromising. Side note: A CD-R with a computer printout of your lyrics isn't really a "demo," in the complete sense of the word. You (presumably) spent the time to make this sound like you want it to, so why not make it look the way you want it to as well? People are more likely to care if it seems like you cared. (Robert) (11-song CD-R, lyrics included, hardcorepunk.us/imad.html)

LE BONHEUR – They are Swedish and they have a saucy, hip female vocalist, so perhaps that's why I can't think of anything but SAHARA HOTNIGHTS when I hear her sing? But LE BONHEUR add an organ and more midtempo sultry numbers that give off a dark vibe without sacrificing any of the rock and roll attitude—totally not my thing, but I find myself listening over and over, which probably means that they have become my thing. Clearly, their goals are far loftier than the pages of this rag, but I'll enjoy them while they are here. (Robert) (5-song CD-R, no lyrics, myspace.com/lebonheur)

LITTLE ITALY – This lo-fi garage punk sound like it was recorded over AM radio waves (though it was probably just transferred over the internet). Stripped down female fronted mid tempo jams. The *Girls in the Garage* comps are often my main (only) reference when trying to describe this family of music, but once again, LITTLE ITALY would not sound at all out of place on a modern day version. (Robert) (?-song cassette, no lyrics, manipedimanipedi@gmail.com)

LIVING EYES – Ferocious Bay Area hardcore from members of a few bands that have received more than a little bit of praise in the pages of this rag. This banger is raw and lo-fi, but the approach is about as subtle as a bulldozer. There are parts that reference their older bands, a mosh part here, a breakdown there, an occasionally dark and gloomy interlude, but the bones of this project are lightning fast full on

hardcore with vocals providing enough anger to last through this demo and the next few sessions. Sick. (Robert) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, no contact info)

MOSHIACH OI! – The music is fine – slick but well written and fast street punk that draws the long awaited line between LEFTOVER CRACK, DICTATORS and CASUALTIES. But music aside, should I really care any more about an openly and enthusiastically Jewish band than a Christian one? I don't. Songs espousing the virtues of fictional biblical characters do not endear me to your band, especially when the breakdown in the song about Abraham uses a subtle guitar lead lifted directly from the OFFSPRING. I don't care if the members are religious or not—but when you make that the driving force behind your band, then I feel forced to consider the message along with the music, and when the message glorifies any organized religion, then I question what the band is doing playing punk music. (Robert) (13-song CD-R, lyrics included, www.myspace.com/moshiachoi613)

MURDER CITY HOOLIGANS – Apolitical Oi! band from Australia who state frankly that they don't mind if nazis turn up at their gigs, so long as they don't try to convert anyone. Musically, this is endearingly primitive Oi! played by adults and features covers of SEX PISTOLS, SHAM 69, 4 SKINS and others (mostly covers, in fact). They submitted a demo CD and a live disc, both available for trade only. (Robert) (14-song demo CD-R, 6-song live CD-R, no lyrics, www.myspace.com/548556990)

NAW DUDE/IT BURNS split – Fast and raw Texas hardcore from NAW DUDE, who clearly do not give half a shit and are going to blaze no matter what you think. Great songs with a furious vocal delivery. IT BURNS are more polished and metallic, but I also find them a little less interesting. The DISKONTO cover kills, but their other two tracks kinda leave me flat—more in line with bands that seem to be simply adhering to a formula. That said, they play it well, the guitar leads shred, and I would like to hear more so they can prove me wrong. (Robert) (7-song cassette, no lyrics, newcreases@gmail.com)

NEW CREASES – This harnesses all of the admittedly great aspects of '90s melodic punk and amps the whole thing up. Sure, there are the dreaded relationship songs, but if you write lyrics about a breakup, they need to go like this: "I crossed out the second verse / I'm not singing about you anymore 'cause it fucking hurts, and you're not worth a single chord." (Burn.) The music legitimately shreds within the confines of slick and powerful hooks and driving drums—this band sounds advanced way beyond the demo tape level, and I bet the live show is a sweaty blast. (Robert) (5-song demo, lyrics included, newcreases@gmail.com)

NOISE NOISE NOISE – Snotty garage/pop punk that makes me wonder what the DONNAS might sound like if they were dudes. There's plenty of rock'n'roll attitude to keep me listening, and it get's better as it goes along. Equal influence from RAMONES, REATARDS, and FOO FIGHTERS—maybe I'm making that last one up, but it's a compliment so take it. Excellent party tunes. (Robert) (14-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.tummyrock.com)

NOSEDIVE – Snotty cut throat hardcore with the raddest guitar sound that reminds me of jagged shards of *Cows and Beer* DIE KREUZEN but with some weird beach punk other state of mind. This is basement show hardcore at its most eloquent and dumb, both at the same time. The vocals are a savage bark, the music lurches and swells, this is the eternal sound of the disaffected, and watching this band is one of the benefits of living in San Francisco right now. Members n' ex-members of JUMP OFF A BUILDING, LIVID, BRILLIANT COLORS, CARNAL KNOWLEDGE. (Layla) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, tapeittothelimit.blogspot.com)

POWERBLESSINGS – Someone has been listening to their HOT SNAKES and ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT records and taking a few notes. The vocals are a little more snarky than the signature voice for those two bands, but that's exactly what POWERBLESSINGS are going for, even if they wind up sounding like JESUS LIZARD sometimes too, but a bit more tuneful than any of those bands. None of this is bad, it's just fact. (Robert) (3-song CD-R, no lyrics, powerblessingsband@gmail.com)

PSUDOKU – Absolutely insane one man grind from Norway (this is that same dude who gave PARLAMENTARISK SODOMI to the world, so beware). The tapes title, *Space Grind*, is about as accurate a description as anyone could possibly muster. Weird and psychedelic, but so fast that it almost sounds like a cartoon. Digitally washed out guitars come off like Japanese noisecore through a blender, but this stuff is technical beyond belief—it's like RUSH on mescaline playing face melting grinding hardcore at the speed of light. My mind is blown, and I am confused…I need a drink. (Robert) (18-song cassette, no lyrics, revulsionrecords.blogspot.com)

PUBLIC DIMS – Guitar walks all over this recording, accompanied by plodding amateur drums and echoed whisky soaked vocals. You can practically hear the smoke rising from the corner of the room where these two are playing, ignored by most people at the bar but entrancing the few patrons with cultured ears. Raunchy bluesy numbers fading into quicksand…a low fidelity swampy slow motion rock'n'roll stomp. (Robert) (5-song CD-R, no lyrics, publicdims.bandcamp.com)

PURE EVIL TRIO – These Aussies are pretty all over the place in a really good way. There is hardcore punk in there but the chord progressions sometimes remind me of GANGLION's circus music flavor or maybe its some kind of Old World folk that I'm not enough of a connoisseur to know about. Then they suddenly sound like a black metal band á la VEIL for a while before screeching out pitch-shifter and feedback looper noise. Samples, screamo, and clean-tone guitar strumming make an appearance too. With the screamed political lyrics on top it all comes together well. It's weird but fucking excellent. (Brad) (?-song cassette, lyrics included, diyhc@yahoo.com, D. Ivanov, PO Box 30, St. Petersburg – 9, 195009, Russia)

THE PUTZ – The QUEERS, GREEN DAY, the PHUZZ and so on…party friendly clean cut pop punk. Calling Lookout Records—a few years late. This is a harmless listen. (Robert) (16-song CD-R, lyrics included, myspace.com/theputzpunkrock)

REJOUISSANCE – I spent two songs trying to place the singer…he sounds like some bygone '90s schlock punk faux icon that I just can't quite put my finger on…almost like that dude from DALTONIC, but he is far from an icon. These songs are drawn out and frustratingly inarticulate exercises… modern emo punk meets HOT WATER MUSIC and the aforementioned Boston band. I want these songs to embrace the few redeeming qualities they posses and run with them, but they don't do that. (Robert) (3-song CD-R, no lyrics, timetooperate.blogspot.com)

ROWCHE RUMBLES – Simple and drunk sounding '60s trash delivered with a garage punk attitude at a laid back hipster pace. Three random references that combine to make a pretty good disc presented with zero personality. Maybe presentation shouldn't matter, but if ROWCHE RUMBLES put half the time into their package that went into making this 3:20 disc, then I would probably be sold. Chilled out but still raucous tunes, lots of reverb on everything and a vocalist that sounds like a fifteen year old drugged out REATARD playing adult rock—the songs rule, I just hope there is actually heart behind them. (Robert) (3-song CD-R, no lyrics, rowcherumbles@gmail.com)

TY SEGALL – Dear Record Labels: when you send *MRR* promo CD-R copies of your actual releases, they get reviewed in the Demo section. TY SEGALL doesn't need our help anyway, but it'd be good for potential fans not in the know to at least know this record is out…but oh well. Stoned California beach pop music, these kids are sounding very…well, very adult these days, and their new(ish) full length is an exercise in sluggish solo laden psych/pop mixed with blissed out '60s psych/garage, all under the influence of Soma (the brand name for the closest molecular cousin to the Quaaludes available in the '60s, not the neighborhood in San Francisco). Alternatively, this comes off like a cross between DONOVAN and *Let Love Rule* era-LENNY KRAVITZ (I like that record – fuck off). (Robert) (10-song CD-R, no lyrics, % Drag City, PO Box 476867, Chicago, IL 60647, www.dragcity.com)

THE SHANGRI LOWS – Synth leads join forces with catchy RAMONES/BUZZCOCKS inspired three chord punk to make for a harmless listen that makes me feel like it's 1986 and I'm sneaking in a quick burst of *120 Minutes* on MTV while my parents are sleeping. Clearly (created in the) bedroom music, the SHANGRI LOWS are harmless and almost pleasant listen. (Robert) (4-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.gozombie.com)

SLIME THE BOOGIE – Slick, cool and laid back female fronted shits with liberal doses of mainstream indie punk. It shouldn't be that hard to imagine LA FRACTION mixed with VERUCA SALT—and that's what SLIME THE BOOGIE sound like. (Robert) (12-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.myspace.com/slimetheboogie)

SOULFUL AGGRESSION – Bar friendly punk from the East Coast, some MOTÖRHEAD action on the faster numbers, some drunken adult region rock on the mid tempo ones. The female vocals are the highlight, and when they belt our choruses like: "Maybe why there's soo many lesbians because all you emo boys won't grow up and be men" (sic), you know they are not fukkn around. (Robert) (10-song CD-R, lyrics included, www.soulfulaggression.com)

SPORT – Meandering and jangling post-something drawn from the same wells fed by PROMISE RING and JETS TO BRAZIL. "Cause our hearts will always starve for something more than ballpoint written words we'll never show." It's totally good, and fans of emotionally aggressive music will surely swoon. (Robert) (5-song CD-R, lyrics included, www.sport.bandcamp.com)

STABBINGS – Primitive, lo-fi kvlt shits with serious goth undertones and some subtle keyboard action doing battle with witchy vocals and kindergarten guitar leads. There is an icy vibe than mostly manages to trump the humorous vocal delivery…mostly. (Robert) (2-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.hipsterdeath.com)

STAB YOUR BACK – Classic meat and 'taters hardcore punk with an excellent gruff vocalist. There

is nothing new here, right down to the "Die Emo Kids!" chorus in the second track and the personalized hate that drives "One Day." Based on their lyrics, I am pretty certain that I never want to hang out with them (nor would they want to hang out with me, I'm guessing) but these dudes play it right, and sometimes punks need a little meat and 'taters for dinner, ya know? Except for us vegans…but that kinda fukks up my analogy. (Robert) (7-song CD-R, lyrics included, % Records On Tap, PO Box 2533, Lompoc, CA 93436)

STARING PROBLEM – There's this music that I totally dig, but I just don't know that much about it and feel ill-qualified to write a proper review. STARING PROBLEM play this kind of music. I hear a mellow, pleasant, drugged out version of any number of bands that would have appeared on comps featuring '60 female rock groups, with a dreamy vocals and an overall roomy approach to both writing and recording their songs. The songs are simple and brilliantly crafted collisions between low impact female fronted indie/post punk and spaced out '60s rock…it's a perfect accident, even if (especially if) intentional. Perfect for dark evenings and cocktails, these songs are working their way into my life…and I am not trying to stop them. (Robert) (8-song cassette, no lyrics, www.moderntapes.bandcamp.com)

STRESSORS – This is a damn good demo tape. Saw this Bay Area band play the other night, and the bass player had to leave the show early to make curfew. This shit is seriously good old school USHC shit mixed with a little bit of the modern messy, noise that is permeating HC these days. The vocals sound like Tom Kipp from DERANGED DICTION and there are some chorus chant-y vocals, which I fucking love. The music has a Bostonian sort of sound like that of the F.U.'S, definitely DEEP WOUND-like without the solos, and NEGATIVE APPROACH in the ugliness. These kids are next great US hardcore band. Get this tape—it will blow your fucking mind. (Mariam) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, stress-sores.blogspot.com, Piledriver records: antiprogrock@gmail.com)

THE SUNMAKERS – Retro surf punk with attitude, these French rockers sound like MAN OR ASTROMAN doing "The Twist" while Dick Dale leads a circle jerk. If you spend a lot of money on your shirts, then you might want to drop a few bucks on this bad boy – a super rockin' example of a genre that's easy to do wrong, but is great when done right. The SUNMAKERS do it right. (Robert) (13-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.myspace.com/billydoradosthesunmakers)

SURVIVAL – Note to bands: sending *MRR* a CD-R with no artwork is not the same as sending us your new EP. It's not even the same as sending us your new CD. It is the same as emailing over a link to your mediafire account, which is to say it's kinda like phoning it in. I am predisposed to dislike anything that is submitted without even the slightest effort to make it look like the band cared about the music enough to "package" it appropriately and make it something more than sound (and I know I am not alone in this department)—if you didn't care, then why should we? This punk thing that we do is more than just sound, right? … fukk I hope so, because otherwise I've been wasting a lot of years on this community bullshit. SURVIVAL come off recorded about like they do packaged, which is to say not very well. Clearly they spent time writing these songs, they just didn't spend enough time making them sound good. It's psychedelic schlock punk at best, total shit alt rock at worst (the opening riff sounds like *Electric* era-the CULT, and the rest of the music continues along the same road, although that road only seems to go downhill), this is what happens when every bedroom virtuoso has access to a computer "studio" and can make his/her "music" without the filters provided by bandmate(s) and/or studio engineers to tell them that they shouldn't do that. This is what also happens when someone sends me a late night wank-a-thon in the form of a CD-R and asks me to review it: I tell them that I think it's bad. It seems like there might me interesting songs buried in this mess, and the guitar playing shreds, but it sounds like crap and it just doesn't seem like anyone took the time required to inspire me to give half a shit. To be fair, SURVIVAL asked that if we thought it sucked, then we should trash it. I just did. (Robert) (4-song CD-R, no lyrics, no packaging, no cover, no imagination, survivaloakland2tren.com)

TIGER TAIL – Post hardcore stuffs from Virginia, like JAWBREAKER on Adderall, these kids crank through melodic guitar work and emotionally charged '90s basement hardcore vocals (the kind from bands that wore sweaters). The songs sound personal and not pretentious, which is no mean feat in the context of any rehashed genre. (Robert) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, tigertail.bandcamp.com)

TRANSVESTITE – Totally not what I was expecting based on the band name and presentation, TRANSVESTITE deliver blistering and fierce female fronted hardcore with more than a casual nod towards the chaotic dissonance of '90s Gravity and the emotionally charged wing of DIY crust punk. The emotional side creeps more to the forefront as the tape continues, and I'm getting a vibe similar to COLEMAN, even though the music is quite different. The drums echo through and dominate the recording, doing battle with a reverbed guitar and leaving the vocals sounding even more strained than they are probably intended (this is a good thing). TRANSVESTITE sound like no one else, and I want to hear more. (Robert) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, transvestite.bandcamp.com)

TWAT SAUCE – This is like the cassette version of a bunch of girls getting rowdy and having a great time. You are invited. There are excellent songs, sometimes buried beneath alcohol and alcohol induced slop, sometimes they shine through like a beacon. The singer sounds like one of the girls from BLATZ (not Anna Joy, the other one), and that's actually not a bad musical reference, though TWAT SAUCE definitely have more of a modern region rock bent. These kids are two for two in the Killer Demo department. (Robert) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, myspace.com/twatsauce666)

USA WASTE – Political pro-gun street punks who, judging from their lyric sheet, should have paid attention in English class. There is a band like this in virtually every small town in the world, but at least USA WASTE take the effort to address politics in their songs—songs that are basically by-the-numbers street punk musically influenced by bands that open for bands like A GLOBAL THREAT and STAR FUCKING HIPSTERS. Cheers for caring about socio-political issues, and for doing so vocally. (Robert) (10-song CD-R, lyrics included, www.myspace.com/wastekrew)

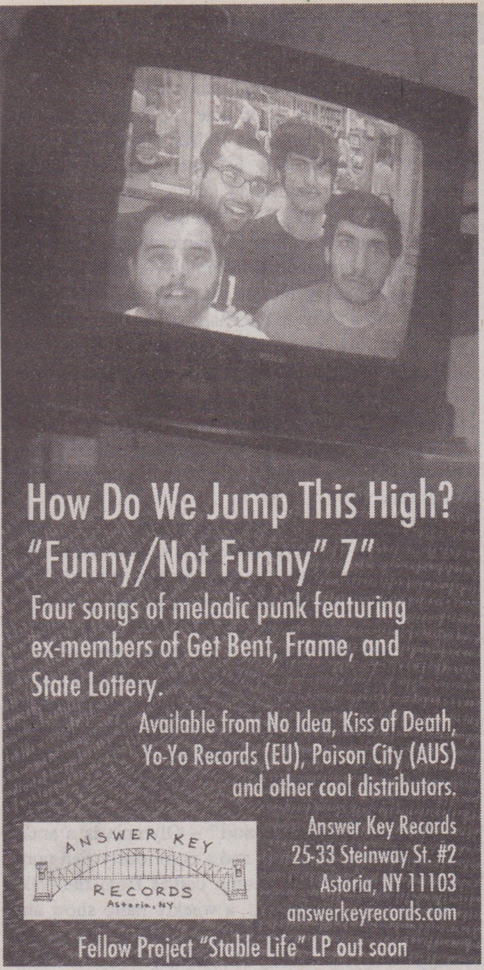
VINTAGE FLESH – One hour of weird sounding cartoonish black metal. I think there are parts that are meant to sound sinister, but the falsetto vocals come off as continually comedic. Imagine KING DIAMOND as a teenager who couldn't quite pull off the evil bit. Eloquently written songs but a primitive delivery with excessive synthesizers. (Robert) (13-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.myspace.com/vintageflesh)

WARM WAYS – Of note is the label that put this out is called Kiss Ass To Your Peer Group, now that NO TREND has become pilfering material for present-day bands and labels that need names. Other than that, WARM WAYS plays some heavy and dissonant but ultimately amorphous music that unexpectedly transitions from noisy sludge to unruly hardcore to moody interlude at the drop of a hat, but is there is still a focus to the chaos rather than the songs not going anywhere. Based on the vocals, and the way they wield their instruments, I get the impression that some people in this band might have emo pasts (musically speaking, that is) but in this case it works to their benefit and not their detriment. (Dan) (9-song cassette, no lyrics included, kissasstoyourpeergroup.blogspot.com)

WHITE SLAVE – Very angry sounds from Kansas City. Whatever melody is contained in these songs is wiped away by the vocalist (this dude is fukkn pissed!), while the music often has as much in common with JESUS LIZARD as with modern punk bands. The slow bits fall into the 'dirge' category, with occasional meandering metallic riffs and brief forays into slow pounding mosh friendly breakdowns. A dissonant and furious assault that I like more and more as it goes on. Nice work. (Robert) (9-song cassette, lyrics included, failureaddiction.blogspot.com, white.slave.kc@gmail.com)

V/A – "Campire Island" – Olympia is a small town with a small scene and a notoriously rich punk history. This two disc comp comes from the folks who run Campfire Island, a weekly radio show and loose collection of contributors writing about and taking pictures of bands. The first disc features tracks from GUN OUTFIT, BROKEN WATER, MUTOID MEN, RVIVR, WEIRD TV and more. ARRINGTON DE DIONYSO contributes a truly bizarre number that is worth its weight in gold, while the PASTIES remind me fondly of TSUNAMI or other '90s female fronted acts before they started evolving into singer songwriter schlock, and Olympia staples CALVIN JOHNSON and KIMYA DAWSON both contribute tracks (one moody and one cute, I'm guessing you can figure out who contributed which) that close out the disc. The second disc is radio interviews with members of FORGETTERS, STREET EATERS, SIXES and MUTOID MEN. A great collection of songs and thoughts – packaged by people who obviously care about the sounds and the community that creates them. (Robert) (16-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.campfireisland.com)

V/A – "Never Give Up Distro Comp" – A tape put out by Florida distro/collective Never Give Up to highlight bands in their corner of the world. CRACKBOX sound bizarrely like BLACK RAINBOW meets LEFTOVER CRACK, and the tape progresses from there: DESERTER, CROW'S FEET, PAPERDOLLS, PYRATES OF LIBERTATIA, PRAY FOR DEATH and others…from emotional political crust to the stuff we've been calling "shit punk" to region rock to straight stoner doom – all of your needs can be met here. (Robert) (13-song cassette, no lyrics, Never Give Up, PO Box 436, Waldo, FL 32694, nevergiveup.bandcamp.com)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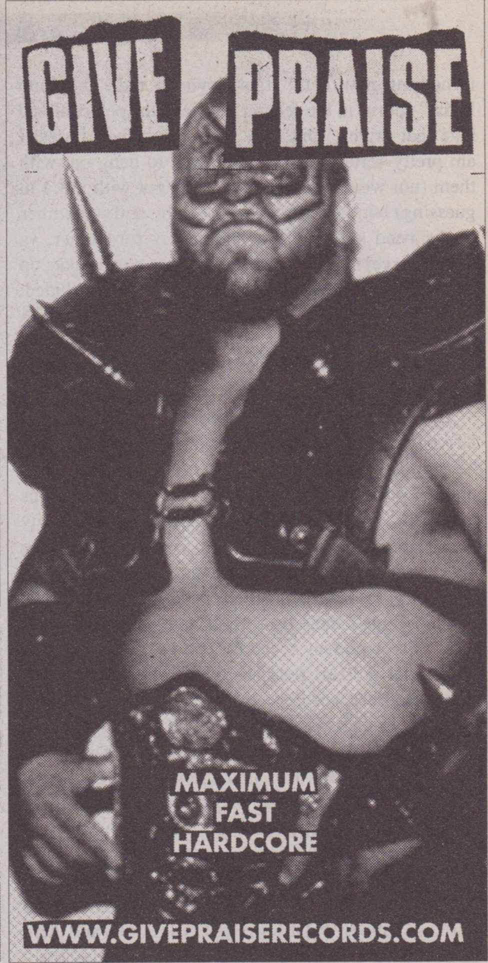
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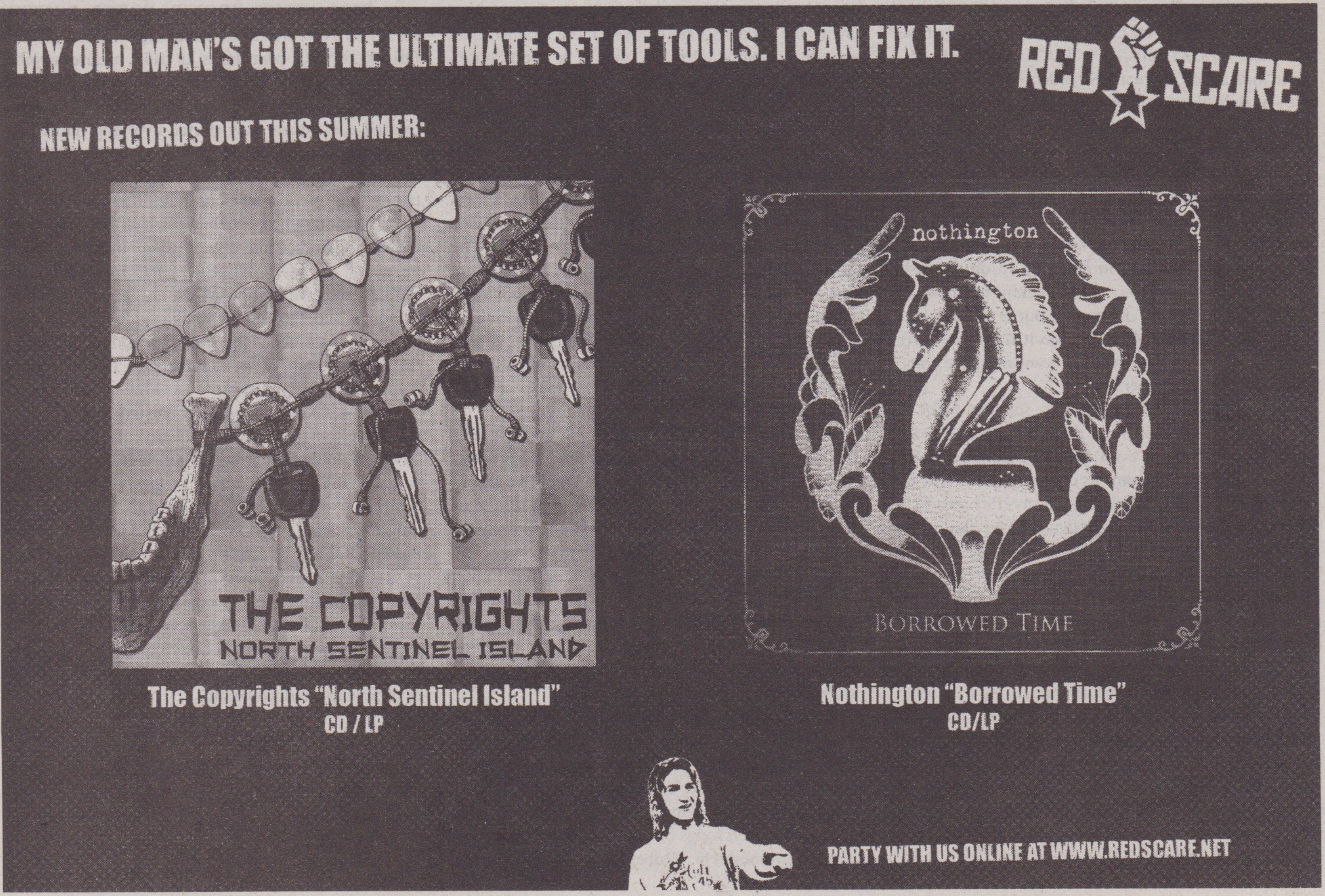
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ZINES

Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

Reviews by:
(MB) Mariam Bastani
(JB) Julia Booze
(TB) Tim Brooks
(EC) E.Conner
(DG) Dan Goetz
(DJ) Danielle Gresham
(LG) Layla Gibbon
(BG) Bob Goldie
(BL) Brad Lambert
(MM) Marissa Magic
(KM) Kevin Manion
(JM) Jeff Mason
(LP) Langford Poh
(CR) Casey Ress
(FS) Fred Schrunk
(DS) Dionne Stevens

ACK ACK ACK #3 / $4 or trade
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 44 pgs
Early 'oughts hardcore immortalized in black and white. Real nice and printed well. For fans recollecting on dramatic men playing hardcore music. I mean I like that shit too. It's cool. Don't worry, Matt doesn't only live in the past. The introduction details that he still believes there are crazy hardcore shows these days too. Let's hope he got pics of that Limpwrist show at Big Gay Warehouse last weekend. Martin looked hot. (EC)
Matt Average / PO Box 25605 / Los Angeles, CA. 90025

ARTCORE #28
10.5 x 12 – printed – 38 pgs
This long-running UK zine delivers yet again. There's no killer vinyl reissue to accompany it this time around, but there are some excellent reprinted interviews and scene reports from *MRR* #10, and even some reprinted vintage ads, including those for the Faith LP and Radiobeat studios! Also on the "yesterday" side of things are West German punk and UK zine history lessons, articles on the Proletariat and Modern Method discography, and a present-day interview with Greg Sage. On the "today" side of things are interviews with Young Offenders, the Estranged, the Arrivals, and Smogtown. In spite of this zine being professionally printed, Welly has a keen eye for design, and makes his product aesthetically pleasing and punk as fuck. I'm not sure how well distributed this zine is outside of the UK, but it's definitely worth seeking out. (DG)
Artcorefanzine.co.uk

COYLE STREET BENDER #1 / "free to punx"
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 6 pgs
Maine's most notorious punk house is the subject and inspiration for these six pages of criticism and depravity. Drugs are reviewed, Floridian two-piece Panzram is interviewed about their experiences at the house, and residents chime in on crucial subjects. Comics, lyrics, and an overlong advice column terminate it. Contributors call for more radical ideologies, but the powers of reaction push back, by, like, expecting people to help with bills and stuff. Punk is born through conflict in these pages. (JM)
93 Williams St. / Portland, ME 04103

DEGENERATE #7 / $2 ppd US, $3 ppd world
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 14 pgs
This is a spunky little fanzine with a lot of good writing. The first piece is the Kruder Column offering a biting analysis of Lou Reed's later work (he's doing a record with Metallica? Really?). There is an interview with the Wasps and a review/essay of the Jesus and Mary Chain's early demos. What I really got a giggle out of was in the hardcore reviews section where they take a dig at *MRR* and call our music reviewers hipsters. As a music reviewer here who grew up in a very unhip place I'd like to settle things small town style, bare knuckles behind the 7-11, but I know that zinesters are not the toughest slice of the punk rock pie and I don't know how many fellow *MRR* heads I could convince to come to the rumble, if Degenerate's crew even shows up. I guess we're going to have to all get along and agree that while there are some hip kids running around the area I live in, the problem is everywhere. And this includes North County San Diego, where I have been many times and had to wade through the legions of skinny pants and ironic mustaches that infect that place too. Getting back to the zine, I fucking love the reader submission pictures of fans with their record collections. You guys might get a submission from me in the future involving nakedness and PLF vinyl. Keep doing things the right way. (BL)
1805 Canyon Pl. / Carlsbad, CA 92008 / degeneratezine@gmail.com

DISTORT RALEIGH: HOUSE SHOWS 2001-2011 #1 / $2.50 + shipping
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 26 pgs
Will Butler of To Live A Lie has put together this quality zine documenting various Raleigh punk houses and their shows and fun times over the last decade, with all of the silly punk house names and photos of earnest-young-men-being-silly that one might expect. A lot of the content leans towards the second half of the decade, and the story is told just as much if not more through well-reproduced photos and flyers as it is through words in this zine. Anyone familiar with the DIY hardcore bands that frequently made their path up or down the East Coast over the last few years will recognize the vast majority of the bands pictured in here, and I think it might've been cool to have some lesser known Raleigh stuff in here, but perhaps that will be covered in future issues. (DG)
c/o To Live A Lie / 2825 Van Dyke Ave. / Raleigh, NC 27607-7021 / tolivealie.com/webstore

ELEVEN MONTHS #1 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 40 pgs
After teaching in King County's jail for eleven months, Paul Brown created this zine to share both his experiences and his analysis of jail and the criminal justice system. Unsurprisingly, his experience is one that leads him to understand the brutality of imprisonment and the ways in which the larger elements of oppression and violation are reinforced by the conditions within and the very existence of jail. It's an interesting analysis and one that deeply explores the ways in which the intersections of privilege and criminality result in wildly different outcomes for different folks. The narrative that emerges is one that centers on Paul's experience and the effects that working in the jail had on him. While interesting and placed in context with the acknowledgement that his experience was marked by his position in society, there is some discomfort I had in reading a zine exclusively about jail that had as its central theme, the experience of the interloper. While it's well done and certainly preferable to some white fellow telling the stories of these inmates for them, retaining the focus on the narrator has an effect that is somewhat uncomfortable. (CR)
4746 18th Ave NE / Seattle, WA 98105
kozenchuk@gmail.com

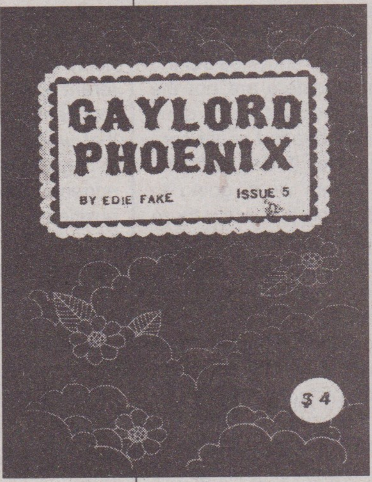
FASTCORE PHOTOS #2 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 32 pgs
Fastcore Photos hails from Raleigh, NC and most of the photography was captured there too. The zine is done in conjunction with the label called To Live A Lie. Instead of being nothing but pictures, they have added words. The words tell of the shows that the photos were snapped at. Kept minimal, and just enough to set this zine apart from so many others, the writing is pretty tight and of very high quality. I will give examples of the bands to be peeped in this issue, as they are of whom you might expect from that region: Double Negative, Acid Reflux, Magrudergrind, Dethroned Emperor, Dystrophy, Disciples of Christ, Dropdead and loads more. There is antimusic symbol on the front that could be misleading. No raw punks here dudes, just punks playing fast-as-fuck, and having a great time. (DS)
c/o Will Butler / 2825 Van Dyke Ave / Raleigh, NC 27607-7021
wcbutler@gmail.com

FLUKE #9 / $4
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 56 pgs
This is the 20-year anniversary issue of *Fluke* and they went all out. The thing is practically a book. There are interviews of the old school *Fluke* dudes basically talking to each other, sharing a couple cool stories of growing up punk and doing zines, bands, and a radio show. In an interview with Bullshit Wolf where they explain the band's name I read what is probably the best analysis of the current economic shitstorm: "There's a lot of bullshit out there. Look at the state of our country right now. The economy, taxes—bullshit. Think of a wolf. Would a wolf tolerate the economy the way it is? No. No, he would not. Because wolves do not have any patience for bullshit." Other high points include interviews with the Body and tour tips from people who know. My favorite part is probably the interview with Bobby Joe Ebola and the Children MacNuggits, who are one of my favorite bands ever. And then just to throw in something else cool at the end there is a few pages of comics chronicling an adventure to the store. Well done, sirs and madames. (BL)
mgthompson71@gmail.com/ PO Box 24957 / Tempe, AZ 85285 / www.flukezine.com

FOIE GRAS Issue 3 / $2 ppd, $3 ppd world, trades
4.25 x 5.5 – copied/screen printed – 24 pgs
This lil' art zine features illustrations taken from a cookbook (Joy of Cooking, I believe) of various stages of food preparation of different dishes. There is a Champaign fountain, roulette ring being prepared, a chicken being trussed for roasting and more. The words on each page seem to be fragments of a conversation about something serious. The pairing of the drawings and the dialogue leaves a bit of an uneasy feeling. I guess the title is somewhat accurate… I get the tale of horrible disfigurement and subsequent reconstruction of someone's body or face, but I am riddled with Catholic morbidity, so maybe you will get something else from this. This is a fun one. (MB)
PO Box 891231 / Chicago, IL 60608 / ediefake@gmail.com

GAYLORD PHOENIX Issue 5 / $4 ppd world
5.5 x 8.5 – prinited – 44 pgs
This is a visually stunning comic/artzine. Its got a two color screened cover, it's off set printed, the internal pages have a color scheme of various shades of yellow and orange with some black line work. Every page is it's own "canvass" of sorts; there are no frames and the story bleeds to the edge of the page. This shit is artsy, ya'll, in the best way. The story here is about a character called Gaylord Phoenix that seems to be on a constant journey of self-knowledge and sexuality. He (I say "he" because the character has a wiener, but I could be wrong…), goes through fantasy worlds and psychedelic/surreal landscapes meeting fantastic/mythical creatures. I know this may sound like an old Jefferson Airplane gatefold, but trust me when I say this is interesting. There is a part here where our protagonist is having a fuck down with a god-like creature residing in the clouds and climbs into the creature's rectum. He becomes so mesmerized that he seems to fear getting lost or consumed with the sensation/experience, so he breaks out only to find himself alone and hurting again. It's an intense story with some metaphorical situations that are very real within the possibilities of love, lust and relationships. Even if it's too "high-concept" in a pretentious sense for you, the art is kick ass. This would be a great book for anyone dealing with issues of self-discovery within sexuality, particularly for queer kids. Cool zine. (MB)
ediefake@gmail.com

GREATEST CITY IN THE WORLD FANZINE #1
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 34 pgs
New York City is the one alluded to, and this is a cool, entertaining cut-and-paste zine that throws in some other interesting stuff in addition to the standard punk zine fare. There's a great Death First interview that has them talking a lot about their experience as an NYC band, an interview with the Men that has them musing about various things, and the food nerd in me found the chili and chana masala recipes more interesting than Crazy Spirit trying too hard to be funny and offensive in their interview, and even the story of one contributor's quest to acquire a nutria rat for stewing was a more interesting read. As a matter of fact, I got to try the chili recipe, and it was great. In keeping with the NYC theme, there is a funny yet brief piece of Seinfeld quasi-fan fiction that has Jerry in an existential crisis over breakfast cereal, as well as a well-written and relatively comprehensive guide to the city's DIY venues. Interested to see what the next issue has in store. (DG)
c/o Deed Runlea / 175 S. 4th St. #4 / Brooklyn, NY 11211
deedruniea@gmail.com



IZU GIROA / $?
8.5 x 11 – printed – 40 pgs – Basque
Ha, Ha, good one guys! You know I'm the only one at *MRR* who doesn't read *Basque*! You little motherfuckers, you were trying to make me look like an uncultured dickhead! Thank goodness most of the T-shirts these dudes are wearing are in English. Pictured are: Infest, Corrupted, Thin Lizzy, Ramones, Buzzcocks, Cock Sparrer, Judas Priest, Rattus, Misfits, and Cromags. The cover is a cool illustration of what looks like Marx or Bakunin or Santa Claus with a teddy bear tattoo using a hammer and a sickle to smash up businessmen into bloody bits (monopoly man pictured in right foreground looks very scared). There are what seem to be zine reviews and records reviews as well. Ha, ha, you guys got me sooooo good!! (EC)
PO Box 10216/ 48007 Bilbao-Basque Country

IZU GIROA / 2 euro
8.5 x 11 – copied – 52 pgs – Basque
A sizable *MRR* style zine filled with interviews, reviews and scene reports. Not much more I can say beyond that because it's all in Basque, which I think is pretty radical in and of itself. If you know Basque give it a try. (MM)
izugiroa@hotmail.com

KILL SOMEONE YOU HATE #3 / $?
8 x 10 – copies – 24 pgs
Now this is a zine…. Straight up boosted copys on the school copier, obscure local bands and a "don't give a fuck attitude." These days it's hard to judge the validity of some zines as they just regurgitate what's on the net or in other zines…shamelessly stealing from everyone and bringing nothing different to the table… This one reminds me of days gone by, cut n' paste…bands I've never heard of, wasted space. I mean, it's not an amazing read, but it's a local zine…. Just how zines should be. Heavy music focus, interviews with Tenement, Sweet Tooth and Self Interest. (TB)
killsomeoneyouhate@hotmail.com

MONGREL ZINE #10 + CD comp / $?
7 x 8.5 – copied – 96 pgs
The big black cat on the front got me all excited. Then, I perused to find a very beefy garage rock zine. I admit to being bummed and thought about giving just a generic outline and saying something snide about how that rock scene bores me. But instead I began reading, and reading and reading and reading. It was worth doing for the Colin Upton feature alone, massive and totally interesting to say the least. (The young lady interviewer didn't know who Gary Numan was, cute.) I learned from some of the interviews beyond just this one. There was Quintron and Johnny Lzr, and the Zellots, Cherie French and the Jolts to name but a few. Because I had no idea who most of the bands were, it felt like felt like a pervy glimpse into what some of these people might be like as humans; I was gettin' all judgmental and shit. Also able to connect some of the names dropped, I made it fun while making fun. One particular interviewer seemed very pretentious. Although he had obviously done his homework, he was looking to spray some serious obscuro reference gas and one-uppity-doodas, but it was like actually not a bad interview in that it did dish deeply. There was also a bunch of garage rock reviewzzzzzzzz. (DS)
mongrelzine@gmail.com

NO ONE WILL SYNDICATE ME / $3
8.5 x 11 – copied – 26 pgs
Hmmm. A zine made up of a collection of rejection letters from various newspaper cartoon syndication thingies plus the rejected comics, which are mostly earnest line drawings depicting lifestyles of the crusty'n'radikal. Couch surfers who won't leave, and so on. I didn't find the stories super compelling, though they did very accurately depict the mundanity of being broke and bored. Very crunchy anarcho pie types will enjoy. (LG)
PO Box 7525 / An Arbor, MI / 48107

NO THANKS #7 / $3?
8 x 10 – printed – 32 pgs
Yet another great issue of this music centric zine.

Interviews with Lebenden Toten, Wrench in the Gears and some old Crudos and Antisect gear. These are great, but it's the other stuff that makes this so individual and interesting... Mike's four page intro rant, ten great UK 82 songs, '00s sleepers and essential hip-hop tracks of the '00s were really well written with a ton of personality. This is exactly what a music zine should be, a personal product about something you love. Well worth getting. (TB)
Mike Friedburg / 5016 N Kimball #1 / Chicago, IL, 60625

ONE WAY TICKET TO CUBESVILLE #10 / 50p
8.5 x 6 – copied – 32 pgs
Cool UK zine with a wry tone and a very British sense of humor, covering the trials and tribulations of squatters opening up a restaurant in an abandoned pub, the Subhumans' favorite color and feelings about Bury St Edmonds, a queer singer who is compared to Billy Bragg *and* Bikini kill called Ste McCabe, plus Melt Banana on drum machines and the Ex, punks on film, some historical Victorian vegans and a creepy piece on serial killers. And anarchist darts creating unity at the 1 In 12 Club! This was a very enjoyable read, and very much worth yer hard earned 50 pence! Send off for some back issues too, everyone from the Shitty Limits to the Wankys have been pushed thru the interview grinder that is *Cubesville.* Get it or regret it! (LG)
cubesville@hotmail.com

POD BRUKIEM LEZY PLAZA #16 / ?
10 x 7 – printed – 12 pgs – Polish
The title of this bulletin from Poland is a reference to the famous Situationist slogan popularized in Paris in '68, "under the pavement the beach" in this case though, it translates to "under the pavement, the plaza". Unfortunately, that's all the Polish translation I was able to do but from the overall context *Pod Brukiem Lezy Plaza* looks like a pretty great anti-fascist bulletin that covers demonstrations and actions against police brutality and fascism, a article about a group of neo-fascist thugs and an interview with Wywiad Z Pablopavo who I believe is an antifascist Polish reggae musician. Definitely an interesting look at some of the ways that right wing hatred and oppression are by no means the exclusive territory of America. (CR)
bruk@riseup.net

RIPPING THRASH #28 / £1
5.75 x 7.75 – copied – 48 pgs
Back again so soon! Barely six months after last issue, another text-heavy installment has appeared. From the continent, old-timers Lycanthropy (Czech) and Hibernation (Greece) are interviewed, and from the grey isle of Britian John *Why* has an extensive discussion with editor Steve. This talk, with two old mates, goes into a lot of detail about regional issues and being old punks. The band photography reproduced very well. Reviewed are lesser known bands and zines. For your edification articles appear concerning the recent upheavals among governments in the Middle East and what lessons we in the wealthy West can draw; the ramifications of investment and speculation on food prices; and the UK's role in assaulting Afghanistan. I wouldn't call this mandatory, but given the opportunity I'd certainly spend a pound on one. Please note that their old PO Box is no longer active—contact them via the web. (JM)
www.rippingthrash.com

SEVEN INCHES TO FREEDOM No. 9 / $2 ppd, $4.5 ppd world, stamps accepted from prisoners
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 48 pgs
Number nine and going strong, Joe gives us another installment of *SITF.* In this issue there are interviews with Resurrectionists and Neon Blud, two columns, an article questioning how punks can grow older "gracefully" (I think I am doing pretty well with this one), record reviews, "My First Records Stories," a "Records That Kill" section and, my favorite, the article/history by Bob Suren about the sadly gone Sound Idea. I consider the story of Sound Idea written by its founder and backbone a mandatory read with invaluable insight. That may sound odd because Sound Idea closed it's doors back in November 2008, but this story is an important one with out the expected "Punk is Dead" bullshit that has littered any sort of retrospective on "the good old days." Dude is still as active in the scene as ever and has worked hard to keep local punk going, none of that embittered, "These kids don't know how to dance" bar rhetoric. Dude is still stoked. Talk about successfully growing older as a punk... (MB)
Joe Lachut SITF Zine / PO Box 457 / Ft. Myers, FL 33902 / www.wtfhttapes.com

SHADOWPLAY #28 / 50p or trade
8.25 x 5.75 – copied – 12 pgs
Shadowplay is an enjoyable enough zine that distinguishes itself by presenting a small array of topics and writings. The cover for this latest issue is quite remarkable and completely simplistic at the same time; it's simply a drawing of a typewriter cut out and pasted on purple construction paper, which emits an appealing DIY aesthetic quality that largely disappeared with the rise of home computers. A few interesting pieces fill the pages, such as a brief interview with a documentary maker who is attempting a fan-funded graffiti film (fans of graff contribute money and receive some prints and fractional ownership of the film in return), and a short personal essay on trying not to let the small things in life get you down. Musical coverage is slightly outside the interests of most *MRR* readers, but the brief write-ups on Icelandic musician Ólöf Arnalds and French DJ Chloé are interesting enough for those with more adventurous tastes. The rest of the pages contain short fiction, a humorous advice column, and a few other random essays. (BG)
28 Warwick Rd. / Mapperley Park / Nottingham NG35ES / England / shadowplayfanzine@hotmail.com / www.shadowplay.org.uk

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING #63 / Stamps or IRCs
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 36 pgs
SFN is no spring chicken. This zine has been running since '88 and the last issue was printed in '06. Don't call it a comeback but rather a return from zine purgatory. This issue includes "ridiculously long" reviews of the Dead Milkmen's complete discography where each of the fifteen releases are lovingly reminisced over by the author. The book reviews in this zine covers a wide range of genres from anarcho-punk, theology, linguistics, and ethical food consumption. The last few pages are rounded out recommendations for '60s ska compilations. Surprisingly enough none of the Trojan comps are mentioned, perhaps to make way for lesser-known OG Ska comps.
516 Third St. NE / Massillon, OH 44646
(DJ)

STABBING BRAINS #1 / $3 US, Can, Mex $4 rest of world
8.5 x 11 – copied – 20 pgs
Cover art features crude image of a punker ripping own brains out whilst sporting a GG Allin t-shirt. This issue features writings on the brutality of working at a pickled meat factory, not letting others negativity impact your own feelings and ideas of punk and politics, some show reviews that were fun to read (esp. his perspective on seeing Integrity having never heard of them before and being intrigued by reading a list of influences that included GISM and Joy Division!). The show reviews were all surprisingly interesting, which is unusual, you really got a sense of the trials and tribulations of getting to the damn show, the cops, shitty kids, food adventures and so forth. There's an interview with Hawaiian grinders Makua Valley Test Blast that's really cool, it's a super basic interview but has a lot of personality and talks about how the history of Hawaiian punk is mostly an oral one rather than a recorded one if that makes sense? Anyway, I really enjoyed this zine, a lot of effort went into it, totally worth sending off for, it's got personality, kid. (LG)
1565 S Chestnut st / Paulsboro NJ / 08066

STAY COOL! #1 / $2
8.5 x 11 – copied – 76 pgs
Stay Cool is a zine for the summer! Stays carefree, packed with photos and articles and interviews covering lots of hardcore bands and also touching on a lot of issues of race and class, sort of like the author is reaching out to educate his white friends in the least confrontational way possible. I usually prefer the confrontational writing myself, it seems he is cautious of white people not wanting to read it. My favorite piece of writing talks about being Mexican and wanting to be interested in the vegetarianism promoted by a lot of his favorite bands but feeling alienated by the lack of acknowledgement these same bands have for human rights. Pointing out the serious ignorance of certain people never talking about the egregious human rights violations happening every day to people of color in the United States, while they spend all this time worrying about another species, he has a point. He has a somewhat basic analysis of what kept him meat eating for all these years, partly habit and deeply held cultural associations with certain foods, and also a feeling of being even further colonized by white punk society telling him what to eat as a part of cultural erasure. He interviews Life's Halt (old interview), Faded Grey, El Mariachi and has a bunch of Mexican vegetarian recipes. (JB)
1920 Jones Ave. / Los Angeles, CA 90032
staycoolfanzine@gmail.com

STUDENT INSURGENT Vol. 22.4 #2 / $15 annual sub, Free to locals and prisoners
8.5 x 11 – printed – 30 pgs
The last issue of *Student Insurgent* left me feeling with the feeling that these students could push their progressive envelope a bit more. And that is exactly what they are doing over at U of O. With the new staffing changes came new perspectives on life and politics. A piece of erotic fiction is sandwiched in between letters to the editor, and an article about street art style advertising and its relationship with consumerism. Articles on awareness of the violence against Trans-folk are paralleled to the violence of TransFair's (one of two Fair Trade product certifiers) misleading labeling guides. Breakdowns of the protests/riots in Libya, and Madison WI are also very notable and pertinent along with the struggle for US based Planned Parenthood. These are all relevant topics written in a very tangible style as to not make the reader feel like they are in over their heads absorbing all this info. Kudos *SI*, way to step up your game and say ¡Ya basta! (DJ)
1228 University of Oregon / Eugene, OR 97403 / studentinsurgent@gmail.com

TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO #232 / 4 euro
5 x 8 – printed – 32 pgs – Finnish
I've reviewed this mag before, top shelf material jam packed with reviews and interviews with Vivisectio, Tarjas and much more. Unfortunately for me (and most of you) it's all in Finnish... if you understand that you probably already have the other 231 issues! (TB)
Pl1, 65200 / Vaasa, Finland / tv@punkinfinland.net

TRAMPLED FLOWERS #11 / "free but some postage is appreciated"
8.5 x 11 – copied – 26 pgs
This here is kind of ugly and fucked up. I mean "fucked up" like cut-and-pasted newspaper collages, fiction about crusties outside the show and a stripper killin' a customer, maybe-not-fiction pieces about doin' drugs, quittin' drugs, and being broke—just a general inarticulateness matched with a need to get ones ideas across. Spokane is a rough town chock full of ill-read degenerates, and the editor here is approaching his community where they are. He says he started this in '98, but it reads something a homeless teenager in rehab made. (JM)
GSR / 805 E. 5th, Apt. D / Spokane, WA 99212 / cancerproduct138@gmail.com

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #105 / $2 or trade
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 40 pgs
I'm sorry to admit it, but this is the first time I've actually read an issue of *TTWN* after hearing it referenced in 'zine circles for years. Seriously, this is the 105th issue, what the hell have I been doing all this time? This zine is excellent. It starts out with a bunch of Missouri show reviews, a part of the country that I have never experienced from a punk rock perspective. The high point in this section is the 48-Hour Bandathon where people had two days to form bands and come up with ten minutes of music. There is also a cool interview with the Dollyrots and lots of reviews. The last few pages are two essays of personal thoughts about the state of American politics. The one on the killing of Osama bin Laden is good but I really liked the coveted "Complete and Utter Shitbag of the Issue Award" essay, which was bestowed upon Sara Palin's deserving head. Good reads all around. (BL)
PO Box 1444 / Columbia MO 65205-1444

TURNING THE TIDE Vol. 24, #3 / $16 annually (free to prisoners)
17 x 11.5 – printed – 8 pgs
Certainly most readers of *MRR* are familiar with this newsprint journal as it is reviewed frequently and covers subject matter near and dear to most of us; that is, *Turning the Tide* covers the various struggles for justice and equality that occur across the globe. Highlights of this issue include a Black Rider's (new generation Panther) personal account of a spiritually and politically inspirational journey to Africa and a successful (for now) struggle by a small group of (mostly) Native Americans blocking the desecration of a pristine, forested mountain intended to be made into a ski resort. The remainder of the issue contains usual fare such as numerous blurbs regarding recent actions taken by North American Anti-Racist activists, as well as articles supporting political prisoners and other related matter related to the struggle against imperialism and an unequal society. Always a good read and a good cause. (BG)
Anti-Racist Action Publishers / PO Box 1055 / Culver City, CA 90232 / antiracistaction_la@yahoo.com /antiracist.org

UNDER DA BLACK FLAG / $1.50
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 30 pgs
Ok, so this is a compilation zine of a bunch of chapters of Pyrate Punx Worldwide (Something I was not aware existed). There are interviews, member profiles, a lot of things that are kind of scene report-ish, but only really on the venue side of things. Lots of contacts for booking shows in different locals. Kind of more for the leather/spikes/mohawk/Oi set. (MM)
Kayla Greet / 10560 N. Stone ave #3 / Seattle, WA 98133

UPHEAVAL #14 / stamp in US or $1 rest of world
8.5 x 11 – copied – 1 pg
This is a one-page zine with a piece on mental health and a bunch of reviews of various releases from all over the world with a crusty tinge. (LG)
Upheaval.fanzine@gmail.com

THE WONDER YEARS #1 / ?
8 x 11.75 – printed – 80 pgs
What an incredible debut issue! *The Wonder Years* (yes, named after the TV show and also as a reference to the editor's years in the hardcore scene being the "wonder years" as well) is the product of a Polish straight edge zine writer attempting to put out an English language publication in order to reach a wider audience (he also does the impressive *Cudowne Lata* straight-edge zine). *The Wonder Years* is obviously a product of passion and conviction, as the layout (loads of excellent photos, graphics, fonts, etc.) is extremely well done and the content is personal and heartfelt, even though it's almost exclusively band interviews. Veganism and vegetarianism play a powerful role in the editor's worldview, but his writings reveal that he approaches the matter as a compassionate advocate who would like to inspire others rather than preach or come of as self-righteous. Bands interviewed include Strong So Far, One Kind Word and Regres from Poland, Pressure (Portugal), Remission (Chile), Unveil (Switzerland), and Outrage, Sacred Love and Ritual (US). On top of all the bands covered are extensive and fascinating interviews with Rob Matusiak of Refuse records, Pim Arts of *Some Will Never Know* zine (and singer for Said and Done) and Greg Bennick of Trial. This zine is totally worth getting for those who dig the cooler side of the straight edge scene. (BG)
www.myspace.com/cudownelatazine / cudownelatazine@gmail.com

xXXXx: STRAIGHT EDGE EROTIC FICTION / $6
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 30 pgs
This should be recommended reading for any sixteen-year-old punk. It's a wonderful model for safe, sane, and sober, sexual encounters. There is lot's of consent in practice and queer fucking and all that good stuff. Unfortunately, it's totally not hot at all. It feels like a waste of possibility to confine erotic fiction to saccharine shit like this. I'm trying very hard not to blame this all on the fact that it's specifically straight edge. 'Cause I know y'all like to get freaky too. My friends who fuck you told me so. There's often more detail in the surroundings then on the task at hand (or in hand). Instead of actually writing out the "freaky stuff" that some stud muffin is screaming while fucking babe the author just refers to it as "freaky nasty stuff." See what I mean about wasted possibility? It should be noted that I fully believe and strive to practice consensual sex all the time. I mean, when I get laid, so actually, very rarely. It should also be noted that the consent-based dialog in here feels forced and unrealistic. Bottom line: Money shots are hot in real life and in erotic fiction always and if I was ever about to suck a cock and someone uttered the phrase "xblowjobx" I would end that shit then and there and sign them up for yoga and make sure the only one to give them a "xblowjobx" would be their dumb ass. Kudos for the nicely printed cover! More points taken away for quoting Good Clean Fun that's just a shitty appropriation to a far better Minor Threat lyric. (EC)
Artnoose's Cyberpunk / 5431 Carnegie St. / Pittsburgh, Pa. 15201 / Apocalypse/artnoose@yahoo.com (outside of U.S.) / www.littleblackcart.com

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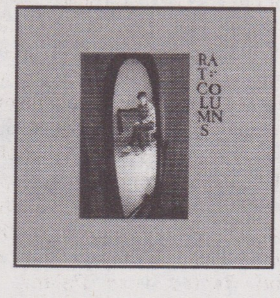

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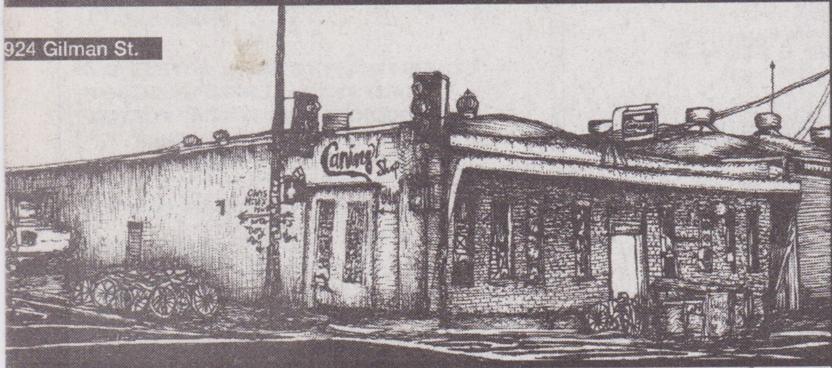
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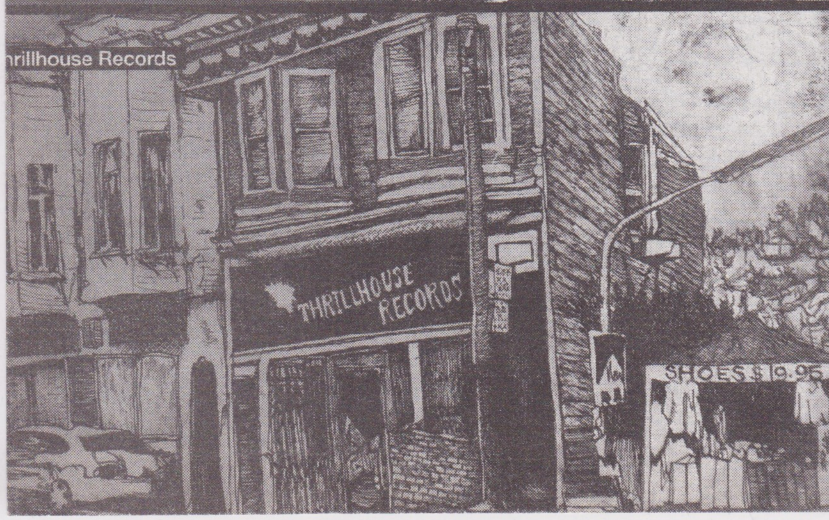

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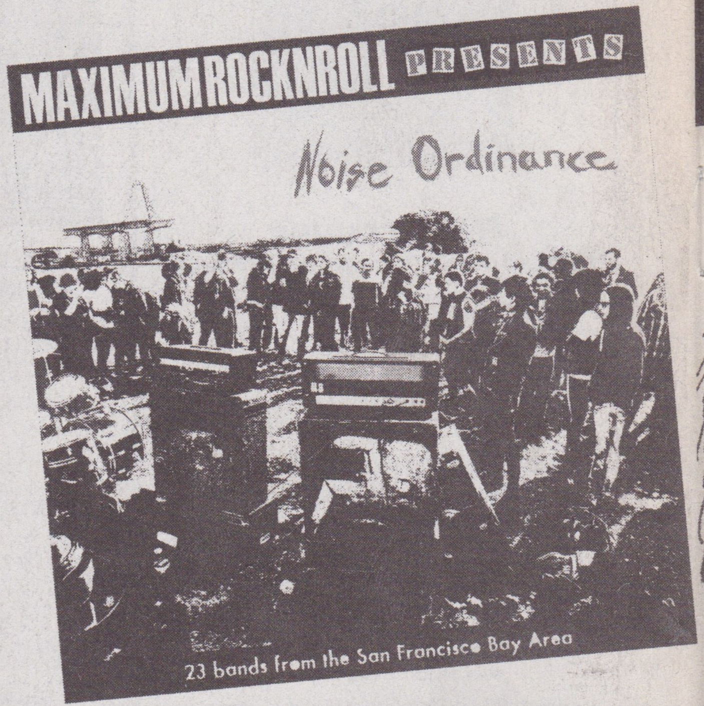

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